

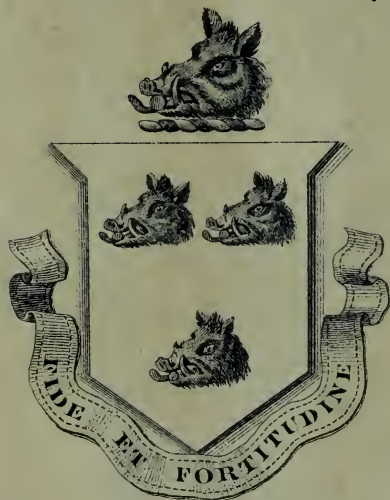
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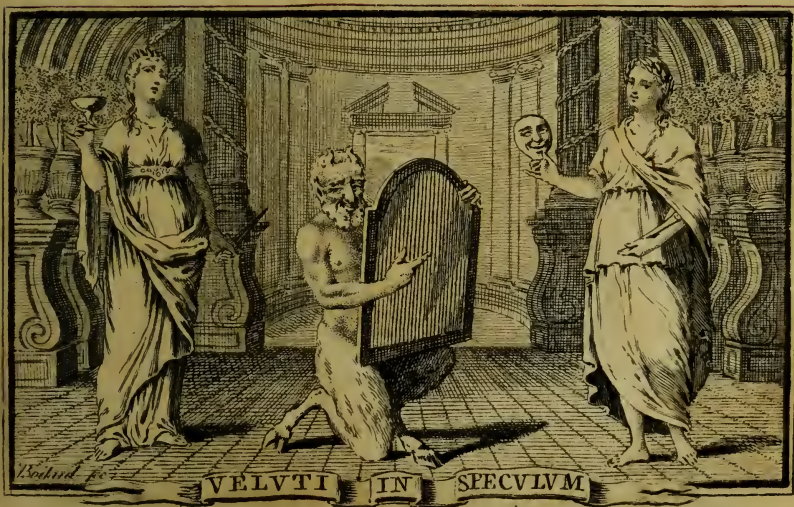


A SELECT
COLLECTION

OF

OLD PLAYS.

VOLUME THE FIFTH.



LONDON:

Printed for R. DODSLEY in Pall-Mall.

M.DCC.XLIV.

G 3965

1878-11

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COLLECTION

149.787

May, 1878

OLD PLAYS

VOUCERS



Printed by R. D. ...



0

L I N G U A :

O R,

The COMBAT of the
TONGUE and the FIVE SENSES

F O R

S U P E R I O R I T Y .

A


C O M E D Y .





ANTHONY BREWER is said by Winstanly to be the Author of this Play; but Langbaine thinks he was not, yet gives no Reason for his Opinion, neither does he assign any other Author for it. It was printed in 1607, and is said to have been acted at Cambridge, where Oliver Cromwell perform'd the Part of Tactus; and the Subject of the Play being a Contention amongst the Senses for a Crown, it hath been foolishly said by Winstanly, Langbaine, and the rest, to have first inspired him with Ambition. Anthony Brewer was the Author of the Country Girl, a Comedy; and the Love-sick King, a Tragedy.

Dramatis



Dramatis Personæ.

LINGUA. { *Comædus.*
Auditus. { *Tragædus.*

Mendacio, Lingua's page.

Tactus, { *Odor.*

Olfactus, { *Tobacco.*

Visus, { *Lumen,*

{ *Cælum,*

{ *Terra,*

{ *Heraldry,*

{ *Color.*

Gustus, { *Bacchus, Cereus,*

{ *Beer.*

Appetitus, a parasite.

Phantastes.

Heuresis, Phantastes's page.

Crapula, Gustus's follower.

Communis Sensus.

Memoria.

Anamnestes, Memoria's page.

Somnus.

Personæ quarum mentio tantum fit.

{ *Psyche,*
Arcafia.
Veritas.
Oblivio.

The SCENE is Microcosmus in a Grove.

The Time from Morning till Night.



PROLOGUE.

OUR Muse describes no lover's passion,
No wretched father, no unthriftly son :
No craving subtle whore, or shameless barwd,
Nor stubborn clown, or daring parasite,
No lying servant, or bold sycophant.
We are not wanton, or satirical.
These have their time and places fit, but we
Sad hours, and serious studies, to relieve,
Have taught severe Philosophy to smile,
The Senses rash contentions we compose,
And give displeas'd ambitious TONGUE her due :
Here's all, judicious friends, accept what is not ill,
Who are not such, let them do what they will.



L I N G U A :

A

C O M E D Y.

Actus primus, Scena prima.

Lingua, apparel'd in a crimson satin gown, a dressing of white roses, a little skene tied in a purple scarf, a pair of red buskins drawn with white Ribbon, silk garters, gloves, &c.

Auditus, in a garland of bayes, intermingled with red and white roses upon a false hair, a cloth of silver mantle upon a pair of sattin bases, wrought sleeves, buskins, gloves, &c.

Lingua, Auditus.

Ling.

N

AY, good Auditus, do but hear me speak.

Aud. Lingua, thou strikest too much upon one string,

Thy tedious plain-song grates my tender ears.

Ling. 'Tis plain indeed, for Truth no descant needs ;
Una's her name, she cannot be divided.

Aud. O but the ground itself is nought, from whence
Thou can'st not relish out a good division :
Therefore at length surcease, prove not stark mad,
Hopeless to prosecute a hapless suit :
For though (perchance) thy first strains pleasing are,
I dare engage, mine ears the close will jar.

Ling. If then your confidence esteem my cause,
To be so frivolous and weakly wrought ;
Why do you daily subtle plots devise,
To stop me from the ears of common sense ?
Whom since our great queen Psyche hath ordain'd,
For his sound wisdom, our vice-governor,
To him, and to his two so wise assistants,
Nimble Phantastes, and firm Memory,
Myself and cause, I humbly do commit ;
Let them but hear and judge, I wish no more.

Aud. Should they but know thy rash presumption,
They would correct it in the sharpest Sort :
Good Jove ! what sense hast thou to be a sense !
Since from the first foundation of the world,
We never were accounted more than five.
Yet you, forsooth, an idle prating Dame,
Would fain increase the number, and upstart
To our high feats, decking your babbling self
With usurp'd titles of our dignity.

Ling. An idle prating dame ! know, fond Auditor,
Records affirm my title full as good,
As his amongst the five is counted best.

Aud. Lingua, confess the truth, thou'rt wont to lie.

Ling. I say so too, therefore I do not lie.
But now, spite of you all, I speak the truth.
You five, among us subjects, tyrannize ;
Making the sacred name of common sense
A cloak to cover your enormities :
He bears the rule ; he's judge, but judgeth still .
As he's informed by your false evidence :
So that a plaintiff cannot have access,
But through your gates. He hears, but what ? nought else
But what thy crafty ears to him conveys :
And all he sees is by proud Visus shewed him :

And what he touches is by Tactus' hand ;
 And smells I know, but through Olfactus' nose ;
 Gustus begins to him whate'er he tastes :
 By these quaint Tricks free passage hath been bar'd,
 That I could never equally be heard,
 But well, 'tis well.

Aud. Lingua, thy feeble sex
 Hath hitherto withheld my ready hands,
 That long'd to pluck that nimble instrument.

Ling. O horrible ingratitude ? that thou,
 That thou of all the rest should threaten me :
 Who, by my means, conceiv'ft as many tongues,
 As Neptune closeth lands betwixt his armies :
 The ancient Hebrew clad with mysteries,
 The learned Greek rich in fit epithets,
 Blest in the lovely marriage of pure words ;
 The Caldy wife, the Arabian physical,
 The Roman eloquent, and Tuscan grave,
 The braving Spanish, and the smooth-tongu'd French.
 These precious jewels that adorn thine ears,
 All from my mouth's rich cabinet are stoln.
 How oft hast thou been chain'd unto my tongue.
 Hang'd at my lips and ravish'd with my words,
 So that a speech fair feather'd could not fly,
 But thy ears pit-fall caught it instantly ?
 But now, O Heavens !

Aud. O heav'ns ! thou wrong'ft me much,
 Thou wrong'ft me much, thus falsely to upbraid me :
 Had not I granted thee the use of hearing,
 That sharp-edg'd tongue whetted against her master,
 Those puffing lungs, those teeth, those dropsy lips,
 That scalding throat, those nostrils full of ire,
 Thy palate, proper instruments of speech,
 Like to the winged chanters of the wood,
 Uttering nought else but idle siflements,
 'Tunes without sense, words inarticulate :
 Had ne'er been able to 'ave abus'd me thus.
 Words are thy children, but of my begetting.

Ling. Perfidious liar, how can I endure thee !
 Call'ft my unspotted chaffity in question ?

O could I use the breath mine anger spends,
I'd make thee know—

Aud. Heav'ns look on my distress,
Defend me from this railing viperess :
For if I stay, her words sharp vinegar
Will fret me through. *Lingua*, I must be gone :
I hear one call me more than earnestly. *Exit Auditus.*

Ling. May the loud cannoning of thunder-bolts,
Screeking of wolves, howling of tortur'd ghosts,
Pursue thee still, and fill thy amazed ears
With cold astonishment and horrid fears.
O how these senses muffle common sense !
And more, and more with pleasing objects strive,
To dull his judgment, and pervert his will
To their benefits ; who were he not so wrapt
I' the dusky clouds of their dark policies,
Would never suffer right to suffer wrong.
Fie, *Lingua*, wilt thou now degenerate ?
Art not a woman ? dost not love revenge ?
Delightful speeches, sweet persuasions
I have this long time us'd to get my right.
My right ; that is, to make the senses fix ;
And have both name and power with the rest.
Oft have I seasoned favory periods
With sugar'd words, to delude *Gustus'* taste,
And oft embellish'd my entreative phrase
With smelling flow'rs of vernant rhetorick,
Limning and flashing it with various dyes,
To draw proud *Vilus* to me by the eyes :
And oft perfum'd my petitory stile,
With civet-speech, t'entrap *Olfactus'* nose,
And clad myself in silken eloquence,
To allure the nicer touch of *Tactus'* hand,
But all's become lost labour, and my cause
Is still procrastinated : Therefore now,
Hence ye base offspring of a broken mind,
Supple intreaties and smooth flatteries :
Go kiss the love-sick lips of puling girls,
That still their brain to quench their love's disdain :
Go gild the tongues of bawds and parasites,

Come

Come not within my thoughts. But thou deceit,
 Break up the pleasure of my brimful breast,
 Enrich my mind with subtile policies.
 Well then I'll go, whither? nay what know I?
 And do, in faith I will, the devil knows what.
 What if I set them all at variance?
 And so obtain to speak; it must be so.
 It must be so, but how? there lies the point:
 How? thus: tut this device will never prove,
 Augment it so; 'twill be too soon descried;
 Or so, nor so, 'tis too too dangerous.
 Pish, none of these! what if I take this course? ha?
 Why there it goes, good, good, most excellent;
 He that will catch eels must disturb the flood;
 The chicken's hatch'd i' faith, for they are proud,
 And soon will take a cause of disagreement.

Actus primus, Scena secunda.

Mendacio, attired in a taffata suit of a light colour changeable, like an ordinary page.

Lingua, Mendacio.

Ling. **I** See the heavens nurse my new-born device,
 For lo my page Mendacio comes already,
 To file and burnish that I hammer'd out.
 Never in better time, *Mendacio*,
 What hast thou done?

Men. Done, yes long ago.

Ling. Is't possible thou shouldst dispatch so soon?

Men. Madam, I had no sooner told
 Tactus, that Gustus would fain speak with him:
 But I spied Visus, Gustus and the rest,
 And serv'd them all with sauce of several lyes.
 Now the last sense I spake with was Olfactus,
 Who having smelt the meaning of my message,
 Straight blew his nose, and quickly puff'd me hither;

But in the whirlwind of his furious blast,
Had not by chance a cobweb held me fast,
Mendacio had been with you long ere this.

Ling. Witness this lye, Mendacio's with me now,
But, firrah, out of jesting will they come?

Mend. Yes, and it like your ladyship, presently;
Here may you have me press'd to flatter them.

Ling. I'll flatter no such proud companions,
'Twill do no good, therefore I am determin'd
To leave such baseness.

Men. Then shall I turn and bid them stay at home.

Ling. No; for their coming hither to this grove,
Shall be a means to further my device.

Therefore I pray thee, Mendacio, go presently;
Run, you vile ape.

Men. Whither?

Ling. What, dost thou stand?

Men. Till I know what to do.

Ling. S'precious, 'tis true,
So might thou finely o'er-run thine errand.
Haste to my chest.

Men. Ay, ay.

Ling. There shalt thou find
A gorgeous robe, and golden coronet,
Convey them hither nimbly, let none see them.

Men. Madam, I fly, I fly. *Exit Mendacio.*

Ling. But here you, firrah?
Lock up your fellow-servant, Veritas.

Mend. I warrant you,
You need not fear so long as I am with you.

He goes out, and comes in presently.

What colour is the robe?

Ling. There is but one. *Mendacio going, turns in haste.*

Men. The key, madam, the key.

Ling. By Juno, how forgetful is sudden speed.
Here, take it, run.

Men. I'll be here instantly. *Exit Mendacio.*

 Actus primus, Scena tertia.

Lingua sola.

Ling. **W**Hilome this crown and gorgeous ornament,
 Were the great prize for which five orators,
 With the sharp weapons of their tongues contended :
 But all their speeches were so equal wrought,
 And alike gracious, that if his were witty
 His was as wise ; the third's fair eloquence
 Did paralel the fourth's firm gravity,
 The last's good gesture kept the balance even
 With all the rest ; so that the sharpest eye,
 And most judicious censor could not judge
 To whom the hanging victory should fall.
 Therefore with one consent they all agreed,
 To offer up both crown and robe to me,
 As the chief patroness of their profession,
 Which heretofore I holily have kept,
 Liste to a miser's gold, to look on only.
 But now I'll put them to a better use,
 And venture both, in hope to——

Actus primus, Scena quarta.

Mendacio, Lingua.

Mend. **H**Ave I not hied me, madam ? look you here,
 What shall be done with these temptations ?

Ling. They say a golden Ball,
 Bred enmity betwixt three Goddeses ;
 So shall this crown be author of debate
 Betwixt five senses.

Mend. Where shall it be laid ?

Ling. There, there, there, 'tis well, fo, fo, fo,

Mend. A crown's a pleasing bait to look upon,
The craftiest fox will hardly 'scape this trap.

Ling. Come let us away, and leave it to the chance.

Mend. Nay rather let me stand close here-about,
And see the event.

Ling. Do so, and if they doubt
How it came there, feign them some pretty fable,
How that some God—————

Mend. Tut, tut, tut, let me alone,
I that have feigned so many hundred gods,
Can easily forge some fable for the turn :
Whist, Madam, away, away, you fright the fowl,
Tactus comes hard by, look you.

Ling. Is't he for certain ?

Mend. Yes, yes, yes, 'tis he.

Ling. 'Tis he indeed.

Exit Lingua.

Actus primus, Scena quinta.

Tactus, in a dark coloured sattin mantle over a pair of silk
bases, a garland of bays, mix'd with white and red
roses, upon a black program, a faulchion, wrought
sleeves, Buskins, &c.

Mendacio, Tactus.

Men. **N**OW chaste *Diana* grant my nets to hold.

Tact. The blasting childhood of the cheer-
ful morn

Is almost grown a youth, and over-climbs
Yonder gilt eastern hills ; about which time
Gustus most earnestly importun'd me

To meet him hereabouts, what cause I know not.

Men. You shall do shortly to your cost, I hope.

Tact. Sure by the sun it should be nine o'clock.

Men. What a star-gazer, will you ne'er look down ?

Tact. Clear is the sun and blue the firmament,

Methinks the heavens do smile. *Tactus sneezeth.*

——— *Men.* At thy mishap,
To look so high and stumble in a trap.

Tactus stumbleth at the robe and crown.

Tac. High thoughts have slipp'ry feet, I had well nigh
fallen.

Men. Well doth he fall that riseth with a fall.

Tac. What's this ?

Men. O are you taken ? 'tis in vain to strive.

Tac. How now ?

Men. You'll be so entangled straight——

Tac. A crown !

Men. That it will be hard——

Tac. And a robe.

Men. To loose yourself.

Tac. A crown and a robe.

Men. It had been fitter for you to have found a fool's
coat and a bauble, hey, hey.

Tac. Jupiter, Jupiter, how came this here ?

Men. O sir, Jupiter is making Thunder, he hears you
not ; here's one knows better.

Tac. 'Tis wondrous rich, ha, but sure it is not so, ho,
Do I not sleep and dream of this good luck, ha ?

No, I am awake and feel it now ;

Whose should it be ?

He takes it up.

Men. Set up a *fi quis* for it.

Tac. Mercury, all's mine own ; here's none to cry
half's mine.

Men. When I am gone.

Exit Mendacio.

Actus primus, Scena sexta.

Tactus solus.

Tac. **T**ACTUS thy sneezing somewhat did portend.

Was ever man so fortunate as I ?

To break his shins at such a stumbling block !

Roses and bays pack hence : this crown and robe,

My

My brows and body circles and invests ;
 How gallantly it fits me, sure the slave,
 Measur'd my head that wrought this coronet.
 They lie that say complexions cannot change :
 My blood's ennobled, and I am transform'd,
 Unto the sacred temper of a king.
 Methinks I hear my noble parasites
 Stiling me Cæsar, or great Alexander,
 Licking my feet, and wondering where I got
 This precious ointment : how my pace is mended !
 How princely do I speak ! how sharp I threaten !
 Peasants, I'll curb your headstrong impudence,
 And make you tremble when the lion roars,
 Yea earth-bred worms. O for a looking-glass !
 Poets will write whole volumes of this scar,
 Where's my attendants ? Come hither, firrah, quickly.
 Or by the wings of *Hermes*.——

Actus primus, Scena septima.

Olfactus, in a garland of bays intermingled with white and red roses upon a false hair, his sleeves wrought with flowers under a damask mantle, over a pair of silk bases, a pair of buskins drawn with ribbon, a flower in his hand.

Tactus, Olfactus.

Tact. **A**Y me ! Olfactus comes ; I call'd too soon,
 He'll have half part I fear ; what shall I do !
 Where shall I run ? how shall I shift him off !

Tactus wraps up the robe and crown and sits upon them.

Olf. This is the time, and this the place appointed,
 Where Visus promis'd to confer with me.

I think he's there——No, no, 'tis Tactus sure.

How now ? What makes you sit so nicely ?

Tact. 'Tis past imagination, 'tis so indeed.

Olf. How fast his deeds are fixed ! and how melancholly he looks ! Tactus ! Tactus !

Tact. For this is true, man's life is wondrous brittle.

Olf. He's mad, I think, he talks so idly. So ho, Tactus.

Tact.

Tact. And many have been metamorphos'd,
To stranger matters and more uncouth forms.

Olf. I must go nearer him, he doth not hear.

Tact. And yet methinks, I speak as I was wont ;
And _____

Olf. Tactus, Tactus.

Tact. Olfactus as thou lovest come not near me.

Olf. Why art thou hatching eggs? th'art fear'd to
break them.

Tact. Touch me not least thou chance to break my life.

Olf. What's this under thee ?

Tact. If thou meddle with me I am utterly undone.

Olf. Why man, what ails thee ?

Tact. Let me alone and I'll tell thee ;
Lately I came from fine Fantastes' house.

Olf. So I believe, for th'art very foolish.

Tact. No sooner had I parted out of doors,
But up I held my hands before my face :
To shield mine eyes from th'lights piercing beams,
When I protest I saw the sun as clear
Through these my palms as through a perspective :
No marvel, for when I beheld my fingers,
I saw my fingers near transform'd to glass,
Opening my breast, my breast was like a window,
Through which I plainly did perceive my heart :
In whose two concaves I discern'd my thoughts
Confus'dly lodged in great multitudes.

Olf. Ha, ha, ha, ha, why this is excellent,
Momus himself can find no fault with thee,
Thou'dst make a passing live anatomy ;
And decide the question much disputed,
Betwixt the Galenists and Aristotle.

Tact. But when I had arriv'd and set me down
Viewing myself, myself, ay me ! was changed,
As thou now seest, to a perfect urinal.

Olf. T'a perfect urinal, O monstrous, monstrous, art
not mad to think so ?

Tact. I do not think so, but I say I am so,
Therefore Olfactus come not near I advise you.

Olf. See the strange working of dull melancholy !

Whose drossy thoughts drying the feeble brain,
 Corrupts the sense, deludes the intellect,
 And in the soul's fair table falsly graves
 Whole squadrons of phantastical chimeras,
 And thousand vain imaginations,
 Making some think their heads as big as horses,
 Some that th'are dead, some that th'are turn'd to wolves,
 As now it makes him think himself all glass.
 Tactus dissuade thyself, thou dost but think so.

Tact. Olfactus, if thou lov'st me get thee gone ;
 I am an urinal, I dare not stir
 For fear of cracking in the bottom.

Olf. Wilt thou sit thus all day ?

Tact. Unless thou help me.

Olf. Bedsam must help thee, what wouldst have me do !

Tact. Go to the city make a case fit for me.

Stuff it with wool, then come again and fetch me.

Olf. Ha, ha, ha, thou'lt be laugh'd out of case and
 countenance.

Tact. I care not, so it mus. be, or I cannot stir.

Olf. I had best leave troubling him, he's obstinate.
 Urinal, I leave you, but above all things take heed Ju-
 piter sees you not, for if he do he'll ne'er make water
 in a sieve again ; thou'lt serve his turn so fit, to carry
 his water unto Esculapius. Farewel Urinal, Farewel.

Tact. Speak not so loud, the sound's enough to crack
 me. What is he gone ? I an Urinal, ha, ha, ha, I pro-
 test I might have had my face wash'd finely, if he had
 meant to abuse me : I an urinal, ha, ha, ha, go to,
 Urinal, you have 'scap'd a fair scouring. Well, I'll a-
 way, and get me to mine own house, there I'll lock up
 myself fast, playing the chimick, augmenting this one
 crown to troops of angels, with which gold-winged
 messengers, I mean

To work great wonders, as to build and purchase,
 Fare daintily, tie up men's tongues, and loose them,
 Command their lives, their goods, their liberties,
 And captive all the world with chains of gold.
 Hey, hey, tery linkum timkum.

He offers to go out, but comes in suddenly amazed.

O Hercules!

Fortune

Fortune, the queen, delights to play with me,
 Stopping my passage with the sight of Visus;
 But as he makes hither, I'll make hence,
 There's more ways to the wood than one. *He offers to
 go out at the other door, but returns again in haste.*

What, more devils to affright me?

O Diabolo, Gustus comes here to vex me.

So that I, poor wretch, am like a shuttle-cock betwixt
 two battledores. If I run there, Visus beats me to Scilla;
 if here, then Gustus blows me to Carybdis.

Neptune hath sworn my hope shall suffer shipwreck.

What shall I say?

Mine Urinal's too thin to bide the fury of such storms as
 these.

Actus primus, Scena octa.

*Visus in a garland of bays, mix'd with white and red
 roses, a light colour'd taffeta mantle strip'd with silver,
 and fring'd upon green silk bases, buskins, &c.*

Gustus in the same fashion, differing only in colour.

Tactus in a corner of the stage.

Visus, Gustus, Tactus.

Vis. **G**ustus, good day.

Gust. I cannot have a bad,
 Meeting so fair an omen as yourself.

Tact. Shall I? wilt prove? ha! well 'tis best to ven-
 ture. *Tactus puts on the robes.*

Gust. Saw you not Tactus, I should speak with him.

Tact. Perchance so, a sudden lie hath best luck.

Vis. That face is his, or else mine eye's deceiv'd.

Why how now, Tactus, what so gorgeous?

Gust. Where didst thou get these fair habiliments?

Tact. Stand back I charge you as you love your lives,

By Styx, the first that toucheth me shall die.

Vis. I can discern no weapons, will he kill us?

Tact.

Tact. Kill you? not I, but come not near me you had best.

Vis. Why, art thou mad?

Tact. Friends, as you love your lives,
Venture not once to come within my reach.

Gust. Why dost threaten so?

Tact. I do not threaten, but in pure love advise you
for the best,

Dare not to touch me, but hence fly a-pace;
Add wings unto your feet, and save your lives.

Vis. Why what's the matter, *Tactus*, prithee tell me?

Tact. If you will needs jeopard your lives so long,
As hear the ground of my amazedness,
Then for your berter safety stand aside.

Gust. How full of ceremonies? sure he'll conjure;
For such like robes magicians used to wear.

Vis. I'll see the end, though he should unlock hell,
And set th' infernal hags at liberty.

Tact. How rash is man on bidden arms to rush!
It was my chance, O chance most miserable,
To walk that way that to *Crumena* leads.

Gust. You mean *Cremona* a little town hard by.

Tact. I say *Crumena*, called *Vacua*,
A town which doth, and always hath belong'd,
Chiefly to scholars: from *Crumena* walls,
I saw a man come stealing craftily,
Apparel'd in this vesture which I wear,
But seeing me est-soons, he took his heels,
And threw his garment from him all in haste,
Which I perceiving to be richly wrought,
Took it me up: But good now get you gone,
Warn'd by my harms, and 'scape my misery.

Vis. I know no danger, leave these circumstances.

Tact. No sooner had I put it on my back,
But suddenly mine eyes began to dim,
My joints wax sore, and all my body burn
With most intestine torture, and at length,
It was too evident, I had caught the plague.

Vis. The plague, away, good *Gustus*, let's be gone,
I doubt 'tis true, now I remember me,

Crumena Vacua never wants the plague.

Gust. Tactus, I'll put myself in jeopardy to pleasure thee.

Tact. No, gentle Gustus, your absence is the only thing I wish,

Lest I infect you with my company.

Gust. Farewel.

Exit Gustus.

Vis. I willingly would stay to do thee good.

Tact. A thousand thanks, but since I needs must die, Let it suffice, death only murders me.

Oh 'twould augment the dolor of my death,

To know myself the most unhappy bow

Through which pale death should aim his shafts at you.

Vis. Tactus farewel, yet die with this good hope, Thy corps shall be interred as they ought. *Exit Visus.*

Tact. Go make my tomb, provide my funerals, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,

Excellent asses thus to be deluded,

Bewail his death and cruel destinies,

That lives, and laughs your fooleries to scorn,

But where's my crown, oh here : I well deserve

Thus to be crown'd for two great Victories, ha, ha, ha.

Visus, take care my corps be well interred :

Go make my tomb, and write upon the Stone :

*Here lies the sense, that living gull'd them all,
With a false plague, and feigned urinal.*

Actus primus, Scena nona.

Auditus, Tactus.

Aud. Tactus, Tactus.

Tact. O Jupiter, 'tis Auditus, all's mar'd ; I doubt the fly knave hears so far ; but yet I'll grope him : how now ears, what make you here, ha ?

Aud. Nay, what make you here, I pray ? what were you talking even now, of an ass, and a crown, and an urinal, and a plague ?

Tact.

Tact. A plague on you, what I?

Aud. Oh, what you!

Tact. O, I had well nigh forgot; nothing; but I say ———

Aud. What?

Tact. That if a man, do you mark Sir, being sick of the plague, do you see Sir, had a, a, a, hem, hem, 'this cold troubles me, it makes me cough sometimes extremely, had a French crown, Sir you understand me, lying by him, and, come hither, come hither, and would not bestow two-pence, do you hear, to buy an urinal, do you mark me, to carry his water to the physician, hem,

Aud. What of all this?

Tact. I say such a one was a very ass. This was all. I use to speak to myself, when I am alone; but *Auditus*, when shall we have a new set of singing books? or the viols? or the consort of instruments?

Aud. This was not all, for I heard mention of a tomb and an epitaph.

Tact. True, true, I made myself merry with this epitaph, upon such a fool's tomb thus a, thus, thus, plague brought this man, for I have forgotten, oh thus, plague brought this man, so, so, so, unto his burial, because, because, because, hem, hem, because he would not buy an urinal. Come, come, *Auditus*, shall we hear thee play, the Lyeroway, or the Lute-way shall we, or the Cornet, or any music, I am greatly revived when I hear.

Aud. *Tactus*, *Tactus*, this will not serve, I heard all; you have not found a crown, you; no, you have not.

Actus primus, Scena ultima.

Tactus, Auditus, Visus, Gustus, Mendatio.

Tact. **P**Eace, peace, faith peace, come hither, hark thee, good now.

Aud.

Aud. I cannot hold, I must needs tell,

Tact. O do not, do not, do not, come hither, will you be a fool?

Vis. Had he not wings upon his Feet and Shoulders?

Men. Yes, yes, and a fine wand in his hand,
Curiously wrapt with a pair of snakes.

Tact. Will half content you, pish 'twill ne'er be known.

Gust. My life, 'twas Mercury.

Mend. I do not know his name, but this I'm sure his hat had wings upon't.

Vis. Doubtless 'twas he; but say my boy, what did he?

Mend. First I beheld him hovering in the air,
And then down stooping with an hundred gires:
His feet he fixed on mount Cephalon;
From whence he flew and lighted on that plain,
And with disdainful steps soon glided thither:
Whither arrived, he suddenly unfolds
A gorgeous robe, and glittering ornament,
And lays them all upon that hillock:
This done he wafts his wand, took wing again,
And in a moment vanish'd out of sight.
With that mine eyes 'gan stare, and heart grew cold,
And all my quiv'ring joints with sweat bedew'd;
My heels methought had wings as well as his,
And so away I run; but by the way
I met a man, as I thought, coming thither.

Gust. What marks had he?

Mend. He had a great——what this is he, this is he,

Vis. What Tactus?

Gust. This was the plague vex'd him so,
Tactus your grave gapes for you; are you ready?

Vis. Since you must needs die, do as others do,
Leave all your goods behind you; bequeath the
Crown and robe to your executors.

Tact. No such matter; I, like the Egyptian knights,
For the more state, will be buried in them.

Vis. Come, come deliver.

Visus snatcheth the crown and sees letters graven in it.

Tact.

Tact. What will you take my purse from me ?

Vis. No, but a crown, that's just more than your own.

Ha, what's this ? 'tis a very small hand,
What Inscription is this ?

*He of the five that proves himself the best,
Shall have his temples with this coronet blest.*

This crown is mine, and mine this garment is ;
For I have always been accounted best.

Tact. Next after me, I as yourself at any time : besides I found it first, therefore 'tis mine.

Gust. Neither of yours, but mine as much as both.

Aud. And mine the most of any of you all.

Vis. Give me it, or else _____

Tact. I'll make you late repent it _____

Gust. Presumptuous as you are _____

Aud. Spite of your teeth _____

Mend. Never till now, a ha ! it works a-pace,
Vifus I know 'tis yours ; and yet, methinks,
Auditus you should have some challenge to it ;
But that your title Tactus is so good :
Gustus I would swear the coronet were yours ;
What will you all go braul about a trifle ?
View but the pleasant coast of Mycrocosme,
Is't not great pity to be rent with wars ?
Is't not a shame, to stain with brinish tears
The smiling cheeks of ever-chearful peace ?
Is't not far better to live quietly,
Than broil in fury of dissention ?
Give me the crown, ye shall not disagree,
If I can please you ; I'll play Paris part,
And, most impartial, judge the controversy.

Vis. Sauce-box go meddle with your Lady's fan, and prate not here.

Mend. I speak not for myself, but for my country's safe commodity.

Vis. Sirrah, be still.

Mend. Nay, and you be so hot, the Devil part you.

I'll to Olfactus, and send him amongst you.

O that I were *Alecto* for your sakes :

How liberally wou'd I bestow my snakes. *Exit*

Vis. Tactus, upon thine honour, [Mendatio.

I challenge thee to meet me here,

Strong as thou can'st provide in th' afternoon.

Tact. I undertake the challenge, and here's my hand,
In sign thou shalt be answered.

Gust. Tactus I'll join with thee, on this condition,
That if we win, he that fought best of us,
Shall have the crown, the other wear the robe.

Tact. Give me your hand, I like the motion.

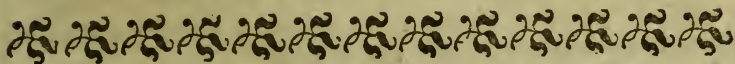
Vis. Auditus, shall we make our forces double,
Upon the same terms.

Aud. Very willingly.

Vis. Come, lets away, fear not the victory.

Right's more advantage than an host of soldiers.

Exeunt omnes.



Actus secundus, Scena prima.

Appetitus. A long, lean raw-bon'd fellow, in a soldier's
coat, a sword, &c.

Mendacio, Appetitus.

Mend. I long to see those hot-spur senses at it ; they say
they have gallant Preparations, and not un-
likely, for most of the soldiers are ready in arms since
the last field fought against their yearly enemy Meleager,
and his wife Acrasia ; that conquest hath so flesh'd them
that no peace can hold them. But had not Meleager
been sick, and Acrasia drunk, the senses might have
whistled for the victory.

App. Foh, what a stink of gunpowder is yonder ?

Mend. Who's this ! oh oh, 'tis *Appetitus*, *Gustus's*
hungry Parasite.

App.

App. I cannot endure the smoaking of guns, the thundering of drums, I had rather hear the merry hacking of pot-herbs, and see the reeking of a hot capon. If they would use no other bucklers in war, but shields of brawn, brandish no swords but swards of bacon, trail no spears but spar-ribs of pork, and instead of harquebush pieces discharge artichoak-pies, toss no pikes but boiled pickrils, then Appetitus would rouse up his crest, and bear up himself with the proudest.

Mend. Ah, here's a youth stark naught at a trench, but old dog at a trencher, a tall squire at a square table.

App. But now my good masters must pardon me, I am not for their service, for their service is without service, and indeed their service is too hot for my diet. But what? If I be not myself, but only this be my spirit that wanders up and down, and Appetitus be kill'd in the camp. The devil he is as soon. How's that possible? tut, tut, I know I am, I am Appetitus, and alive too, by this infallible token, that I feel myself hungry.

Mend. Thou mightest have taken a better token of thyself, by knowing thou art a fool.

App. Well then, though I made my fellow-soldiers admire the beauty of my back, and wonder at the nimbleness of my heels, yet now will I, at safety at home, tell in what dangers they are in abroad. I'll speak nothing but guns, and glaves, and staves, and phalanges, and squadrons, and barricadoes, ambuscadoes, palmedoes blank point deep, counterpoint, counterscarpe, fallies and lies, faladoes, tarantantaras, ranta, tara, tara, hey.

Mend. I must take the sife out of his mouth or he'll ne'er ha' done.

App. But above all, I'll be sure on my knees to thank the great ————— *Mendacio blinds him.*

Mend. Who am I, who am I, who I?

App. By the blood-stain'd faulchion of Mavors— I am on your side.

Mend. Why, who am I?

App. Are you a soldier?

Mend. No.

App. Then you are master Helluo the Bear-herd.

Mend.

Mend. No, no, he's dead.

App. Or Gulono the gutty serjeant, or Delphino the vintner, or else I know you not; for these are all my acquaintance.

Mend. Would I were hang'd, if I be any of these.

App. What, Mendacio! by the faith of a knight thou art welcome; I must borrow thy whetstone to sharpen the edges of my martial complements.

Mend. By the faith of a knight! what a pox, where are thy spurs?

App. I need no spurs, I ride like Pegafus on a winged horse, on a swift gennet, my boy, call'd Fear.

Mend. What shouldst thou fear in the wars? he's not a good soldier that hath not a good stomach.

App. O, but the stink of powder spoils Appetitus's stomach, and then thou know'it when that's gone, Appetitus is dead; therefore I very manfully drew my sword, flourish'd it bravely about mine ears, and finding myself hurt, most manfully ran away.

Mend. All heart indeed, for thou ran'it like a hart out of the field. It seems then the senses mean to fight it out.

App. I and out-fight themselves I think, and all about a trifle, a paltry bawble, found I know not where.

Mend. Thou art deceived, they fight for more than that, a thing call'd superiority, of which the crown is but an emblem.

App. Mendacio, hang this superiority, crown me no crown but Bacchus's crown of roses, give me no scepter but a fat capon's leg, to shew that I am the great king of Hungary. Therefore I prithee talk no more of state-matters, but in brief, tell me, my little rascal, how thou hast spent thy time this many a-day?

Mend. Faith, in some credit since thou saw'it me last.

App. How so, where?

Mend. Every where; in the court your gentlewomen hang me at their apron strings, and that makes them answer so readily. In the city I am honoured like a God; none so well acquainted with your tradesmen; your Lawyers, all the Term-time, hire me of my lady;

your gallants, if they hear my name abused, they stab for my sake; your travellers so dote upon me as passes; O they have good reason, for I have carried them to many a good meal, under the countenance of my familiarity. Nay your statesmen have oftentimes closely conveyed me under their tongues, to make their policies more current. As for old men, they challenge my company by authority.

App. I am exceeding glad of your great promotion.

Mend. Now when I am disposed I can philosophy it in the university, with the subtlest of them all.

App. I cannot be persuaded that thou art acquainted with scholars, ever since thou wert prest to death in a printing-house.

Mend. No! why I was the first founder of the three sects of philosophy, except one of the peripatetics, who acknowledge Aristotle, I confess, their great grandfather.

App. Thou boy! how is this possible? thou art but a child, and there were sects of philosophy before thou wert born.

Mend. Appetitus, thou mistakest me; I tell thee three thousand years ago was Mendacio born in Greece, nurs'd in Crete, and ever since honoured every where: I'll be sworn I held old Homer's pen when he writ his Iliads and his Odisseys.

App. Thou hadst need, for I hear say he was blind.

Mend. I help'd Herodotus to pen some part of his muses, lent Pliny ink to write his history, rounded Rabalais in the ear when he historified Pantagruell; as for Lucian I was his genius; O those two books *de Vera Historia*, howsoever they go under his name, I'll be sworn I writ them every tittle.

App. Sure as I am hungry thou'lt have it for lying. But hast thou rusted this latter time for want of exercise?

Mend. Nothing less. I must confess I would fain have jogged Stow and great Hollingshead on their elbows, when they were about their chronicles; and, as I remember, Sir John Mandevill's travels, and a great part of the Decads, were of my doing. But for the

mirror of knighthood, Bevis of Southampton, Palmerin of England, Amadis of Gaul, Huon de Bourdeaux, Sir Guy of Warwick, Martin Marprellate, Robin Hood, Garragantua, Gerilion, and a thousand such exquisite monuments as these, no doubt but they breathe in my breath up and down.

App. Downwards I'll swear, for there's stinking lies in them.

Mend. But what should I light a candle to the bright sun-shine of my glorious renown; the whole world is full of Mendacio's fame.

App. And so it will be so long as the world is full of fame.

Mend. But, firrah, how hast thou done this long time?

App. In as much request as thyself. To begin with the court as thou didst; I lie with the ladies all night, and that's the reason they call for cullies and gruellies so early before their prayers; your gallants never sup, breakfast or beaver without me.

Mend. That's false, for I have seen them eat with a full stomach.

App. True, but because they know a little thing drives me from them; therefore in midst of meat they present me with some sharp sauce, or a dish of delicate anchovies, or a caviare, to entice me back again. Nay more, your old Sirs that hardly go without a prop, will walk a mile or two every day to renew their acquaintance with me. As for the academy it is beholden to me, for adding the eighth province unto the noble Heph-tarchy of the liberal sciences.

Mend. What's that I prithee.

App. The most desired and honourable art of Cookery.

Now, firrah, in the City I am ——— 'st, 'st.

O the body of a louse.

Mend. What art a louse in the city?

App. Not a word more, for yonder comes Phantastes, and some body else.

Mend. What a pox can Phantastes do?

App. Work a miracle if he would prove wise.

Men. 'Tis he indeed, the vilest nup; yet the fool loves me exceedingly, but I care not for his company, for if he once catch me, I shall never be rid of him.

Exeunt App. and Mend.

Actus secundus, Scena secunda.

Phantastes, a swart complexion'd fellow, but quick-eyed, in a white satin doublet of one fashion, green velvet hose of another. A fantastical hat with a plume of feathers of several colours, a little short taffeta cloak, a pair of buskins cut, drawn out with sundry colour'd ribands, with scarfs hung about him, after all fashions, and of all colours, rings, jewels, a fan, and in every place other odd complements.

Heuresis, a nimble sprighted page in the newest fashion, with a garland of bays, &c.

Phantastes, Heuresis.

Phan. **S**irrah, boy, Heuresis? boy, how now, biting your nails?

Heu. Three things have troubled my brain this many a-day, and just now, when I was laying hold on the invention of them, your sudden call made them, like Tantalus's apples, fly from my fingers.

Pb. Some great matters questionless, what were they?

Heu. The quadrature of a circle, the philosopher's stone, and the next way to the Indies.

Pb. Thou dost well to meditate on these three things at once, for they'll be found out altogether, *ad græcas calendas*; but let them pass, and carry the conceit I told you this morning, to the party you wot of. In my imagination 'tis capricious, 'twill take I warrant thee.

Heu. I will, Sir. But what say you to the gentleman that was with you yesterday?

Pb.

Pb. O I think thou meanest him that made nineteen sonnets of his mistress's busk-point.

Heu. The same, the same, Sir. You promis'd to help him out with the twentieth.

Pba. By Jupiter's cloven pate 'tis true. But we witty fellows are so forgetful; but stay, hu, hu, carry him this.

*The Gordian knot which Alexander great,
Did whilom cut with his all-conq'ring sword:
Was nothing like thy busk-point pretty pate,
Nor could so fair an augury afford.*

'Then to conclude let him pervert Catullus's *Zonam solvit diu ligatam* thus, thus:

*Which if I chance to cut, or else untie,
Thy little world I'll conquer presently.*

'Tis pretty, pretty, tell him 'twas extempore.

Heu. Well, Sir, but now for master Inamorato's love-letter.

Pb. Some nettling stuff i'faith; let him write thus: Most heart-commanding fac'd gentlewoman, even as the stone in India call'd Basaliscus, hurts all that looks on it; and as the serpent in Arabia called Smaragdus delighteth the sight, so does thy celestial orb-assimilating eyes, both please, and in pleasing wound my love-darted heart.

Heu. But what trick shall I invent for the conclusion?

Pba. Pish, any thing, love will minister ink for the rest,

He that once begun well, hath half done, let him begin again, and there's all.

Heu. Master Gullio spoke for a new fashion, what for him?

Pba. A fashion for his suit—let him button it down the sleeve with four elbows, and so make it the pure hieroglyphic of a fool.

Heu. Nay then let me request one thing of you.

Pb. What's that boy? by this fair hand thou shalt have it.

Heu. Mistrefs Superbia, a gentlewoman of my acquaintance, wish'd me to devise her a new set for her ruff, and an odd tire; I pray, Sir, help me out with it.

Pba. Ah boy! in my conceit 'tis a hard matter to perform, these women have well nigh tired me with devising tires for them; and set me at a nonplus for new sets, their heads are so light, and their eyes so coy, that I know not how to please them.

Heu. I pray, Sir, she hath a bad face, and fain would have suitors. Fantastical and odd apparel would perchance draw somebody to look on her.

Pba. If her face be nought, in my opinion, the more view it the worse: bid her wear the multitude of her deformities under a mask, till my leisure will serve to devise some durable and unstain'd blush of painting.

Heu. Very good, Sir.

Pba. Away then, hye thee, meet me again at the court within this hour at the farthest. *Exit Heuresis.*

Oh heavens! how have I been troubled these latter times with women, fools, babes, taylors, poets, swaggerers, gulls, ballad-makers; they have almost disrobed me of all the toys and trifles I can devise; were it not that I pity the poor multitude of printers, these sonnet-mongers should starve for conceits, for all Phantastes. But these puling lovers, I cannot but laugh at them and their encomiums of their mistresses. They make, forsooth, her hair of gold, her eyes of diamond, her cheeks of roses, her lips of rubies, her teeth of pearl, and her whole body of ivory; and when they have thus idol'd her like Pigmalion, they fall down and worship her. Psyche, thou hast laid a hard task upon my shoulders, to invent at every one's ask, were it not that I refresh my dulness once a-day with thy most angelical presence, 'twere impossible for me to undergo it.

Actus secundus, Scena tertia.

Communis Sensus, a grave man in a black velvet cassack, like a counsellor, speaks coming out of the door.

Communis Sensus, Phantastes.

Com. **I** Cannot stay, I tell you, 'tis more than time I were at court, I know my sovereign Psyche hath expected me this hour.

Pha. In good time, yonder comes Common Sense, I imagine it should be he by his voice.

Com. Crave my counsel, tell me what manner of man he is? can he entertain a man in his house, can he hold his velvet cap in one hand, and vale his bonnet with the other? knows he how to become a scarlet gown, hath he a pair of fresh posts at his door?

Pha. He's about some hasty state matters, he talks of posts methinks.

Com. Can he part a couple of dogs brawling in the street? why then chuse him mayor upon my credit, he'll prove a wise officer.

Pha. Save you, my Lord, I have attended your leisure this hour.

Com. Fie upon't, what a toil have I had to chuse them a mayor yonder? there's a fusty courier will have this man; there's a chandler wipes his nose on his sleeve, and swears it shall not be so. There's a mustard-maker looks as keen as vinegar, will have another. O this many-headed multitude, 'tis a hard matter to please them.

Pha. Especially where the multitude is so well headed. But I pray you where's master Memory? hath he forgotten himself that he is not here.

Com. 'Tis high time he were at court, I would he would come.

Actus secundus, Scena quarta.

Memory, an old decrepid man, in a black velvet cassock, a taffeta gown furred, with white gogram, a white beard, velvet slippers, a watch, staff, &c.

Anamnestes his page, in a grave sattin sute purple, buskins, a garland of bays and rosemary, a gimmel ring with one link hanging, ribbons and threads tied to some of his fingers, in his hand a pair of table-books, &c.

Memory, Anamnestes, Phantastes, Sens. Com.

Mem. **H**OW soon a wise man shall have his wish.
Com. Memory, the season of your coming is very ripe.

Pha. Had you staid a little longer 'twould have been stark rotten.

Mem. I am glad I save it from the swine—S'precious I have forgot something. O my purse, my purse, why Anamnestes? where art thou Anamnestes? that vile boy is always gadding, I remember he was at my heels even now, and now the vile rascal is vanish'd.

Pha. Is he not here? why then in my imagination he's left behind, O la Anamnestes!

An. [punning in haste] Anon, anon, Sir, anon, anon Sir, anon, anon, Sir, anon, anon, Sir.

Mem. Ha, firrah, what a brawling's here?

An. I do but give you an answer with anon, Sir.

Mem. You answer sweetly, I have call'd you three or four times one after another.

An. Sir, I hope I answered you three or four times, one in the neck of another. But if your good worship have lent me any more calls, tell me, and I'll repay them, as I'm a gentleman.

Mem. Leave your tattle, had you come at first I had not spent so much breath in vain.

An.

An. The truth is, Sir, the first time you called I heard you not, the second I understood you not, the third I knew not whether it were you or no; the fourth I could not tell where you were, and that's the reason I answer'd so suddenly.

Mem. Go, firrah, run, seek every where, I have lost my purse somewhere.

An. I go Sir. Go, firrah, seek, run, I have lost, bring, here's a dog's life with a pox, shall I be always used like a water-spaniel? [Exit Anam.]

Com. Come, good master register, I wonder you be so late now-a-days.

Mem. My good lord, I remember that I knew your grandfather in this your place, and I remember your grandfather's great grandfather's grandfather's father's father; yet in those days I never remember that any of them could say, that Register Memory ever broke one minute of his appointment.

Com. Why, good father, why are you so late now-a-days.

Mem. Thus 'tis, the most customers I remember myself to have, are, as your lordship knows, scholars, and now-a-days the most of them are become critics, bringing me home such paltry things to lay up for them, that I can hardly find them again.

Pha. Jupiter, Jupiter, I had thought these flies had bit none but myself; do critics tickle you i'faith?

Mem. Very familiarly: for they must know of me, forsooth, how every idle word is written in all the musty moth-eaten manuscripts, kept in all the old libraries in every city betwixt England and Peru.

Com. Indeed I have noted these times to affect antiquities more than is requisite.

Mem. I remember in the age of Assaracus and Ninus, and about the wars of Thebes, and the siege of Troy, there were few things committed to my charge, but those that were well worthy the preserving; but now every trifle must be wrap'd up in the volume of eternity. A rich pudding-wife, or a cobbler cannot die but I must immortalize his name with an epitaph; a dog cannot

pifs in a nobleman's shoe, but it must be sprinkled into the chronicles, so that I never could remember my treasure more full, and never emptier of honourable and true heroical actions.

Pha. By your leave, Memory, you are not alone troubled, chronologers many of them are so fantastical, as when they bring a captain to the combat, lifting up his revengeful arm to dispart the head of his enemy, they'll hold up his arms so long, till they have bestowed three or four pages in describing the gold hilts of his threatening faulcion: so that in my fancy the reader may well wonder his adversary stabs him not before he strikes. Moreover, they are become most palpable flatterers, always begging at my gates for invention.

Com. This is a great fault in a chronologer to turn parasite: an absolute historian should be in fear of none, neither should he write any thing more than truth for friendship, or less for hate, but keep himself equal and constant in all his discourses. But as for us, we must be contented, for as our honours increase, so must the burthen of the cares of our offices urge us to wax heavy.

Phan. But not till our backs break; 'stud there was never any so haunted as I am; this day there comes a sophister to my house, knocks at my door, his errand being ask'd, forsooth his answer was to borrow a fair suit of conceits out of my wardrobe, to apparel a shew he had in hand, and what think you is the plot?

Com. Nay, I know not, for I am little acquainted with such toys.

Pha. Mean while he's somewhat acquainted with you, for he's bold to bring your person upon the stage.

Com. What me? I can't remember that I was ever brought upon the stage before.

Pha. Yes you and you, and myself with all my fantastical tricks and humours; but I trow I have fitted him with fooleries, I trust he'll never trouble me again.

Com. O times! O manners! when boys dare to traduce men in authority; was ever such an attempt heard?

Mem. I remember there was: for, to say the truth, at my last being at Athens, it is now, let me see, about
one

one thousand eight hundred years ago, I was at a Comedy of Aristophanes's making, I shall never forget it, the arch-governor of Athens took me by the hand and placed me, and there I say, I saw Socrates abused most grossly, himself being then a present spectator: I remember he sat full against me, and did not so much as shew the least countenance of discontent.

Com. In those days it was lawful, but now the abuse of such liberty is unsufferable.

Pb. Think what you will of it, I think 'tis done, and I think it is acting by this time; hark, hark, what drumming's yonder, I'll lay my life they are come to present the shew I spake of.

Com. It may be so; stay, we'll see what 'tis.

Actus secundus, Scena quinta.

Lingua, Mendacio, Com. Sens. and the rest.

Ling. **F** E I N thyself in great haste.

Men. I warrant you, madam: I doubt 'tis in vain to run, by this they are all past overtaking.

Com. Is not this *Lingua* that is in such haste?

Pb. Yes, yes, stand still.

Men. I must speak with him.

Com. With whom?

Men. Assure yourself they are all at court ere this.

Ling. Run after them, for unless he know it—

Com. *Lingua*.

Ling. O is't your lordship? I beseech you pardon me. Haste and fear, I protest, put out mine eyes: I look'd so long for you, that I knew not when I had found you.

Pba. In my conceit that's like the man that enquired, who saw his ass, when himself rid on him.

Ling. O my heart beats so, fie, fie, fie, fie,

Men. I am so weary, so, so, so, so.

Com. I prithee, *Lingua*, make an end.

Ling. Let me begin first, I beseech you; but if you will needs have the end first, thus 'tis. The commonwealth of Microcosme at this instant suffers the pangs of death, 'tis gasping for breath. Will you have all? 'tis poisoned.

Pha. What Apothecary durst be so bold as make such a confection? ha, what poison is't?

Ling. A golden crown.

Men. I mistake, or else Galen, in his book *de sanitate tuenda*, commends gold as restorative.

Com. *Lingua*, express yourself.

Men. Madam, if you want breath, let me help you out.

Ling. I prithee do, do.

Men. My lord, the report is, that Mercury coming late into this country, in this very place left a coronet with this inscription, that the best of the five should have it, which the senses thinking to belong unto them——

Ling. Challenge each other, and are now in arms, and 'tlike your lordship.

Com. I protest it likes not me.

Ling. Their battles are not far hence ready rang'd.

Com. O monstrous presumption? what shall we do?

Mem. My lord, in your great grandfather's time, there was I remember such a breach amongst them, therefore my counsel is, that after his example, by the strength of your authority, you convene them before you.

Com. *Lingua*, go presently; command the Senses upon their allegiance to our dread sovereign queen Psyche, to dismiss their companies, and personally to appear before me without any pretence of excuse.

Ling. I go, my lord.

Ph. But hear you, Madam, I pray you let your page's tongue walk with us a little, till you return again.

Ling. With all my heart.

[*Exit Lingua.*]

Actus secundus, Scena sexta.

Ph. **H**OT youths, I protest, saw you those warlike preparations?

Men. Lately, my lords, I sped into the army ;
But oh, 'tis far beyond my reach of wit,
Or strength of utterance, to describe their forces.

Com. Go to, speak what thou canst.

Mend. Upon the right hand of a spacious hill,
Proud Visus marshalleth a puissant army,
Three thousand eagles strong, whose valiant captain
Is Jove's swift thunder-bearer, that fame bird,
That hoist up Ganimede from the Trojan plains.
The vanguard strengthened with a wondrous flight
Of falcons, haggards, hobbies, terselets,
Lanards and gofhauks, sparhauks, and ravenous birds.
The rearguard granted to Auditus' charge,
Is stoutly follow'd with an impetuous herd
Of stiff-neck'd bulls, and many horn-mad stags,
Of the best head the forest can afford.

Pha. I promise you a fearful troop of soldiers.

Men. Right opposite stands Tactus, strongly man'd
With three thousand bristled urchens for his pikemen,
Four hundred tortoisies for elephants ;
Besides a monstrous troop of ugly spiders,
Within an ambushment he hath commanded
Of their own guts to spin a cordage fine,
Whereof t'have fram'd a net (O wondrous work)
That fastned by the concave of the moon,
Spreads down itself to th' earth's circumference.

Mem. 'Tis very strange, I cannot remember the like engine at any time.

Men. Nay more, my lord, the meshes are so strong,
That I myself upon them scal'd the heavens,
And boldly walk'd about the middle region,

Where, in the province of the meteors,
 I saw the cloudy shops of hail and rain,
 Garners of snow, and crystals full of dew ;
 Rivers of burning arrows, dens of dragons,
 Huge beams of flames, and spears like fire-brands.
 Where I beheld hot Mars and Mercury,
 With rackets made of spheres and balls of stars,
 Playing at tennis for a tun of Nectar.
 And that vast gaping of the firmament,
 Under the southern pole, is nothing else
 But the great hazard of their tennis court ;
 The Zodiac is the line ; the shooting stars,
 Which in an eye-bright evening seem to fall,
 Are nothing but the balls they lose at bandy.
 Thus having took my pleasure with those sights,
 By the same net I went up I descended.

Com. Well, sirrah, to what purpose tends this stratagem ?

Mend. None know directly, but I think 'it is
 T' intrap the eagles, when the battles join.

Pb. Who takes Tactus's part ?

Men. Under the standard of thrice hardy Tactus,
 Thrice valiant Gustus leads his warlike forces ;
 An endless multitude of desperate apes ;
 Five hundred marmosets and long-tail'd monkeys,
 All trained to the field, and nimble gunners.

Pb. I imagine there's odd mouthing amongst them ;
 methinks a handful of nuts would turn them all out of
 their soldiers coats.

Men. Ramparts of pasty crust, and forts of pies,
 Entrench'd with dishes full of custard stuff,
 Hath Gustus made ; and planted ordnance,
 Strange ordnance, cannons of hollow canes,
 Whose powder's rape-feed, charg'd with turnip shot.

Mem. I remember in the country of Utopia, they use
 no other kind of artillery.

Com. But what's become of Olfactus ?

Mend. He politicly leans to neither part,
 But stands betwixt the camps as at receipt,
 Having great wine his pioneers to entrench them.

Pba.

Pha. In my foolish imagination Olfactus is very like the goddess of victory, that never takes any part but the conqueror's.

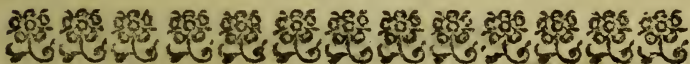
Mend. And in the woods he placed secretly
Two hundred couple of hounds and hungry mastiffs ;
And o'er his head hover at his command
A cloud of vultures, which o'erspread the light,
Making a night before the day be done :
But to what end not known, but fear'd of all.

Ph. I conjecture he intends to see them fight, and after the battle to feed his dogs, hogs and vultures upon the murdered carcases.

Men. My lord, I think the fury of their anger will not be obedient to the message of Lingua ; for otherwise, in my conceit, they should have been here ere this. With your lordship's good liking, we'll attend upon you to see the field for more certainty.

Com. It shall be so ; come, master Register, let's walk.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]



Actus tertius, Scena prima.

Anamnestes, with a purse in his hand.

Anam. **F**Orsooth, Oblivio, shut the door upon me, I could come no sooner ; ha ? is he not here ? O excellent ! would I were hang'd, but I look'd for a sound rap on the pate, and that made me beforehand to lift up this excuse for a buckler. I know he's not at court, for here is his purse, without which warrant there's no coming thither ; wherefore now Anamnestes sport thyself a little, while thou art out of the prison of his company. What shall I do ? by my troth anatomize his purse in his absence. Plutus send there be jewels in it, that I may finely geld it of the stones—The best sure lies in the bottom—pox on't, here's nothing but a company of worm-eaten papers ; what's this ?

this? Memorandum that master Prodigio owes me four thousand pounds, and that his lands are in pawn for it; Memorandum that I owe—that he owes? 'Tis well the old slave hath some care of his credit; to whom owes he trow I? that I owe Anamnestes; what me? I never lent him any thing; ha, this is good, there's something coming to me more than I look'd for. Come on, what is't? Memorandum that I owe Anamnestes——a breeching; i'faith, Sir, I will ease you of that payment. [*He reads the bill.*] Memorandum, that when I was a child Robusto trip'd up my heels at football: what a revengeful dizard is this?

Actus tertius, Scena secunda.

Mendacio, with cushions under his arms, trips up Anamnestes's heels.

Mendacio, Anamnestes.

Ana. **H**OW now?

Mend. Nothing, but lay you upon the cushion, Sir, or so.

An. Nothing but lay the cushion upon you, Sir.

Mend. What, my little Nam? by this foot I am forry I mistook thee.

An. What, my little Men? by this hand it grieves me I took thee so right. But, Sirrah, whither with these cushions?

Men. To lay them here, that the judges may sit softly, least my lady Lingua's cause go hard with her.

An. They should have been wrought with gold; these will do nothing: but what makes my lady with the judges?

Men. Pish, know'st not? she sueth for the title of a sence, as well as the rest that bear the name of the Pentarchy.

An.

An. Will common sense and my master leave their affairs to determine that controversy?

Men. Then thou hear'st nothing.

An. What should I hear!

Men. All the senses fell out about a crown fallen from heaven, and pitch'd a field for it; but Vicegerent Common Sense hearing of it, took upon him to umpire the contention, in which regard he hath appointed them, their arms dismissed, to appear before him, charging every one to bring, as it were in a shew, their proper objects, that by them he may determine of their several excellencies.

An. When is all this?

Men. As soon as they can possibly provide.

An. But can he tell which deserves best by their objects?

Men. No not only; for every sense must describe his instrument, that is his house, where he performs his daily duty; so that by the object and the instrument my lord can with great ease discern their place and dignities.

An. His lordship's very wife.

Men. Thou shalt hear all anon. Fine master Phantastes and thy master will be here shortly. But how is't, my little rogue? methinks thou look'st lean upon't.

An. Alas! how should I do otherwise, that lie all night with such a raw-bon'd skeleton as Memory, and run all day on his errands. The churl's grown so old and forgetful, that every hour he's calling Anamnestes, remembrance, where art Anamnestes? Then presently something's lost; poor I must run for it; and these words, run boy, come, firrah, quick, quick, quick, are as familiar with him as the cough, never out of his mouth.

Men. Alack, alack! poor rogue, I see my fortunes are better. My lady loves me exceedingly; she's always kissing me, so that, I tell thee, Nam, Mendacio's never from betwixt her lips.

An. Nor out of Memory's mouth; but in a worse sort, always exercising my stumps; and which is more,
when

when he favours me best, then I am in the worst taking.

Men. How so ?

An. Thus ; when we are friends, then must I come and be dandled upon his palsy-quaking knees, and he'll tell me a long story of his acquaintance with king Priamus ; and his familiarity with Nestor ; and how he played at blow-point with Jupiter, when he was in his side-coats ; and how he went to look birds nests with Athous ; and where he was at Deucalion's flood ; and twenty such old wives tales.

Men. I wonder he being so old can talk so much.

An. Nature thou know'st, knowing what an unruly engine the tongue is, hath set teeth round about for watchmen : now, Sir, my master's old age hath cought out all his teeth, and that's the cause it runs so much at liberty.

Men. Philosophical.

An. O but there's one thing stings me to the very heart, to see an ugly, foul, idle, fat, dusty, clog-head, called Oblivio, preferred before me ; dost know him ?

Men. Who 'I ? ay ; but care not for his acquaintance : hang him blockhead, I could never abide him. Thou, Remembrance, art the only friend that the arms of my friendship shall embrace. Thou hast heard *Oportet mendacem esse memorem*. But what of Oblivio ?

An. The very naming of him hath made me forget myself. O, O, O, O, that rascal is so made of every where.

Men. Who Oblivio ?

An. Ay, for our courtiers hug him continually in their ungrateful bosoms, and your smooth belly, fat back'd, barrel paunch'd, tun-gutted drones are never without him ; as for Memory, he's a false-hearted fellow, he always deceives them ; they respect not him, except it be to play a game at chests, primero, saunt, maw, or such like.

Men. I cannot think such fellows have to do with Oblivio, since they never got any thing to forget.

An. Again, these prodigal swaggerers that are so much bound to their creditors, if they have but one
cross

cross about them, they'll spend it in wine upon Oblivio.

Mend. To what purpose, I prithee?

An. Only in hope he'll wash them in the lethe of their cares.

Mend. Why then no man cares for thee.

An. Yes, a company of studious paper-worms, and lean scholars, and niggardly scraping usurers, and a troop of heart-eating envious persons, and those canker-stomach'd spiteful creatures that furnish up commonplace books with other men's faults. The time hath been in those golden days when Saturn reigned, that if a man receiv'd a benefit of another, I was presently sent for to put him in mind of it, but now in these iron afternoons, save your friend's life, and Oblivio will be more familiar with him than you.

Actus tertius, Scena tertia.

Heuresis, Mendacio, Anamnestes.

Heu. **P**Hantastes not at court? is't possible! 'tis the strangest accident that ever was heard of. I had thought the ladies and gallants would never lie without him.

An. Hift, hift, Mendacio, I prithee observe Heuresis; it seems he cannot find his master, that's able to find out all things; and art thou not at a fault, canst not find out thine own master?

Heu. I'll try one more way. O yes!

Men. What a proclamation for him?

Ana. Ay, ay, his nimble head is always full of proclamations.

Heu. O yes!

Men. But doth he cry him in the wood?

Anam. O good Sir, and good reason, for every beast hath fantasy at his pleasure.

Heu. O yes! if any man can tell any tidings of a spruce, neat, apish, nimble, fine, foolish, absurd, humorous,

rous, conceited, fantastic gallant; with hollow eyes, sharp look, swart complexion, meager face, wearing as many toys in his apparel, as fooleries in his looks and gesture, let him come forth and certify me thereof, and he shall have for his reward—

An. I can tell you where he is, what shall he have?

Heu. A box o'the ear, firrah. [*Snap*]

An. How now invention, are you so quick-finger'd? i'faith, there's your principal, firrah, [*snap*] and here's the interest ready in my hand [*snap*] [*They fall together by the ears.*] Yea? have you found out scratching? now I remember me.

Heu. Do you bite me rascal?

Men. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, here's the lively picture of this axiom, a quick invention and a good memory can never agree. Fie, fie, fie, Heuresis, beat him when he's down?

An. Prithee let's alone, proud jackanapes, I'll——

Heu. What will you do?

An. Untrufs thy points, and whip thee, thou paltry —— Let me go, Mendacio, if thou lov'st me, shall I put up the——

Men. Come, come, come you shall fight no more in good faith: *Heuresis*, your master will catch you anon.

Heu. My master, where is he?

Men. I'll bring you to him, come away.

Heu. Anamnestes, I scorn that thou shouldst think I go away for fear of any thing thou canst do unto me; here's my hand, as soon as thou canst pick the least occasion, put up thy finger, I am for thee. [*Exit Mendacio and Heuresis.*]

An. When thou dar'st *Heuresis*, when thou dar'st, I'll be as ready as thyself at any time.

This *Heuresis*, this invention, is the proudest jakanapes, the pertest self-conceited boy that ever breath'd: Because, forsooth, some odd poet, or some such fantastic fellows, make much on him, there's no ho with him, the vile dandi-prat will overlook the proudest of his acquaintance; but well I remember me, I learn'd a trick t'other

t'other day, to bring a boy o'er the thigh finely, if he come, i'faith I'll tickle him with it.

[*Mendacio comes running back in great haste.*

Men. As I am a rascal, Nam, they are all coming. I see master Register trudging hither, as fast as his three feet will carry up his four ages.

[*Exit Mendacio.*

Actus tertius, Scena quarta.

Memoria, Anamnestes.

Mem. **A**H you leaden-heel'd rascal.

An. Here 'tis, Sir; I have it, I have it.

Mem. Is this all the haste you make?

An. An't like your worship, your clog-head Oblivio went before me, and foil'd the trail of your footsteps, that I could hardly undertake the quest of your purse, forfooth.

Mem. You might have been here long e'er this: Come hither, firrah, come hither, what must you go round about, goodly, goodly, you are so full of circumstances.

An. In truth, Sir, I was here before, and missing you, went back into the city, sought you in every ale-house, Inn, Tavern, Dicing-house, Tennis-court, Stews, and such like places, likely to find your worship in.

Mem. Ha, villain, am I a man likely to be found in such places, ha?

Ana. No, no, fir, but I was told by my lady Lingua's page that your worship was seeking me, therefore I enquired for you in those places where I knew you would ask for me, and it please your worship.

Mem. I remember another quarrel, firrah, but well, well, I have no leisure.

 Actus tertius, Scena quinta.

Com. Sens. Lingua, Phantastes, Memory, Anamnestes.

Com. **L**ingua, the senses by our appointment anon are to present their objects before us; seeing therefore they be not in readiness, we license you in the mean while, either in your own person, or by your advocate, to speak what you can for yourself.

Lin. My lord, if I should bring before your honour all my friends, ready to importune you in my behalf, I should have so many rhetoricians, logicians, lawyers, and which is more, so many women to attend me, that this grove would hardly contain the company; wherefore to avoid the tediousness, I will lay the whole cause upon the tip of mine own tongue.

Com. Be as brief as the necessity of our short time requires.

Ling. My lord, though the Imbecilitas of my feeble sex might draw me back from this tribunal, with the *habenis*, to wit *timoris* and the *Catenis pudoris*, notwithstanding being so fairly led on with the gracious ἐπιεικεία of your *justissime δικαιοσύνης*: Especially so *aspremente spurd' congli sprenidi necessita mia pungente*, I will without the help of orators, commit the *totam salutem* of my action to the *Volutabilitati τῶν γυναικείων λόγων*, which, *avec vostre bonne plaisir*, I will finish with more than *Laconicâ brevitatē*.

Com. What's this? here's a gallemaufry of speech indeed.

Mem. I remember about the year 1602 many used this skew kind of language; which, in my opinion, is not much unlike the man, Platony, the son of Lagus, King of Egypt, brought for a spectacle, half white, half black.

Com. I am persuaded these same language-makers have the very quality of cold in their wit, that freezeth all Heterogeneal languages together, congealing Eng-

lish tin, Grecian gold, Roman Latin all in a lump.

Pha. Or rather, in my imagination, like your fantastical gull's apparel, wearing a Spanish felt, a French dublet, a Granado stocking, a Dutch sloop, an Italian cloak, with a Welch freeze jerkin.

Com. Sen. Well, leave your toying, we cannot pluck the least feather from the soft wing of time. Therefore *Lingua* go on, but in a less formal manner; you know an ingenious oration must neither swell above the banks with insolent words, nor creep too shallow in the ford with vulgar terms, but run equally, smooth, and cheerful, through the clean current of a pure stile.

Ling. My Lord, this one thing is sufficient to confirm my worth to be equal or better than the senses, whose best operations are nothing till I polish them with perfection; for their knowledge is only of things present, quickly sublimed with the deft file of time; whereas the tongue is able to recount things past, and often pronounce things to come, by this means re-edifying such excellencies, as time and age do easily depopulate.

Com. Sen. But what profitable Service do you undertake for our dread Queen *Psyche*?

Ling. O how I am ravish'd to think how infinitely she hath grac'd me with her most acceptable Service. But above all (which you, master Register, may well remember) when her highness, taking my mouth for her instrument, with the bow of my tongue struck so heavenly a touch upon my teeth, that she charm'd the very tygers asleep, the listning bears and lions, to couch at her feet, while the hills leap'd, and the woods danc'd to the sweet harmony of her most angelical accents.

Mem. I remember it very well. *Orpheus* play'd upon the harp, while she sung, about some four years after, the contention betwixt *Apollo* and *Pan*, and a little before the excoriation of *Marsyas*.

An. By the same token the river *Alpheus*, at that time pursuing his beloved *Arethusa*, dischannel'd himself of his former course to be partaker of their admirable consort, and the music being ended, thrust himself headlong into earth, the next way to follow his amorous chace;

chace ; if you go to Arcadia you shall see his coming up again.

Com. Sen. Forward, *Lingua*, with your reason.

Ling. How oft hath her excellency employed me as ambaffador in her moft urgent affairs to foreign kings and emperors, I may fay to the Gods themfelves. How many bloodlefs battles have my perfuafions attain'd, when the Senfes forces have been vanquifh'd? How many rebels have I reclaimed, when her facred authority was little regarded (her laws without exprobatation be it fpoken) had been altogether unpublished, her will unperformed, her illuftrious deeds unrenowned, had not the filver found of my trumpet filled the whole circuit of the univerfe with her deferved fame. Her cities would difsolve, traffic would decay, friendships be broken, were not my fpeech the knot, the Mercury and Mafique, to bind, defend, and glew them together. What fhould I fay more? I can never fpeak enough of the un-fpeakable praife of fpeech, wherein I can find no other imperfection at all, but that the moft exquisite power and excellency of fpeech cannot fufficiently exprefs the exquisite power and excellency of fpeaking.

Com. Sen. *Lingua*, your fervice and dignity we confefs to be great ; neverthelefs thefe reafons prove you not to have the nature of a fenfe.

Ling. By your Ladyfhip's favour I can foon prove that a fenfe is a faculty, by which our queen fitting in her privy chamber hath intelligence of exterior occurencies. That I am of this nature, I prove thus. *The object which I challenge is*——

Enter Appetitus in hafte.

App. Stay, ftay, my Lord, defer, I befeech you, defer the judgment.

Com. Sen. Who's this that boldly interrupts us ?

App. My name is *Appetitus*, common fervant to the pentarchy of the fenfes, who underftanding that your honour was handling this action of *Lingua's*, fent me hither thus haftily, moft humbly requesting the Bench to confider thefe articles they alledge againft her, before you proceed to judgment.

Com.

Com. Sen. Hum, here's good stuff, master Register, read them. Appetitus, you may depart, and bid your mistress make convenient speed.

App. At your lordship's pleasure. *Exit Appetitus.*

Mem. I remember that I forgot my spectacles, I left them in the 34th page of Hall's chronicles, where he tells a great wonder of a multitude of mice, which had almost destroyed the country; but that there resorted a great mighty flight of owls, that destroyed them. Anamnestes, read these articles distinctly.

1 art. *An.* Imprimis, we accuse Lingua of high treason and sacrilege, against the most honourable commonwealth of letters; for under pretence of profiting the people with translations, she hath most vilely prostituted the hard mysteries of unknown languages to the prophane ears of the vulgar.

Phan. This is as much as to make a new hell in the upper world; for in hell they say Alexander is no better than a cobbler, and now by these translations every cobbler is as familiar with Alexander as he that wrote his life.

2 art. *An.* Item, that she hath wrongfully imprisoned a lady called Veritas.

3 art. Item, that she's a witch, and exerciseth her tongue in exorcisins.

4 art. Item, that she's a common whore, and lets every one lie with her.

5 art. Item, that she rails on men in authority, depraving their honours with bitter jests and taunts; and that she's a backbiter, setting strife betwixt bosom friends.

6 art. Item, that she lends wives weapons to fight against their husbands.

7 art. Item, that she maintains a train of prating petty-foggers, prouling sumners, smooth-tongue'd bawds, artless emperics, hungry parasites, news-carriers, janglers, and such like idle companions, that delude the commonalty.

8 art. Item, that she made rhetoric wanton, logic to bable, astronomy to lie.

9 art. Item, that she's an incontinent tell-tale.

10. art. Item, which is the last and worst, that she's a woman in every respect, and for these causes not to be admitted to the dignity of a Sense. That these articles be true we pawn our honours, and subscribe our names.

1. *Visus.* 4. *Olfactus.*
 3. *Gustus.*
 2. *Auditus.* 5. *Tactus.*

Com. Lingua, these be shrewd allegations, and as I think, unanswerable. I will defer the judgment of your cause till I have finished the contention of the Senses.

Lin. Your lordship must be obeyed. But as for them, most ungrateful and perfidious wretches.

Com. Good words become you better; you may depart if you will, till we send for you. Anamnestes run, remember Visus, 'tis time he were ready.

An. I go. [*Exit Anamnestes et redit*] He stays here expecting your lordship's pleasure.

Actus tertius, Scena sexta.

A page carrying a scutcheon argent, charged with an eagle displayed proper; then Visus, with a fan of peacock's feathers; next Lumen, with a crown of bays, and a shield with a bright sun in it, apparel'd in tissue; then a page bearing a shield before Cælum, clad in azure taffeta, dimpled with stars, a crown of stars on his head, and a scarf resembling the zodiac overthwart the shoulders; next a page clad in green, with a terrestrial globe before Terra, in a green velvet gown stuck with branches and flowers, a crown of turrets upon her head, in her hand a key; then a herald, leading in his hand Colour, clad in changeable silk, with a rainbow out of a cloud on her head; last a boy. Visus marshaleth his shew about the stage, and presents it before the bench.

Visus,

Vifus, Lumen, Cælum, Phantastes, Com. Sens. Memory.

Vif. **L**O here the objects that delight the sight!
The goodliest objects that man's heart can wish!

For all things that the orb first moveable,
Wraps in the circuit of his large-stretch'd arms,
Are subject to the power of *Vifus*' eyes.
That you may know what profit light doth bring,
Note *Lumen*'s words, that speaks next following.

Lumen. Light, the fair grandchild to the glorious sun,
Opening the casements of the rosy morn,
Makes the abashed heavens soon to shun
The ugly darkness it embrac'd before;
And, at his first appearance, puts to flight
The utmost relics of the hell-born night.
This heav'nly shield, soon as it is display'd,
Dismays the vices that abhor the light;
To wanderers by sea and land gives aid;
Conquers dismay, recomforteth affright;
Rouseth dull idleness, and starts soft sleep,
And all the world to daily labour keeps.
This a true looking-glass impartial,
Where beauty's self, herself doth beautify
With native hue, not artificial,
Discovering falsehood, opening verity,
The day's bright eye colours distinction,
Just judge of measure and proportion.
The only means by which each mortal eye,
Sends messengers to the wide firmament,
That to the longing soul brings presently
High contemplation and deep wonderment.
By which aspirement she her wings displays,
And herself thither whence she came upraise.

Pba. What blue thing's that, that's dappled so with stars.

Vif. He represents the heav'n.

Pb. In my conceit it were pretty, if he thundered when he speaks.

Vif. Then none could understand him.

Cæl. Tropic, colures, the equinoctial,
The zodiac, poles, and line ecliptical,
The nadir, zenith, and anomalies,
The azimuth and ephemerides,
Stars, orbs, and planets, with their motions,
The oriental regradations,
Excentrics, epicycles, and—and—and—

Pb. How now, *Visus*, is your heaven at a stay?
Or is it his *motus trepidationis* that makes him stammer?
I pray you, *Memory*, set him agate again.

Mem. I remember when *Jupiter* made *Amphitrio*
cuckold, and lay with his wife *Alcmena*, *Cælum* was
in this taking for three days space, and stood still just
like him at a nonplus.

Com. Leave jesting, you'll put the fresh actor out of
countenance.

Cæl. Excentrics, epicycles, and aspects,
In sextile, trine and quadrate, which effects
Wonders on earth: also the oblique part
Of signs, that make the day both long and short,
The constellations, rising cosmical,
Setting of stars, chronic, and heliacal,
In the horizon or meridional,
And all the skill in deep astronomy,
Is to the soul derived by the eye.

Pba. *Visus* you have made *Cælum* a heavenly speech,
past earthly capacity; it had been as good for him he
had thundered. But I pray you who taught him to
speak and use no action, methinks it had been excellent
to have turn'd round about in his speech.

Vis. He hath so many motions he knows not which to
begin withal.

Pba. Nay rather it seems he's of *Copernicus'* opinion,
and that makes him stand still.

*Terra comes to the midst of the stage, stands still
a while, saith nothing, and steps back.*

Com. Sen. Let's hear what *Terra* can say—just nothing.

Vis. And 't like your lordship, 'twere an indecorum
Terra should speak.

Mem.

Mem. You are deceived; for I remember when *Phaeton* rul'd the Sun, I shall never forget him, he was a very pretty youth, the earth open'd her mouth wide, and spoke a very good speech to Jupiter.

Anam. By the same token Nilus hid his head then, he could never find it since.

Phan. You know, Memory, that was an extreme hot day, and 'tis likely Terra sweat much, and so took cold presently after, that ever since she hath lost her voice.

Herauld. A Cauton Ermins added to the field,
Is a sure sign the man that bore these arms,
Was to his prince as a defensive shield,
Saving him from the force of present arms.

Pha. I know this fellow of old, 'tis a herald, many a centaur, chimera, barnacle, crocodile, hippotame, and such like toys, hath he stoln out of the shop of my Invention, to shape new coats for his upstart gentlemen. Either Africa must breed more monsters, or you make fewer gentlemen, Mr. Herauld, for you have spent all my devices already; but since you are here, let me ask you a question, in your own profession, how comes it to pass that the victorious arms of England, quartered with the conquered coat of France, are not placed on the dexter side, but give the flower-de-luce the better hand?

Her. Because that the three lions are one coat made of two French dukedoms, Normandy and Aquitain: but I pray you, *Vifus*, what jay is that, that follows him?

Vif. 'Tis Color, an object of mine, subject to his commandment.

Pha. Why speaks he not?

Vif. He is so bashful, he dares not speak for blushing: What thing is that? tell me without delay.

A Boy. That's nothing of itself, yet every way
As like a man as a thing like may be,
And yet so unlike as clean contrary,
For in one point it every way doth mis,
The right side of it a man's left side is;
'Tis lighter than a feather, and withal
It fills no place, nor room, it is so small.

Com. Sen. How now, Vifus, have you brought a boy with a riddle to pofe us all ?

Pba. Pofe us all and I here ? that were a jeft indeed : My lord, if he have a Sphinx, I have an Oedipus affure yourfelf, let's hear it once again.

Boy. What thing is that, fir, &c.

Pba. This fuch a knotty enigma ? why my lord, I think 'tis a woman, for firft a woman is nothing of herfelf, and again, ſhe is likeft a man of any thing.

Com. Sen. But wherein is ſhe unlike ?

Pba. In every thing, in peevifhnefs, in folly.—'ft Boy.

Heu. In pride, deceit, prating, lying, cogging, coynefs, ſpite, hate, fir.

Pba. And in many more fuch vices : now he may well fay, the left ſide a man's right ſide is, for a crofs wife is always contrary to her husband, ever contradicting what he wifeth for, like to the verſe in Martial, *Velle tuum.*

Mem. *Velle tuum nolo, Dindine nolle volo.*

Pba. Lighter than a feather, doth any man make queſtion of that ?

Mem. They need not, for I remember I ſaw a cardinal weigh them once, and the woman was found three grains lighter.

Com. Sen. 'Tis ſtrange, for I have ſeen gentlewomen wear feathers oftentimes ; can they carry heavier things than themſelves ?

Mem. O fir, I remember, 'tis their only delight to do ſo.

Com. Sen. But how apply you the laſt verſe, it fills no place, fir ?

Pba. By my faith, that ſpoils all the former, for theſe farthingals take up all the room now a-days ; 'tis not a woman, queſtionlefs : ſhall I be put down with a riddle, firrah ? Heureſis, ſearch the corners of your conceit, and find it me quickly.

Heu. Hay *εὑρηκα εὑρηκα.* I have it, 'tis a man's face in a looking-glaſs.

Pba. My lord, 'tis ſo indeed, firrah, let's ſee it, for do you ſee my right eye here ?

Com.

Com. Sen. What of your eye ?

Ph. O lord, fir, this kind of frown is excellent, especially when 'tis sweetened with such a pleasing smile.

Com. Sen. Phantastes.

Pha. O fir, my left eye is my right in the glafs, do you see ? By these lips my garters hang so neatly, my gloves and shoes become my hands and feet so well : Heuresis, tie my shoe-strings with a new knot ;——this point was scarce well truss'd, —so, 'tis excellent.—Looking-glasses were a passing invention : I protest the fittest books for ladies to study on——

Mem. Take heed you fall not in love with yourself, Phantastes, as I remember—Anamnestes, who was't that died of the looking disease ?

An. Forsooth, Narcissus, by the same token he was turn'd to a daffodil, and as he died for love of himself, so if you remember there was an old ill-favour'd, precious-nos'd, babber-lip'd, beetle-brow'd, bleer ey'd, slouch-ear'd slave, that looking himself by chance in a glafs, died for pure hate.

Pha. By the lip of my—I could live and die with this face.

Com. Sen. Fie, fie, Phantastes, so effeminate ! for shame leave off. Visus, your objects I must needs say are admirable, if the house and instrument be answerable, let's hear therefore in brief your description——

Vis. Under the fore-head of mount Cephalon,
That over-peers the coast of Microcosm,
All in the shadow of two pleasant groves,
Stand my two mansion-houses, both as round
As the clear heavens, both twins, as like each other
As star to star, which by the vulgar sort,
For their resplendent composition,
Are named the bright eyes of mount Cephalon :
With four fair rooms those lodgings are contrived.
Four goodly rooms in form most spherical,
Closing each other like the heavenly orbs :
The first whereof, of nature's substance wrought,
As a strange moat the other to defend,
Is trained moveable by art divine :

Stirring the whole compacture of the rest,

The second chamber is most curiously

Compos'd of burnish'd and transparent horn.

Pha. That's a matter of nothing I have known many have such bed-chambers.

Mem. It may be so, for I remember being once in the town's library, I read such a thing, in their great book of monuments called, Cornucopia, or rather their copia-cornu.

Vif. The third's a lesser room of purest glass,
The fourth's smallest, but passeth all the former
In worth of matter, built most sumptuously,
With walls transparent of pure crystalline.
This the soul's mirror and the body's guide,
Love's cabinet, bright beacons of the realm,
Casements of light, quiver of Cupid's shafts :
Wherein I sit, and immediately receive
The species of things corporeal,
Keeping continual watch and centinel ;
Lest foreign hurt invade our Microcosm,
And warning give, (if pleasant things approach)
To entertain them. From this costly room
Leadeth, my lord, an entry to your house,
Through which I hourly to yourself convey
Matters of wisdom by experience bred :
Art's first invention, pleasant vision,
Deep contemplation, that attires the soul
In gorgeous robes of flowering literature :
Then if that *Vifus* have deserved best,
Let his victorious brow with crown be blest.

Com. Sen. Anamnestes, see who's to come next.

Ana. Presently, my lord.

Pha. *Vifus*, I wonder that amongst all your objects, you presented us not with Plato's idea, or the fight of Nineveh, Babylon, London, or some Sturbridge-fair monsters ; they would have done passing well, those motions, in my imagination are very delightful.

Vif. I was loth to trouble your honours with such toys, neither could I provide them in so short a time.

Com.

Com. Sen. We will confider your worth, mean while we difmifs you.

Visus leads his show about the ftage, and fo goeth out with it.

Actus tertius, Scena ultima.

Auditus, &c.

Aud. **H**ARK, hark, hark, hark; peace, peace, O peace; O fweet, admirable, fwan-like, heavenly; hark, O moft melifluous ftain; O what a pleafant clofe was there; O full, moft delicate.

Com. How now, Phantafte, is *Auditus* mad?

Pb. Let him alone, his musical head is always full of odd crotchets.

Aud. Did you mark the dainty driving of the laft point, an excellent maintaining of the fong; by the choice timpan of mine ear, I never heard a better; hift, 'ft, 'ft, hark, why there's a cadence able to ravifh the dulleft ftoc.

Com. I know not what to think on him.

Aud. There how fweetly the plain-fong was diffolved into defcant, and how eafily they came off with the laft reft. Hark, hark, the bitter fweeteft achromatic.

Com. *Auditus*?

Aud. Thanks, good Apollo, for this timely grace, never couldft thou in fitter hour indulge it: O more than moft musical harmony! O moft admirable confort! have you no ears? do you not hear this music?

Pb. It may be good, but in my opinion, they reft too long in the beginning.

Aud. Are you then deaf? do you not yet perceive the wondrous found the heavenly orbs do make with their continual motion. Hark, hark, O honey fweet.

Com. What tune do they play?

Aud. Why fuch a tune as never was, nor ever fhall be heard. Mark now, now, mark, now, now.

Pb. Lift, lift, lift.

Aud. Hark! O sweet, sweet, sweet.

Pb. Lift! how my heart envies my happy ears. Hight, by the gold-strung harp of Apollo, I hear the celestial music of the spheres, as plainly as ever Pythagoras did. O most excellent diapason, good, good, good, it plays *fortune my foe*, as distinctly as may be.

Com. As the fool thinketh, so the bell clinketh. I protest I hear no more than a post.

Pb. What, the Lava'ta! hay? nay if the heavens fiddle, Fancy must needs dance.

Com. Prithee sit still, thou must dance nothing but the passing measures. Memory, do you hear this harmony of the spheres?

Mem. Not now, my lord; but I remember about some four thousand years ago, when the sky was first made, we heard very perfectly.

An. By the same token the first tune the planets play'd I remember Venus the treble ran sweet division upon Saturn the bass. The first tune they played was Sellen-ger's round, in memory whereof ever since, it hath been called the beginning of the world.

Com. How comes it we cannot hear it now?

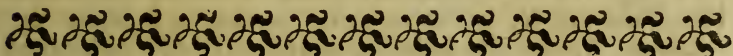
Mem. Our ears are so well acquainted with the sound, that we never mark it. As I remember the Egyptian Catadupes never heard the roaring of the fall of Nilus, because the noise was so familiar unto them.

Com. Have you no other objects to judge by than these, Auditus?

Aud. This is the rarest and most exquisite,
Most spherical, divine, angelical;
But since your duller ears cannot perceive it,
May it please your lordship to withdraw yourself
Unto this neighbouring grove, there shall you see
How the sweet treble of the chirping birds,
And the soft stirring of the moved leaves,
Running delightful descant to the sound
Of the base murmuring of the bubbling brook,
Becomes a concert of good instruments,
While twenty babbling echoes round about,

Out of the stony concave of their mouths,
 Restore the vanish'd music of each close,
 And fill your ears full with redoubled pleasure.

Com. I will walk with you very willingly, for I grow weary of sitting. Come, master Register, and master Phantastes. [Exeunt omnes.]



Actus quartus, Scena prima.

Mendacio, Anamnestes, Heuresis.

Mend. **P**Rithee, Nam, be persuaded ; is't not better to go to a feast than stay here for a fray ?

An. A feast ? dost think Auditus will make the judges a feast ?

Men. Faith ay ; why should he carry them to his house else ?

An. Why, firrah, to hear a set or two of songs, 'slid his banquets are nothing but fish, all soll, soll, soll. I'll teach thee wit, boy, never go thee to a musician's house for junkets, unless thy stomach lies in thine ears ; for there is nothing but commending this song's delicate air, that ode's dainty air, this sonnet's sweet air, that madrigal's melting air, this dirge's mournful air, this church air, that chamber air, French air, English air, Italian air. Why lad, they be pure chamelions, they feed only upon air.

Mend. Chamelions ? I'll be sworn some of your fiddlers be rather camels, for by their good wills they will never leave eating.

Anam. True, and good reason, for they do nothing all the day but stretch and grate their small guts : But oh, yonder's the ape Heuresis ; let me go I prithee.

Mend. Nay good-now stay a little, let's see his humour.

Heu. I see no reason to the contrary, for we see the quintessence of wine will convert water into wine ; why

Therefore should not the elixir of gold turn lead into pure gold?

Mend. Ha, ha, ha, ha, he is turned chymist, firrah, it seems so by his talk.

Heu. But how shall I devise to blow the fire of beech-coles, with a continual and equal blast? ha? I will have my bellows driven with a wheel, which wheel shall be a self mover.

Anam. Here's old turning, these chymists seeking to turn lead into gold, turn away all their own silver.

Heu. And my wheel shall be geometrically proportioned into seven or nine concave incircled arms, wherein I will put equal poises, hai, hai, hai, *ἔγρηκα, ἔγρηκα*, I have it, I have it, I have it.

Mend. Heuresis?

Heu. But what's best to contain the quick-silver? ha?

Anam. Do you remember your promise, Heuresis?

Heu. It must not be iron, for quick-silver is the tyrant of metals, and will soon fret it.

Anam. Heuresis? Heuresis?

Heu. Nor brass, nor copper, nor mastlin, nor mineral, *ἔγρηκα, ἔγρηκα*, I have it, I have it, it must be——

Anam. You have indeed, firrah, and thus much more than you looked for. [*Beats him.*]

Heuresis and Anamnestes about to fight, but Mendacio parts them.

Mend. You shall not fight, but if you will always disagree, let us have words and no blows. Heuresis, what reason have you to fall out with him?

Heu. Because he is always abusing me, and takes the upper hand of me every where.

Anam. And why not, firrah, I am thy better in any place.

Heu. Have I been the author of the seven liberal sciences, and consequently of all learning? have I been the patron of all mechanical devises, to be thy inferior? I tell thee, Anamnestes, thou hast not so much as a point but thou art beholding to me for it.

Anam. Good, good, but what had your invention been, but for my remembrance: I can prove that thou belly-

belly-sprung invention, art the most unprofitable member in the world; for ever since thou wert born, thou hast been a bloody murderer, and thus I prove it: In the quiet years of Saturn, I remember Jupiter was then but in his swath-bands, thou rentest the bowels of the earth, and broughtest gold to light, whose beauty, like Helen, set all the world by the ears. Then upon that thou foundest out iron, and puttest weapons in their hands, and now in the last populous age, thou taughtest a scab-shin friar the hellish invention of powder and guns.

Heu. Call'st it hellish? thou liest, it is the admirablest invention of all others; for whereas others imitate nature, this excels nature herself.

Mem. True, for a cannon will kill as many at one shot, as thunder doth commonly at twenty.

Anam. Therefore more murdering art thou than the light bolt.

Heu. But to shew the strength of my conceit, I have found out a means to withstand the stroke of the most violent culverin. Mendatio, thou saw'st it, when I demonstrated invention.

Anam. What some wool-packs? or mud-walls? or such like?

Heu. Mendatio, I prithee tell it him, for I love not to be a trumpeter of mine own praises.

Mend. I must needs confess this devise to pass all that ever I heard or saw; and thus it was, first he takes a falcon, and charges it without all deceit, with dry powder well camphired; then did he put in a single bullet, and a great quantity of drop shot both round and lachrimal, this done he sets me a boy sixty paces off, just point blank over against the mouth of the piece. Now in the very midst of the direct line he fastens a post, upon which he hangs me in a cord a fiderite, of Herculean stone.

Anam. Well, well, I know it well, it was found out in Ido, in the year of the world———by one Magnes, whose name it retains, though vulgarly they call it an Adamant.

Mend.

Mend. When he had hang'd this Adamant in a cord, he comes back, and gives fire to the touch-hole, now the powder consumed to a void vacuum.

Heu. Which is intolerable in nature; for first shall the whole machine of the world, heaven, earth, sea, and air, return to the mishapen house of Chaos, than the least vacuum be found in the universe.

Mend. The bullet and drop shot flew most impetuously from the fiery throat of the culverin; but O strange, no sooner came they near the Adamant in the cord, but they were all arrested by the serjeant of nature, and hovered in the air round about it, till they had lost the force of their motion, clasping themselves close to the stone in most lovely manner, and not any one flew to endanger the mark; so much did they remember their duty to nature, that they forgot the errand they were sent of.

Anam. This is a very artificial lie.

Mend. Nam, believe it, for I saw it, and which is more, I have practised this device often. Once when I had a quarrel with one of my lady Veritas's naked knaves, and had appointed him the field, I convey'd into the heart of my buckler an Adamant; and when we met, I drew; all the foins of his rapier, whithersoever he intended them, or howsoever I guided mine arm, pointed still to the midst of my buckler; so that by this means I hurt the knave mortally, and myself came away untouched, to the wonder of all the beholders.

Anam. Sirrah, you speak metaphorically, because thy wit, Mendacio, always draws mens objections to thy fore-thought excuses.

Heu. Anamnestes, 'tis true, and I have an addition to this, which is to make the bullet shot from the enemy to return immediately upon the gunner: but let all these pass, and say the worst thou canst against me.

Anam. I say guns were found out for the quick dispatch of mortality, and when thou sawest men grow wise, and beget so fair a child as peace, of so foul and deformed a mother as war, lest there should be no murder, thou devisedst poison.

Mend.

Mend. Nay fie, Nam, urge him not too far.

Anam. And last and worst, thou foundest out cookery, that kills more than weapons, guns, wars or poisons, and would destroy all, but that thou inventedst physic, that helps to make away some.

Heu. But, firrah, besides all this, I devised pillories for such forging villains as thyself.

Anam. Call'st me villain ?

[*They fight, and are parted by Mendacio.*]

Mend. You shall not fight as long as I am here. Give over I say.

Heu. Mendacio, you offer me great wrong to hold me, in good faith I shall fall out with you.

Mend. Away, away, away, you are invention, are you not ?

Heu. Yes, Sir, what then ?

Mend. And you Remembrance ?

Anam. Well, Sir, well.

Mend. Then I will be Judicium, the moderator betwixt you, and make you both friends ; come, come, shake hands, shake hands.

Heu. Well, well, if you will needs have it so.

Anam. I am in some sort content.

[*Mendacio walks with them, holding them by the hands.*]

Mend. Why this is as it should be, when Mendacio hath Invention on the one hand, and Remembrance on the other, as he'll be sure never to be found with truth in his mouth ; so he scorns to be taken in a lie, hai, hai, hai, my fine wags, whist !

Anam. Whist.

Heu. Whist.

Actus quartus, Scena secunda.

Communis Sensus, Memory, Phantastes, Heuresis, Anamnestes take their places on the bench, as before, Auditus on the stage, a page before him bearing his target, the field sable, an heart or, next him Tragedus appaelled in black velvet, fair buskins, a faulchion, &c. then Comedus in a light coloured green taffata robe, silk stockings, pumps, gloves, &c.

Communis Sensus, Memory, Phantastes, Heuresis, Anamnestes, &c.

Com. **T**HEY had some reason that held the soul a harmony, for it is greatly delighted with music, how fast we were tied by the ears to the confort of voice's power? but all is but a little pleasure, what profitable objects hath he?

Pha. Your ears will teach you presently, for now he is coming, that fellow in the bays methinks I should have known him; O'tis Comedus, 'tis so, but he is become now a-days something humorous, and too too satyrical, up and down, like his great grandfather *Aristophanes*.

An. These two my lord Comedus and Tragedus, My fellows both, both twins, but so unlike, As birth to death, wedding to funeral: For this that rears himself in buskins quaint, Is pleasant at the first, proud in the midst, Stately in all, and bitter death at end. That in the pumps doth frown at first acquaintance, Trouble the midst, but in the end concludes, Closing up all with a sweet catastrophe. This grave and sad, distain'd with brinish tears; That light and quick, with wrinkled laughter painted; This deals with nobles, kings, and emperors, Full of great fears, great hopes, great enterprises:

This

This other trades with men of mean condition,
 His projects small, small hopes and dangers little.
 This gorgeous, broider'd with rich sentences :
 That fair and pursled round with merriments.
 Both vice detect, and virtue beautify,
 By being death's mirrour, and life's looking-glass.

Com. *Salutem jam primum a principio propitiam.
 Mibi atque vobis spectatores nuntio.*

Pha. Pish, pish, this is a speech with no action, let's hear Terence, *quid igitur faciam, &c.*

Com. *Quid igitur faciam? non eam ne nunc quidem cum accusor ultro?*

Pha. Fy, fy, fy, no more action! lend me your bays, do it thus, *Quid igitur, &c.* (he acts it after the old kind of pantomimic action.)

Com. *Sen.* I should judge this action, Phantastes, most absurd, unless we should come to a Comedy, as gentlewomen to the commencement, only to see men speak.

Pha. In my imagination 'tis excellent, for in this kind the hand, you know, is harbinger to the tongue, and provides the words a lodging in the ears of the auditors.

Com. *Sen.* Auditus, it is now time you make us acquainted with the quality of the house you keep in, for our better help in judgment.

Aud. Upon the sides of fair mount Cephalon,
 Have I two houses passing human skill :
 Of finest matter by dame Nature wrought,
 Whose learned fingers have adorn'd the same
 With gorgeous porches of so strange a form,
 That they command the passengers to stay :
 The doors whereof, in hospitality,
 Nor day, nor night, are shut, but open wide,
 Gently invite all comers ; whereupon
 They are named the open ears of Cephalon.
 But lest some bolder sound should boldly rush,
 And break the nice composure of the work,
 The skilful builder wisely hath enrang'd
 An entry from each port with curious twines,
 And crook'd meanders, like the labyrinth

That

That Dedalus fram'd t'inclose the minotaur ;
 At th'end whereof is plac'd a costly portal,
 Resembling much the figure of a drum,
 Granting slow entrance to a private closet :
 Where daily with a mallet in my hand,
 I set and frame all words and sounds that come,
 Upon an anvil, and so make them fit
 For the perewinkling porch, that winding leads
 From my close chamber to your lordship's cell.
 Thither do I, chief justice of all accents,
 Psyche's next porter, Microcosmes front,
 Learning's rich treasure, bring discipline,
 Reason, discourse, knowledge of foreign states,
 Loud fame of great Hero's virtuous deeds :
 The marrow of grave speeches, and the flow'rs
 Of quickest wits, neat jests, and pure conceits ;
 And often times, to ease the heavy burthen
 Of government, your lordship's shoulders bear,
 I thither do conduce the pleasing nuptials
 Of sweetest instruments, with heav'nly noise.
 If then Auditus have deserv'd the best,
 Let him be dignified before the rest.

Com. Sen. Auditus, I am almost a sceptic in this matter ; scarce knowing which way the balance of the cause will decline. When I have heard the rest, I will dispatch judgment ; mean while you may depart.

Auditus leads his show about the stage, and then goes out.

Actus quartus, Scena tertia.

Communis Sensus, Memoria, Phantastes, Anamnestes, Heuresis as before, Olfactus in a garland of several flowers, a page before him, bearing his target, his field vert, a hound argent, two boys with casting bottles, and two censors with incense, another with a velvet cushion stuck with flowers, another with a basket of herbs, another

other with a box of ointment, Olfactus leads them about, and making obeisance presents them before the bench.

I Boy. **Y**our only way to make a good pomander, is this. Take an ounce of the purest garden mold, cleansed and steeped seven days in change of motherless rose-water, then take the best labdanum, benioine, both storaxes, ambergrease, civet, and musk, incorporate them together, and work them into what form you please; this, if your breath be not too valiant, will make you smell as sweet as my lady's dog.

Pha. This boy it should seem represents Odor, he is so perfect a perfumer.

Odor. I do my lord, and have at my command
The smell of flowers, and odoriferous drugs,
Of ointments sweet, and excellent perfumes,
And court-like waters, which if once you smell,
You in your heart would wish, as I suppose,
That all your body were transform'd to nose.

Pha. Olfactus, of all the senses, your objects have the worst luck, they are always jarring with their contraries; for none can wear civet, but they are suspected of a proper bad scent; whence the proverb springs, he smelleth best, that doth of nothing smell.

Actus quartus, Scena quarta.

The bench and Olfactus, as before, Tobacco apparelled in a taffata mantle, his arms brown and naked, buskins made of the peeling of osiers, his neck bare, hung with Indian leaves, his face brown painted with blue stripes, in his nose swines teeth, on his head a painted wicker crown, with tobacco pipes set in it, plumes of tobacco leaves, led by two Indian boys naked, with tapers in their hands, tobacco boxes, and pipes lighted.

Pha.

Pha. **F**OH, foh, what a smell is here ? is this one of your delightful objects ?

Olf. It is your only scent in request, sir.

Com. Sen. What fiery fellow is that, which smoaks so much in the mouth ?

Olf. It is the great and puissant god of tobacco.

Tob. Ladoch guevarrob pufuer shelvaro baggon, Olfia di quanon, Indi cortilo vraggon.

Pha. Ha, ha, ha, ha, this, in my opinion, is the tongue of the Antipodes.

Mem. No, I remember it very well, it was the language the Arcadians spake, that lived long before the Moon.

Com. Sen. What signifies it, Olfactus ?

Olf. This is the mighty emperor Tobacco, King of Trinidado, that in being couquered, conquered all Europe, in making them pay tribute for their smoke.

Tob. Erfronge inglues conde besingo, Develin floscoth ma pu coctbingo.

Olf. Expeller of catarrhs, banisher of all agues, your guts only salve for the green wounds of a *non plus*.

Tob. Al vulcam vercu, I parda pora si de gratam, ka famala mara, che Baubo respartera, quirara.

Olf. Son to the god Vulcan, and Tellus, kin to the father of mirth, called Bacchus.

Tob. Viscardonok, pillostupbe, pascano tinaromagas, Pagi dagon stollisnfe, carocibato scribas.

Olf. Genius of all swaggerers, profess'd enemy to physicians, sweet ointment for sowre teeth, firm knot of good fellowship, adamant of company, swift wind to spread the wings of time, hated of none but those that know him not, and of so great deserts, that whoso is acquainted with him, can hardly forsake him.

Pha. It seems these last words were very significant. I promise you a god of great denomination, he may be my lord Tappes for his large titles.

Com. Sen. But forward, Olfactus, as they have done before you, with your description ?

Olf. Just in the midst of Cephalon's round face, As 'twere a frontispiece unto the hill,

Olfactus lodging built in figure long,
 Doubly disparted with two precious vaults,
 The roots whereof most richly are inclos'd
 With orient pearls, and sparkling diamonds :
 Beset at th' end with emeralds and turchis,
 And rubies red, and flaming crysolites,
 At upper end whereof, in costly manner,
 I lay my head between two spongy pillows,
 Like fair Adonis 'twixt the paps of Venus,
 Where I conducting in and out the wind,
 Daily examine all the air inspir'd,
 By my pure searching, if that it be pure,
 And fit to serve the lungs with lively breath :
 Hence do I likewise minister perfume
 Unto the neighbour brain, perfumes of force
 To cleanse your head, and make your fancy bright,
 To refine wit, and sharp invention,
 And strengthen memory ; from whence it came,
 That old devotion, incense did ordain
 To make man's spirits more apt for things divine.
 Besides a thousand more commodities,
 In lieu whereof, your lordships I request,
 Give me the crown if I deserve it best.

Olfactus leads his company about the stage, and goes out.

Actus quartus, Scena quinta.

The bench as before. A page with a shield argent, an ape proper with an apple ; then Gustus with a cornucopia in his hand ; Bacchus in a garland of leaves and grapes, a white suit, and over it a thin sarsnet to his foot, in his hand a spear wreathed with vine leaves, on his arm a target with a tiger ; Ceres with a crown of ears of corn, in a yellow silk robe, a bunch of poppy in her hand, a scutcheon charged with a dragon.

Com. **I**N good time, Gustus ; have you brought your objects ?

Gust.

Gust. My servant Appetitus followeth with them.

App. Come, come, Bacchus, you are so fat; enter enter.

Pha. Fie, fie, Gustus, this is a great indecorum to bring Bacchus alone, you should have made thirst lead him by the hand.

Gust. Right, sir, but men now a-days drink often when they be not dry; besides, I could not get red herrings and dried neats tongues enough to apparel him in.

Com. Sen. What, never a speech of him.

Gust. I put an octave of iambicks in his mouth, and he hath drunk it down.

Ap. Well done, Muscadine and Eggs stand hot; what butter'd claret? go thy way, thou had'st best, for blind men that cannot see how wickedly thou look'st—how now, what small thin fellow are you here? ha?

Boy. Beer forsooth, beer forsooth.

Ap. Beer forsooth? get you gone to the buttery, till I call for you; you are none of Bacchus's attendants, I am sure, he cannot endure the smell of malt. Where's Ceres? O well, well, is the March-pane broken? Ill luck, ill luck, come hang't, never stand to set it together again; serve out fruit there; (*Enter boys with a basket, marmallad, sweet, &c. deliver it round among the gentlewomen, and go out*) what do you come with rost-meat after apples, away with it. Digestion, serve out cheese; what, but a penny-worth, it is just the measure of his nose that sold it? lambs wool; the meekest meat in the world, 'twill let any man fleece it. Snap-dragon there.

Mem. O I remember this dish well, it was first invented by Pluto to entertain Proserpina withal.

Pha. I think not so, Memory; for when Hercules had kill'd the flaming dragon of Hesperida, with the apples of that orchard, he made this fiery meat, in memory whereof he named it snap-dragon.

Com. Sen. Gustus, let's hear your description?

Gust. Near to the lowly base of Cephalon,
My house is plac'd not much unlike a cave:
Yet arch'd above by wond'rous workmanship,

With

With hewn stones wrought smoother and more fine
 Than jet or marble fair, from Iceland brought.
 Over the door directly doth incline
 A fair percullis of compacture strong,
 To shut out all that may annoy the state,
 Or health of Microcosme ; and within
 Is spread a long board like a pliant tongue,
 At which I hourly sit, and tryal take
 Of meats and drinks needful and delectable :
 Twice every day do I provision make
 For the sumptuous kitchin of the commonwealth ;
 Which, once well boil'd, is soon distributed
 To all the members, well refreshing them
 With good supply of strength-renewing food.
 Should I neglect this musing diligence,
 The body of the realm would ruinate.
 Yourself, my lord, with all your policies
 And wondrous wit, could not preserve yourself.
 Nor you, Phantastes, nor you, Memory ;
 Psyche herself, were't not that I repair
 Her crazy house with props of nourishment,
 Would soon forsake us: for whose dearest sake
 Many a grievous pain have I sustain'd,
 By bitter pills, and sowre purgations ;
 Which, if I had not valiantly abidden,
 She had been long ere this departed.
 Since the whole Microcosme I maintain,
 Let me, as prince, above the Senses reign.

Com. The reasons you urge, Gustus, breed a new
 doubt whether it be better to be commodious or neces-
 sary, the resolution whereof I refer to your judgment ;
 licensing you mean while to depart.

[Gustus leads his shew about the stage, and goes out.]

Actus quartus, Scena sexta.

The bench as before ; Tactus, a page before him bearing his scutcheon, a tortesse sables.

Tact. **R**EADY anon, forsooth ? the devil she will,
Who would be toil'd with wenches in a shew ?

Com. Why in such anger, Tactus ? what's the matter ?

Tact. My lord, I had thought as other Senses did,
By sight of objects to have prov'd my worth ;
Wherefore considering that of all the things
That please me most, women are counted chief,
I had thought to have represented in my shew,
The queen of pleasure, Venus and her son,
Leading a gentleman enamoured,
With his sweet touching of his mistress' lips,
And gentle griping of her tender hands,
And divers pleasant relishes of touch,
Yet all contained in the bounds of chastity.

Pha. Tactus, of all I long to see your objects,
How comes it we have lost those pretty sports.

Tact. Thus 'tis, five hours ago I set a dozen maids to attire a boy like a nice gentlewoman ; but there is such doing with their looking-glasses, pinning, unpinning, setting, unsetting, formings and conformings ; painting blue veins and cheeks ; such stir with sticks and combs, cascanets, dressings, purls, falls, squares, busks, bodice, scarfs, necklaces, carcanets, rebatoes, borders, tires, fanns, palifadoes, puffs, ruffs, cuffs, muffs, pusses, fusles, partlets, friflets, bandlets, filets, croslets, pendulets, amulets, annulets, bracelets, and so many lets, that yet she's scarce dress'd to the girdle ; and now there is such calling for fardingales, kirtlets, busk-points, shoe-ties, &c. that seven pedlars shops, nay all Sturbridge fair, will scarce furnish her. A Ship is sooner rig'd by far, than a gentlewoman made ready.

Pha. 'Tis strange, that women being so mutable,
Will never change in changing their apparel.

Com. Well, let them pass; Tactus, we are content
To know your dignity by relation.

Tact. The instrument of instruments, the hand,
Courtsey's index, chamberlain to nature,
The body's foldier, and mouth's caterer,
Psyche's great secretary, the dumb's eloquence,
The blindman's candle, and his fore-heads buckler,
The minister of wrath, and friendship's sign,
This is my instrument: nevertheless my power
Extends itself far as our queen commands,
Through all the parts and climes of Microcosme.
I am the root of life, spreading my virtue
By sinews, that extend from head to foot,
To every living part.

For as a subtle spider closely fitting
In center of her web that spreadeth round,
If the least fly but touch the smallest thread,
She feels it instantly; so doth myself,
Casting my slender nerve, and sundry nets,
O'er every particle of all the body,
By proper skill perceive the difference
Of several qualities, hot, cold, moist and dry;
Hard, soft, rough, smooth, clammy and slippery;
Sweet pleasure, and sharp pain profitable,
That makes us, wounded, seek for remedy.
By these means do I teach the body fly
From such bad things as may endanger it.
A wall of brass can be no more defence
Unto a town than I to Microcosme.
Tell me, what sense is not beholding to me?
The nose is hot or cold, the eyes do weep,
The ears do feel, the taste's a kind of touching.
Thus when I please, I can command them all,
And make them tremble when I threaten them.
I am the eldest, and biggest of all the rest,
The chiefest note, and first distinction,
Betwixt a living tree and living beast;
For though one hear, and see, and smell, and taste,

If he wants touch, he is counted but a block.
Therefore, my lord, grant me the royalty;
Of whom there is such great necessity.

Com. Tactus, stand aside; you, firrah, Anamnestes,
tell the Senses we expect their appearance.

Anam. At your lordship's pleasure?

[*Exit Anamnestes.*]

Actus quartus, Scena septima.

Com. Sens. Phantastes, Memoria, Heuresis, Anamnestes,
upon the bench consulting among themselves. Visus, Au-
ditus, Tactus, Gustus, and Olfactus, every one with his
shield upon his arm. Lingua and Mendacio with them.

Com. **T**Hough you deserve no small punishment for
these uproars, yet at the request of these
my assistants I remit it; and by the power of judg-
ment our gracious sovereign Psyche hath given me,
thus I determine of your controversies: hum? By your
former objects, instruments and reasons, I conceive the
state of Sense to be divided into two parts, one of com-
modity, the other of necessity, both which are either
for our queen or for our country; but as the soul is more
excellent than the body, so are the Senses that profit
the soul to be estimated before those that are needful
for the body. Visus and Auditus, serve yourselves; ma-
ster Register give me the crown; because it is better to
be well, than simply to be; therefore I judge the crown
by right to belong to you of the commodity's part,
and the robe to you of the necessity's side; and since
you, Visus, are the author of invention, and you, Au-
ditus, of increase and addition to the same, seeing it is
more excellent to invent than to augment, I establish
you, Visus, the better of the two, and chief of all the
rest; in token whereof, I bestow upon you this crown
to wear at your liberty.

Vis.

Vif. I moſt humbly thank your lordſhips.

Com. But leaſt I ſhould ſeem to neglect you, *Auditus*, I here chuſe you to be the lords intelligencer to *Psyche* her majeſty; and you, *Olfactus*, we beſtow upon you the chief prieſthood of *Microcoſme*, perpetually to offer incenſe in her majeſty's temple. As for you, *Tactus*, upon your reaſons alledged, I beſtow upon you the robes.

Tact. I accept it moſt gratefully at your juſt hands, and will wear it in the dear remembrance of your good lordſhip.

Com. And laſtly, *Gustus*, we elect you *Psyche*'s only taſter, and great purveyor for all her dominions, both by ſea and land, in her realm of *Microcoſme*.

Gust. We thank your lordſhip, and reſt well content with equal arbitrement.

Com. Now for you, *Lingua*.

Lin. I beſeech your honour let me ſpeak, I will neither trouble the company, nor offend your patience.

Com. I cannot ſtay ſo long; we have conſulted about you, and find your cauſe to ſtand upon theſe terms, and conditions. The number of the Sences in this little world is anſwerable to the firſt bodies in the great world: now ſince there be but five in the univerſe, the four elements and the pure ſubſtance of the heavens; therefore there can be but five ſences in our *Microcoſme*, correſpondent to thoſe, as the ſight to the heavens, hearing to the air, touching to the earth, ſmelling to the fire, taſting to the water, by which five means only the underſtanding is able to apprehend the knowledge of all corporeal ſubſtances; wherefore we judge you to be no Senſe ſimply; only thus much we from henceforth pronounce, that all women for your ſake ſhall have fix Sences, that is, ſeeing, hearing, taſting, ſmelling, touching, and the laſt and feminine ſenſe, the ſenſe of ſpeaking.

Gust. I beſeech your lordſhips and your aſſiſtants, the only cauſe of our friendſhip, to grace my table with your moſt welcome preſence this night at ſupper.

Com. I am sorry I cannot stay with you, you know we may by no means omit our daily attendance at the court, therefore I pray you pardon us.

Gust. I hope I shall not have the denial at your hands, my masters, and you my lady Lingua; come let us drown all our anger in a bowl of hippocras.

[*Exeunt sensus omnes exteriores.*]

Com. Come, master Register, shall we walk?

Mem. I pray you stay a little. Let me see! ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

Pha. How now, Memory, so merry? what do you trouble yourself with two palsies at once? shaking and laughing.

Mem. 'Tis a strange thing that men will so confidently oppose themselves against Plato's great year.

Pha. Why not?

Mem. 'Tis as true an opinion as need be; for I remember it very readily now, that this time 49000 years ago, all we were in this very place, and your lordship judged the very same controversy, after the very same manner, in all respects, and circumstances alike.

Com. 'Tis wondrous strange.

Anam. By the same token you held your staff in your right hand, just as you do now, and Mr. Phantastes stood wondring at you, gaping as wide as you see him.

Pha. Ay, but I did not give you a box on the ear, firrah, 49000 years ago, did I? [*Snap.*]

Anam. I do not remember that, Sir.

Pha. This time Plato's twelvemonth to come, look you save your cheeks better.

Com. But what entertainment had we at court for our long staying?

Mem. Let's go, I'll tell you as we walk.

Pha. If I do not seem pranker now than I did in those days, I'll be hang'd.

[*Exeunt omnes interiores Sensus, manet Lingua.*]

Actus quartus, Scena octava.

Lingua, Mendacio.

Ling. **W**HY this is good. By Common Sense's means,
 Lingua, thou hast framed a perfect comedy.
 They are all good friends, whom thou mad'st enemies;
 And I am half a sense: a sweet piece of service
 I promise you ' a fair step to preferment!
 Was this the care and labour thou hast taken
 To bring thy foes together to a banquet,
 To loose thy crown, and be deluded thus!
 Well, now I see my cause is desperate,
 The judgment's past, sentence irrevocable,
 Therefore I'll be content and clap my hands,
 And give a Plaudite to their proceedings.
 What, shall I leave my hate begun, imperfect?
 So foully vanquish'd by the spiteful senses?
 Shall I, the embassadrefs of Gods and men,
 That pull'd proud Phœbe from her brightsome sphere,
 And dark'd Apollo's count'nance with a word,
 Raising at pleasure storms, and winds, and earthquakes,
 Be over-crow'd; and breathe without revenge?
 Yet they, forsooth, base slaves, must be preferred,
 And deck themselves with my right ornaments.
 Doth the all-knowing Phœbus see this shame
 Without redress? will not heavens help me?
 Then shall hell do it; my enchanting tongue
 Can mount the skies, and in a moment fall
 From the pole arctic to dark Acheron.
 I'll make them know mine anger is not spent;
 Lingua hath power to hurt, and will to do it.
 Mendacio, come hither quickly, firrah.

Mend. Madam.*Ling.* Hark, hither in thine ear.*Mend.* Why do you wish thus? here's none to hear
 you.

Ling. I dare not trust these secrets to the earth, e'er since she brought forth reeds, whose babbling noise told all the world of Mida's asses ears, [*She whispers him in the ear*] Dost understand me?

Mend. Ay, ay, ay, — never fear that — there's a jest indeed — pish, pish, — Madam — do you think me so foolish? — tut, tut, doubt not.

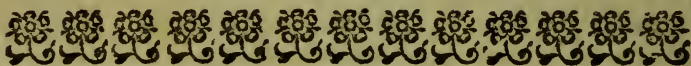
Ling. Tell her, if she do not —

Mend. Why do you make any question of it — what a stir is here — I warrant you — presently?

[*Exit Mendacio.*]

Ling. Well, I'll to supper, and so closely cover
The rusty canker of mine iron spite,
With golden foil of goodly semblances.

But if I do not trounce them — [*Exit Lingua.*]



Actus quintus, Scena prima.

Mendatio, with a bottle in his hand.

Men. **M**Y lady *Lingua* is just like one of these lean-witted comedians, who disturbing all to the fifth act, bring down some Mercury or Jupiter in an engine, to make all friends: so she, but in a contrary manner, seeing her former plots dispurposed, sends me to an old witch called *Acrasia*, to help to wreck her spite upon the senses: the old hag, after many an incircled circumstance, and often naming of the direful *Hecate*, and *Demogorgon*, gives me this bottle of wine, mingled with such hellish druggs and forcible words, that whosoever drinks of it shall be presently possess'd with an enraged and mad kind of anger.

Actus quintus, Scena secunda.

Mendacio, Crapula, Appetitus crying.

Mend. **W**Hat's this, Crapula beating Appetitus out of doors? ha!

Crap. You filthy long crane, you meagre slave, will you kill our guests with blowing continual hunger in them? the senses have overcharged their stomachs already, and you, firrah, serve them up a fresh appetite with every new dish; they had burst their guts if thou had'st stay'd but a thought longer? Begone, or I'll set thee away, begone ye gnaw-bone, raw-bone rascal.

[Beats him.]

Men. Then my device is clean spoiled. Appetitus should have been as the bowl to present this medicine to the senses, and now Crapula hath beaten him out of doors? what shall I do?

Crap. Away, firrah.*[Beats him.]*

App. Well, Crapula, well; I have deserved better at your hands than so; I was the man you know first brought you into Gustus's service; I lin'd your guts there, and you use me thus? but grease a fat sow, &c.

Crap. Dost thou talk, hence, hence, avaunt cur, avaunt you dog!

Exit Crapula.

App. The belching gor-belly hath well nigh kill'd me; I am shut out of doors finely; well this is my comfort, I may walk now in liberty at my own pleasure.

Men. Appetitus, Appetitus!*App.* Ah Mendacio, Mendacio.

Men. Why, how now man, how now? how is't? canst not speak?

App. Faith I am like a bag-pipe, that never sounds but when the belly is full.

Men. Thou empty, and com'st from a feast.

App. From a fray. I tell thee, Mendacio, I am now just like the ewe that gave suck to a wolf's whelp; I

have nurs'd up my fellow Crapula so long, that he's grown strong enough to beat me.

Men. And whither wilt thou go, now thou art banish'd out of service ?

App. Faith I'll travel to some college or other in an univervity.

Men. Why so ?

App. Because Appetitus is well beloved amongst scholars, for there I can dine and sup with them, and rise again as good friends as we fate down. I'll thither questionless.

Men. Hear'st thou ? give me thy hand ; by this hand I love thee ; go to then, thou shalt not forsake thy masters thus, I say thou shalt not.

App. Alas ! I am very loth ; but how should I help it ?

Men. Why, take this bottle of wine, come on, go thy ways to them again.

App. Ha, ha, ha, what good will this do ?

Men. This is the Nepenthe that reconciles the Gods : do but let the senses taste of it, and fear not, they'll love thee as well as ever they did.

App. I pray thee where had'st it ?

Men. My lady gave it me to bring her : Mercury stole it from Hebe for her : thou knowest there were some jars betwixt her and thy masters, and with this drink she would gladly wash out all the relicks of their disagreement. Now, because I love thee, thou shalt have the grace of presenting it to them, and so come in favour again.

App. It smells well, I would fain begin to them.

Men. Nay, stay no longer, lest they have supp'd before thou come.

App. Mendacio, how shall I requite thy infinite courtesy ?

Men. Nay, pray thee leave, go catch occasion by the foretop ; but hear'st thou, as loon as it is presented, round my lady Lingua in the ear, and tell her of it.

App. I will, I will, adieu, adieu, adieu. *Exit. Appet.*

 Actus quintus, Scena tertia.

Mendacio solus.

Men. **W**HAT, this is better than I could have wish'd it,
 Fortune, I think, is fallen in love with me,
 Answering so right mine expectation.
 By this time Appetite is at the table,
 And with a lowly cringe presents the wine
 To his old master Gustus; now he takes it,
 And drinks perchance to Lingua, she craftily
 Kisses the cup, but lets not down a drop,
 And gives it to the rest; 'tis sweet, they'll swallow it,
 But when 'tis once descended to the stomach,
 And sends up noisome vapours to the brain,
 'Twill make them swagger gallantly, they'll rage
 Most strangely, or Acrasia's art deceives her;
 When if my lady stir her nimble tongue,
 And closely sow contentious words amongst them,
 O what a stabbing there will be? what bleeding?

Actus quintus, Scena quarta.

Lingua, Mendacio.

Ling. **W**HAT art thou there, Mendacio? pretty rascal,
 Come let me kiss thee for thy good deserts.

Men. Madam, does't take? have they all tasted it?

Ling. All, all, and all are well nigh mad already:
 O how they stare, and swear, and fume, and brawl,
 Wrath gives them weapons; pots and candlesticks,
 Joint-stools and trenchers fly about the room,
 Like to the bloody banquet of the centaurs.
 But all the sport is to see what several thoughts

The potion works in their imaginations.
For Visus thinks himself ; a ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

Actus quintus, Scena quinta.

Appetitus, Mendacio, Lingua.

Ap. **S**Oho, Mendacio ! soho, soho !

Men. Madam, I doubt they come ; yonder is Appetitus ; you had best begone, lest in their outrage they should injure you. (*Exit Lingua.*) How now Hunger ? how dost thou, my fine may-pole, ha ?

Ap. I may well be call'd a may-pole : for the senses do nothing but dance a morrice about me.

Men. Why ? what ails them ? are they not (as I promised thee) friends with thee.

Ap. Friends with me ? nay rather frenzy : I never knew them in such a case, in all my life.

Men. Sure they drank too much, and are mad for love of thee.

Ap. They want Common Sense amongst them. There's such a hurly burly, Auditus is stark deaf, and wonders why men speak so softly that he cannot hear them. Visus hath drunk himself stark blind, and therefore imagineth himself to be Polyphemus : Tactus is raging mad, and cannot be otherwise persuaded, but he is Hercules *furens* ; there's such conceits amongst them.

Actus quintus, Scena sexta.

Visus, Appetitus, Mendacio.

Vis. **O** That I could but find the villain Outis, Outis the villain, that thus blinded me.

Men. Who is this ? Visus ?

Ap. Ay, ay, ay, otherwise called Polyphemus.

Vis. By heav'n's bright sun, the day's most glorious eye
That lightneth all the world but Polypheme,
And by mine eye that once was answerable
Unto that sun, but now's extinguished.—

Men. He can see to swear, methinks.

Vis. If I but once lay hands upon the slave,
That thus hath rob'd me of my dearest jewel,
I'll rend the miscreant into a thousand pieces,
And gnash his trembling members 'twixt my teeth,
Drink his live-warm blood to satisfy
The boiling thirst of pain and furiousness,
That thus exasperates great Polypheme.

Men. Prithee, Appetitus, see how he grasps for that
he would be loth to find.

Ap. What's that? a stumbling block?

Vis. These hands, that whilom tore up sturdy oaks,
And rent the rock that dash'd out Acis' brains,
Both in the stole-bliss of my Galatea,
Serve now (O, misery!) to no better use,
But for bad guides to my unskilful feet,
Never accusom'd thus to be directed.

Men. As I am a rogue, he wants nothing but a wheel
to make him the true picture of fortune; how say'st? what
shall we play at blind-man's-buff with him?

Ap. Ay, if thou wilt, but first I'll try whether he can see?

Vis. Find me out Outis, search the rocks, and woods,
The hills and dales, and all the coasts adjoining,
That I may have him, and revenge my wrong,

Ap. Visus, methinks your eyes are well enough.

Vis. What's he that calls me Visus? do'st not know.

[*They run about him, playing with him, and abusing him.*]

Ap. To him, Mendacio, to him.

Men. There, there, Appetitus, he comes, he comes;
ware, ware, he comes, ha, ha, ha, ha.

[*Visus stumbles, falls down, and sits still.*]

Actus quintus, Scena septima.

Mendacio, Appetitus, Tactus with a great black jack in his hand.

Men. **I**S this he that thinks himself Hercules ?

Ap. Ay, wilt see me out-swagger him ?

Men. Ay do, do, I love not to sport with such mad play-fellows ; tickle him, Appetitus ; tickle him, tickle him.

[Exit Mendacio.]

Tact. Have I not here the great and puissant club, Wherewith I conquer'd three-chop'd Cerberus ?

Ap. Have I not here the sharp and warlike teeth That at one breakfast quail'd thrice three hogs faces ?

Tact. And are not these Alcides' brawny arms, That rent the lions jaws and kill'd the boar ?

Ap. And is not this the stomach that defeated Nine yards of pudding, and a rank of pyes ?

Tact. Did not I crop the seven-fold hydra's crest, And with a river cleans'd Augea's stable ?

Ap. Did not I crush a seven-fold custard's crust, And with my tongue swept a well furnish'd table ?

Tact. Did not these feet and hands o'ertake and slay The nimble stag and fierce impetuous bull ?

Ap. Did not this throat at one good meal devour That stag's sweet venison, and that strong bull's beef ?

Tact. Shall Hercules be thus disparaged ?

Juno ! you pouting quean, you louring trull ?

Take heed I take you not ; for by Jove's thunder I'll be reveng'd.

[Appetitus draws Vifus backward from Tactus.]

Ap. Why Vifus, Vifus, will you be kill'd ? away, away.

Exit Vifus.

Tact. Who have we here, see, see the giant Cacus Draws an ox backward to his thievish den.

Hath this devise so long deluded me ?

Monster of men, Cacus restore my cattle,

Or instantly I'll crush thy idle coxcomb,
And dash thy doltish brains against thy cave.

Ap. Cacus, ay Cacus ? ha, ha, ha. Tactus, you mistake me.

I am yours to command, Appetitus.

Tact. Art Appetitus ? Th'art so ; run quickly, villain ;
Fetch a whole ox to satisfy my stomach.

Ap. Fetch an ass to keep you company.

Tact. Then down to hell, tell Pluto prince of devils,
That great Alcides wants a kitchen wench
To turn his spit. Command him from myself,
To send up Proserpine, she'll serve the turn.

Ap. I must find you meat, and the devil find you cooks.
Which is the next way ?

Tact. Follow the beaten path, thou canst not miss it.
'Tis a wide causeway that conducteth thither,
An easy tract, and down hill all the way.
But if the black prince will not send her quickly,
But still detain her for his bed-fellow,
Tell him I'll drag him from his iron chair,
By the steel tresses, and then sow him fast
With the three furies in a leathern bag,
And thus will drown them in the ocean.

[He pours the jack of beer upon Appetitus.]

Ap. You had better keep him alive to light tobacco-
pipes or to sweep chimneys.

Tact. Art thou not gone, nay then I'll send thy soul
Before thee, 'twill do thy message sooner. *[Beats him.]*

Ap. Hercules, Hercules, Hercules ? do not you hear
Omphale ?

Hark how she calls you, hark ?

Tact. 'Tis she indeed, I know her sugar'd voice ?
Omphale, dear commandress of my life,
My thoughts repose, sweet center of my cares,
Where all my hopes, and best desires take rest.
Lo ! where the mighty son of Jupiter
Throws himself captive at your conquering feet ;
Do not disdain my voluntary humbleness :
Accept my service, bless me with commanding,
I will perform the hardest imposition

And

And run through twelve new labours for thy sake.
Omphale, dear commandress of my life.

App. Do you not see how she beckons to you to follow her?

Look how she holds her distaff, look ye?

Tact. Where is she gone, that I may follow her?

Omphale, stay, stay, take thy Hercules!

App. There, there, man, you are right.

[*Exit Tactus.*]

Actus quintus, Scena octava.

Appetitus solus.

App. **W**HAT a strange temper are the Senses in?
How come their wits thus topsy-turvy
turn'd?

Hercules Tactus, Vifus Polypheme,
Two goodly surnames have they purchased.
By the rare ambrosian of an oyster pye,
They have got such proud imaginations,
That I could wish I were mad for company:
But since my fortunes cannot stretch so high,
I'll rest contented with this wife estate.

Actus quintus, Scena nona.

Appetitus, Auditus with a candlestick.

App. **W**HAT more anger? Auditus got abroad too.
Aud. Take this abuse at base Olfactus' hands?
What did he challenge me to meet me here,
And is not come? well I'll proclaim the slave,
The vilest dastard that e'er broke his word;
But stay, yonder's Appetitus.

App. I pray you, Auditus, what ails you?

Aud.

Aud. Ha, ha!

App. What ails you?

Aud. Ha! what say'st thou?

App. Who hath abus'd you thus?

Aud. Why dost thou whisper thus? Canst not speak out?

App. Save me, I had clean forgotten; why are you so angry, Auditus?

Aud. Bite us, who dare bite us?

App. I talk of no biting; I say, what's the matter between Olfactus and you?

Aud. Will Olfactus bite me? do if he dares; would he would meet me here according to his promise. Mine ears are somewhat thick of late, I pray thee speak out louder.

App. Ha, ha, ha, ha, this is fine i'faith; ha, ha, ha. Hear you, have you lost your ears at supper?

Aud. Excellent cheer at supper, I confess; But when 'tis fauc'd with fower contentions, And breeds such quarrels, 'tis intolerable.

App. Pish, pish, this is my question: Hath your supper spoil'd your hearing?

Aud. Hearing at supper, tell not me of hearing: But if thou saw'st Olfactus, bring me to him.

App. I ask you whether you have lost your hearing?

Aud. O dost thou hear them ring? what a grief is this

Thus to be deaf, and loose such harmony?

Wretched Auditus, now shalt thou never hear

The pleasing changes that a well-tun'd cord

Of trouling bells will make, when they are true rung.

App. Here's a do indeed, I think he's mad, as well as drunk or deaf.

Aud. Ha, what's that?

App. I say you have made me hoarse with speaking so loud.

Aud. Ha, what say'st thou of a creaking crowd?

App. I am hoarse, I tell you, and my head achs.

Au. Oh, I understand thee! the first crowd was made of a horse-head.

'Tis true, the finding of a dead horse head
 Was the first invention of string instruments,
 Whence rose the gitterne, vial, and the lute :
 Though others think the lute was first devis'd
 In imitation of a tortoise back,
 Whose sinews, parched by Apollo's beams,
 Echo'd about the concave of the shell ;
 And seeing the shortest and smallest gave shrillest sound,
 They found out frets, whose sweet diversity,
 Well touched by the skilful learned fingers,
 Raiseth so strange a multitude of cords.
 Which their opinion many do confirm,
 Because Testudo signifies a lute.
 But if I by no means————

App. Nay, if you begin to critic once, we shall never have done. [Exit *Appetitus*, and carries away *Auditus* perforce.]

Actus quintus, Scena decima.

Crapula, a fat-belly'd slave, cloath'd in a light veil of sarsnet, a garland of wine leaves on his head, &c. *Somnus* in a mantle of black cobweb lawn down to the foot, over a dusky-coloured taffeta coat, and a crown of poppy tops on his head, a company of dark-coloured silk scarfs in one hand, a mace of poppy in the other, leaning his head upon a pillow on *Crapula*'s shoulders.

Cra. **S**Om nus, good Som nus, sweet Som nus, come a-pace!

Som. Hei oh, oh, are you sure they be so? oho, ho, oho, hei, waw?

What good can I do? ou, hoh, haw.

Cra. Why I tell you, unless you help. [*Somnus* falls down and sleeps.]

Soft son of night, right heir to quietness,
 Labour's repose, life's best restorative,

Digestion's careful nurse, blood's comforter,
 Wit's help, thought's charm, the stay of Microcosme,
 Sweet Somnus' chiefest enemy to care :
 My dearest friend, lift up thy lumpish head,
 Ope thy dull eyes, shake off this drowfiness.

Som. O Crapula ! how now, how now, oh, oh, how,
 who's there ?

Crapula, speak quickly, what's the matter ?

Cra. As I told you, the noble Senses, peers of Mi-
 crocosme,

Will est-soon fall to ruin perpetual,
 Unless your ready helping hand recure them :
 Lately they banqueted at Gustus' table,
 And they're fell mad, or drunk, I know not whether ;
 So that it's doubtful in these outrageous fits,
 That they'll murder one another.

Som. Fear it not, if they have 'scap'd already,

Bring me to them, or them to me,
 I'll quickly make them know the power
 Of my large-stretch'd authority.

These cords of sleep, wherewith I wont to bind
 The strongest arms that e'er resisted me,
 Shall be the means, whereby I will correct
 The Senses outrage and distemperature.

Cra. Thanks, gentle Somnus, I'll go seek them out,
 And bring them to you as soon as possible.

Som. Dispatch it quickly, lest I fall asleep for want
 of work.

Cra. Stand still, stand still ! Visus, I think, comes
 yonder.

If you think good, begin and bind him first :
 For he made fast, the rest will soon be quiet.

[Exit Crapula.]

 Actus quintus, Scena undecima.

Visus, Somnus.

Vis. **S**AGE Telemus, I now too late admire
 Thy deep foresight and skill in prophecy,
 Who whilome toldst me, that in time to come
 Ulysses should deprive me of my fight.
 And now the slave that march'd in Outis' name,
 Is proud Ulysses, and by this device
 Hath 'scap'd my hands, and fled away by sea,
 Leaving me desolate in eternal night.
 Ah wretched Polypheme ! where's all thy hope,
 And longing for thy beauteous Galatea ?
 She scorn'd thee once, but now she will detest
 And loath to look upon thy darkned face :
 Ay me most miserable Polyphemus !
 But as for Ulysses, heaven and earth
 Send vengeance ever on thy damned head,
 In just revenge of my great injury. [*Somnus binds him.*]
 Who is he that dares to touch me ? Cyclops come,
 Come all ye Cyclops's help to rescue me.
 [*Somnus charms him, he sleeps.*]
Som. There rest thyself, and let a quiet sleep
 Restore thy weak imaginations.

Actus quintus, Scena duodecima.

Lingua, Somnus, Visus.

Ling. **H**A, ha, ha: oh how my spleen is tickled with
 this sport
 The madding Senses make about the woods ;
 It cheers my soul, and makes my body fat,
 To laugh at their mischances, ha, ha, ha, ha.

Heigh

Heigh ho, the fitch hath caught me, oh my heart!
 Would I had one to hold my sides a-while,
 That I might laugh afresh: Oh how they run,
 And chafe, and swear, and threaten one another,

[*Somnus binds her.*

Ay me, out, alas! ay me, help, help, who's this that
 binds me?

Help, Mendacio, Mendacio, help, here's one will ravish
 me.

Som. Lingua, content yourself, you must be bound.

Ling. What a spite's this? are my nails par'd so near?
 Can I not scratch his eyes out? what have I done?
 what? do you mean to kill me? murder, murder, murder!
 [*She falls asleep.*

Actus quintus, Scena decima tertia.

*Gustus, with a voiding knife in his hand; Somnus,
 Lingua, Visus.*

Gust. **W**HO cries out murder! what a woman slain!
 My lady Lingua dead? oh Heavens unjust!
 Can you behold this fact, this bloody fact!
 And shower not fire upon the murderer?
 Ah peerless Lingua, mistress of heavenly words,
 Sweet tongue of eloquence, the life of fame,
 Heart's dear enchantress, what disastrous fate
 Has rest this jewel from our commonwealth?
 Gustus, the ruby that adorns thy ring,
 Lo here defunct, how shalt thou lead thy days,
 Wanting the sweet companion of thy life;
 But in dark sorrow and dull melancholy.
 But stay, who's this? inhuman wretch:
 Blood-thirsty miscreant, is this thy handy work?
 To kill a woman, a harmless lady?
 Villain, prepare thyself, draw, or I'll sheath my faul-
 chion in thy sides.

There,

There, take the guerdon fit for murderers.

[*Gustus offers to run at Somnus; but being suddenly charm'd falls asleep.*

Som. Here's such a stir, I never knew the Senses in such disorder.

Ling. Ha, ha, ha; Mendacio, Mendacio? See how *Visus* hath broke his forehead against the oak yonder, ha, ha, ha, ha.

Som. How now? Is not *Lingua* bound sufficiently? I have more trouble to make one woman sleep, than all the world besides, they be so full of tattle.

Actus quintus, Scena decima quarta.

Somnus, Crapula, Lingua, Visus, Gustus, Auditus pulling Olfactus by the nose, and Olfactus wringing Auditus by the ears.

Aud. O H mine ears, mine ears, mine ears!

Olf. Oh my nose, my nose, my nose!

Cra. Leave, leave, at length, these base contentions; *Olfactus* let him go.

Olf. Let him first loose my nose.

Cra. Good *Auditus*, give over.

Aud. I'll have his life that fought to kill me!

Som. Come, come, I'll end this quarrel; bind him, *Crapula*. [They bind them both.

Actus quintus, Scena decima quinta.

Tactus, with the robe in his hand, Somnus, Crapula, Lingua, Gustus, Olfactus, Visus, Auditus.

Tac. **T**Hanks, *Dejaneira*, for thy kind remembrance, 'Tis a fair shirt, I'll wear it for thy sake.

Crap.

Crap. Somnus, here's Tactus, worse than all his fellows ;

Stay but a while, and you shall see him rage !

Som. What will he do ? see that he escapes us not,

Tact. 'Tis a good shirt, it fits me passing well ;

'Tis very warm indeed, but what's the matter.

Methinks I am somewhat hotter than I was,

My heart beats faster than 'twas wont to do,

My brain's inflam'd, my temples ach extremely, oh, oh,

Oh what a wild fire creeps among my bowels :

Ætna's within my breast, my marrow fries,

And runs about my bones, oh my sides,

My sides, my reins, my head, my reins, my head :

My heart, my heart, my liver, my liver, oh,

I burn, I burn, I burn, oh how I burn

With scorching heat of implacable fire,

I burn extreme with flames unsufferable.

Som. Sure he doth but try how to act Hercules.

Tact. Is it this shirt that broils me thus ? oh heavens,

It fires me worse, and heats more furiously

Than Jove's dire thunderbolts ! oh miserable,

They bide less pain that bathe in Phlegeton !

Could not the triple kingdom of the world,

Heaven, Earth, and hell, destroy great Hercules ?

Could not the damned sp'rits of hateful Juno,

Nor the great dangers of my labours kill me ?

Am I the mighty son of Jupiter,

And shall this poison'd linen thus consume me ?

Shall I be burnt ? Villains, fly up to heaven,

Bid Iris muster up a troop of clouds,

And show'r down cataracts of rain to cool me,

Or else I'll break her speckled bow in pieces.

Will she not ? no, she hates me like her Mistress.

Why then descend, you rogues, to the vile deep,

Fetch Neptune hither, charge him bring the sea

To quench these flames, or else the world's great frame

Will be in greater danger to be burnt,

Than when proud Phaeton rul'd the sun's rich chariot.

Som. I'll take care the world shall not be burnt,

If Somnus' cords can hold you,

[*Somnus binds him.*

Tact.

Tab. What Vulcan's this that offers to enchain
A greater soldier than the god of Mars?

Som. He that each night with bloodless battle conquers
The proudest conqueror that triumphs by wars.

Cra. Now, Somnus, there's but only one remaining
That was the author of these outrages.

Som. Who's that? is he under my command?

Cra. Yes, yes, yes, 'tis Appetitus; if you go that
way, and look about those thickets, I'll go hither, and
search this grove, I doubt not but to find him.

Som. Content.

[*Exeunt Somnus et Crapula.*]

Actus quintus, Scena decima sexta.

*Appetitus, Irrascibilis, with a willow in his hand, pull'd
up by the roots, Somnus, Crapula. The Senses all asleep.*

App. SO now's the time that I would gladly meet
These madding Senses that abus'd me thus;
What? haunt me like an owl? make an ass of me?
No, they shall know I scorn to serve such masters
As cannot master their affections.
Their injuries have chang'd my nature,
Now I'll be no more call'd hungry parasite,
But henceforth answer to the wrathful name
Of angry Appetite. My choler's up;
Zephyrus, cool me quickly with thy fan,
Or else I'll cut thy cheeks; why this is brave,
Far better than to fawn at Gustus' table
For a few scraps; no, no such words as these;
By Pluto stab the villain, kill the slave:
By the infernal hags I'll hough the rogue,
And paunch the rascal that abus'd me thus;
Such words as these fit angry Appetite.

Enter Crapula.

Cra. Somnus, Somnus, come hither, come hither
quickly, he's here, he's here.

App.

App. Ay marry is he, firrah, what of that base miscreant, Crapula?

Cra. O gentle Appetitus!

App. You muddy gulch, dar'ft look me in the face while mine eyes sparkle with revengeful fire? [*Beats him.*]

Cra. Good Appetitus.

App. Peace, you fat bawfon, peace,
Seest not this fatal engine of my wrath?
Villain, I'll maul thee for thine old offences,
And grind thy bones to powder with this pestle:
You, when I had no weapons to defend me,
Could beat me out of doors; but now prepare,
Make thyself ready, for thou shalt not 'scape.
Thus doth the great revengeful Appetite,
Upon his fat foe wreck his wrathful spite.

[*Appetitus heaveth up his club to brain Crapula, but Somnus in the mean time catcheth him behind, and binds him.*]

Som. Why how now, Crapula?

Cra. Am I not dead? is not my soul departed?

Som. No, no, see where he lies that would have hurt thee? fear nothing.

[*Somnus lays the Senses all in a circle, feet to feet, and wafts his wand over them.*]

So rest you all in silent quietness;
Let nothing wake you till the power of sleep,
With his sweet dew, cooling your brains inflam'd,
Hath rectified the vain and idle thoughts
Bred by your surfeit and distemperature:
Lo here the Senses late ouragious,
All in a round together sleep like friends;
For there's no difference 'twixt the king and Clown,
The poor and rich, the beauteous and deform'd,
Wrapt in the veil of night, and bonds of sleep;
Without whose power, and sweet dominion,
Our life were hell, and pleasure painfulness.
The sting of envy, and the dart of love,
Avarice' talons, and the fire of hate,
Would poison, wound, distract, and soon consume
The heart, the liver, life, and mind of man.

The sturdy mower, that with brawny arms
 Wiieldeth the crooked scythe, in many a swath
 Cutting the flow'ry pride on the velvet plain,
 Lies down at night, and in the weary folds
 Of his wife's arms forgets his labour past.
 The painful mariner, and careful smith,
 The toiling plowman, all artificers
 Most humbly yield to my dominion.
 Without due rest nothing is durable.
 Lo thus doth Somnus conquer all the world
 With his most awful wand, and half the year
 Reigns over the best and proudest emperors.
 Only the nurslings of the Sisters nine,
 Rebels against me, scorn my great command ;
 And when dark night from her bedewy wings
 Drops sleepy silence to the eyes of all,
 They only wake, and with unwearied toil
 Labour to find the *Via Lactea*,
 That leads to the heaven of immortality ;
 And by the lofty tow'ring of their mind,
 Fledg'd with the feathers of a learned muse,
 They raise themselves to the highest pitch,
 Marrying base earth and heaven in a thought ;
 But thus I punish their rebellion,
 Their industry was never yet rewarded ;
 Better to sleep, then wake and toil for nothing.

[*Exeunt Somnus & Crapula.*

Actus quintus, Scena decima septima.

The five Senses, Lingua, Appetitüs, all asleep, and dreaming, Phantastes, Heuresis.

Aud. **S**O ho, Rockwood, so ho, Rockwood, Rockwood, your organ, hey Chanter, Chanter, by Acteon's head-tire it's a very deep mouth'd dog, a most admirable cry of hounds, look here, again, again, there, there, there, ah ware counter,

Vif.

Vif. Do you fee the full moon yonder, and not the man in it? why methinks 'tis too, too evident, I fee his dog very plain, and look you, juft under his tail is a thorn-buſh of furrs.

Guf. 'Twill make a fine tooth-pick, that Lark's heel there, O do not burn it.

Pha. Boy, Heureſis, what think'ſt thou I think when I think nothing?

Heu. And it pleaſe you, fir, I think you are deviſing how to answer a man that asks you nothing.

Pha. Well gueſs'd, boy; but yet thou miſtook'ſt it; for I was thinking of the conſtancy of women. [*Appetitus ſnores aloud*] Beware, firrah, take heed, I doubt me there's ſome wild boar lodged hereabout? how now? methinks theſe be the Senſes, ha? in my conceit the elder brother of death has kiſs'd them.

Tact. Oh, oh, oh, I am ſtab'd, I am ſtab'd, hold your hand, oh, oh, oh.

Pha. How now? do they talk in their ſleep? are they not awake, Heureſis?

Heu. No, queſtionleſs they be all faſt aſleep.

Guf. Eat not too many of thoſe Apples, they be very flative.

Olf. Foh, foh, beat out this dog here, foh, was it you, Appetitus?

Aud. In faith it was moſt ſweetly winded, whoſoever it was, the warble is very good, and the horn is excellent.

Tact. Put on, man, put on, keep your head warm, 'tis cold.

Pha. Ha, ha, ha, ha, 'ſt, Heureſis, ſtir not, firrah.

App. Shut the door, the pot runs over, firrah; Cook, that will be a ſweet Paſty, if you nibble the veniſon ſo.

Guf. Say you ſo? is a marrow-pie the Helena of meats? give me't; if I play not Paris, hang me. Boy, a clean trencher.

App. Serve up, ſerve up, this is a fat Rabbit, would I might have the maiden-head of it; come give me the fiſh there, who hath meddled with theſe maids, ha?

Olf. Fie, shut your Snuffers clofer for shame, 'tis the worst smell that can be.

Taſt. O the cramp, the cramp, the cramp, my leg, my leg.

Ling. I muſt abroad preſently, reach me my beſt necklace preſently.

Pba. Ah Lingua, are you there ?

Aud. Here take this Rope, and I'll help the leader cloſe with the ſecond bell : fie, fie, there's a goodly peal clean ſpoil'd.

Viſ. I'll lay my life that gentlewoman is painted : well, well, I know it ; mark but her noſe ; do you not ſee the complexion crack out ? I muſt confeſs 'tis a good picture.

Taſt. Ha, ha, ha, fie, I pray you leave, you tickle me ſo, oh, ah, ha, ha, take away your hands, I cannot endure, ah you tickle me, ah, ha, ha, ha, ah.

Viſ. Hai, rett, rett, rett, now bird, now,—look about that buſh, ſhe truſs't her thereabout,—here ſhe is, ware wing cater, ware wing, avauant.

Ling. Mum, mum, mum, mum.

Pba. 'ſt, firrah, take heed you wake her not.

Heu. I know, fir, ſhe is faſt aſleep, for her mouth is ſhut.

Ling. This 'tis to venture upon ſuch uncertainties, to loſe ſo rich a crown to no end, well, well.

Pba. Ha, ha, ha, we ſhall hear anon where ſhe loſt her maidenhead ; 'ſt, boy, my lord vicegerent, and maſter register are hard by, run quickly, tell them of this accident, wiſh them come ſoftly. [*Exit Heuresis.*]

Ling. Mendacio, never talk farther, I doubt 'tis paſt recovery, and my robe likewise, I ſhall never have them again, well, well.

Pba. How ? her crown and her robe, never recover them ? hum, was it not ſaid to be left by Memory ? ha ? I conjecture here's ſome knavery,—faſt lock'd with ſleep in good faith. Was that crown and garment yours, Lingua ?

Ling. Ay marry were they, and that ſome body hath felt, and ſhall feel more, if I live.

Pba.

Pha. O strange, she answers in her sleep to my question! but how come the Senses to strive for it?

Ling. Why, I laid it on purpose in their way, that they might fall together by the ears.

Pha. What a strange thing is this!

Actus quintus, Scena decima octava.

The Senses, Appetitus and Lingua asleep. Phantastes, Com. Sensus, Memoria, Anamnestes.

Pha. **H**Ush, my lord, softly, softly, here's the notablest piece of treason discovered; how say you, Lingua set all the Senses at odds, she hath confess'd it to me in her sleep.

Com. Is't possible, master Register? did you ever know any talk in their sleep?

Mem. I remember, my lord, many have done so very oft, but women are troubled, especially with this talking disease, many of them have I heard answer in their dreams, and tell what they did all day awake.

Anam. By the same token, there was a wanton maid, that being ask'd by her mother, what such a one did with her so late one night in such a room, she presently said, that—

Mem. Peace, you wild rake-hell, is such a jest fit for this company? no more I say, sirrah.

Pha. My lord, will you believe your own ears, you shall hear her answer me, as directly and truly as may be. Lingua, what did you with the crown and garments.

Ling. I'll tell thee, Mendacio.

Pha. She thinks Mendacio speaks to her, mark now, mark how truly she will answer: what say you, Madam?

Ling. I say Phantastes is a foolish transparent gull; a mere fanatic nupson, in my imagination not worthy to sit as a judge's assistant.

Com. Ha, ha, ha, how truly and directly she answers.

Pba. Faw, faw, she dreams now, she knows not what she says. I'll try her once again: Madam? what remedy can you have for your great losses?

Ling. O, are you come, Acrafia? welcome, welcome, boy, reach a cushion, sit down, good Acrafia: I am so beholding to you, your potion wrought exceedingly; the Senses were so mad, did not you see how they raged about the woods?

Com. Hum, Acrafia! is Acrafia her confederate? my life that witch hath wrought some villainy,——

[*Lingua riseth in her sleep, and walketh.*
how's this? is she asleep? have you seen one walk thus before?

Mem. It is a very common thing, I have seen many sick of the peripatetic disease.

Ana. By the same token, my lord, I knew one that went abroad in his sleep, bent his bow, shot at a magpie, kill'd her, fetch'd his arrow, came home, lock'd the doors, and went to bed again.

Com. What should be the reason of it?

Mem. I remember Scaliger told me the reason once, as I think thus: The nerves that carry the moving faculty from the brains to the thighs, legs, feet, and arms, are wider far than the other nerves, wherefore they are not so easily stopt with the vapours of sleep, but are night and day ready to perform what fancy shall command them.

Com. It may be so; but, Phantastes, enquire more of Acrafia.

Pba. What did you with the potion Acrafia made you.

Ling. Gave it to the Senses, and made them as mad as——well, if I cannot recover it——let it go, I'll not leave them thus.

[*She lies down again.*

Com. Boy, awake the Senses there.

Anam. Ho, ho, Auditus, up, up, so ho, Olfactus have at your nose, up Visus, Gustus, Tactus, up: what can you not feel a pinch? have at you with a pin.

Tact. Oh, you stab me, oh.

Com. Tactus, know you how you came hither.

Tact.

Tact. No, my lord, not I, this I remember,
 We sup'd with Gustus, and had wine good store,
 Whereof I think I tasted liberally.
 Amongst the rest, we drunk a composition
 Of a most delicate and pleasant relish,
 That made our brains somewhat irregular.

Actus quintus, Scena decima nona.

The Senses awake, Lingua asleep, Communis Sensus, Memory, Phantasies, Anamnestes, Heuresis drawing Crapula.

Heu. **M**Y lord, here's a fat rascal was lurking in a bush very suspiciously, his name he says is Crapula.

Com. Sirrah, speak quickly what you know of these troubles.

Cra. Nothing, my lord, but that the Senses were mad, and that Somnus, at my request, laid them asleep, in hope to recover them.

Com. Why then 'tis too evident, Acrafia, at Lingua's request, bewitch'd the Senses; wake her quickly, Heuresis.

Ling. Heigh ho, out alas, aye me, where am I? how came I here? where am I? ah.

Com. Look not so strangely upon the matter, you have confess'd in your sleep, that with a crown and a robe you have disturb'd the Senses, using a crafty help to enrage them, can you deny it?

Ling. Ay me, most miserable wretch, I beseech your lordship forgive me.

Com. No, no, 'tis a fault unpardonable.

[*He consults with Memory.*

Pba. In my conceit Lingua, you should seal up your lips when you go to bed, these feminine tongues be so glib.

Com. Visus, Tactus, and the rest, our former sentence

concerning you, we confirm as irrevokable, and establish the crown to you *Vifus*, and the robe to you *Tactus*, but as for you *Lingua* —

Ling. Let me have mine own, howsoever you determine, I beseech you.

Com. That may not be; your goods are fallen into our hands, my sentence cannot be recall'd; you may see, those that seek what is not theirs, oftentimes lose what's their own: Therefore, *Lingua*, granting you your life, I commit you to close prison, in *Gustus's* house, and charge you *Gustus*, to keep her under the custody of two strong doors, and every day till she come to eighty years of age, see she be well guarded with thirty tall watchmen, without whose licence she shall by no means wag abroad; nevertheless, use her lady-like, according to her estate.

Pha. I pray you, my lord, add this to the judgment, that whensoever she obtaineth license to walk abroad, in token the tongue was the cause of her offence, let her wear a velvet hood, made just in the fashion of a great tongue, in my conceit 'tis a very pretty emblem of a woman.

Tact. My lord, she hath a wild boy to her page, a chief agent in this treason, his name's *Mendacio*.

Com. Ha! well, I will inflict this punishment on him for this time, let him be soundly whipt, and ever after, tho' he shall strengthen his speeches with the sinews of truth, yet none shall believe him.

Pha. In my imagination, my lord, the day is dead to the great toe, and in my conceit it grows dark, by which I conjecture it will be cold, and therefore, in my fancy and opinion, 'tis best to repair to our lodgings.

[*Exeunt omnes, præter Anamnestes & Appetitus.*]

Actus quintus, Scena viginta.

Anamnestes, Appetitus asleep in a corner.

Ana. **W**Hat's this? a fellow whispering so closely with the earth? so, ho, so, ho, Appetitus? faith now I think Morpheus himself hath been here; up with a pox to you, up you lusk, I have such news to tell thee, firrah: All the Senses are well, and Lingua is proved guilty, up, up, up, I never knew him so fast asleep in my life. [*Appetitus snorts.*] Nay then have at you afresh. [*Fogs him.*]

App. Jog me once again, and I'll throw this whole mess of pottage in your face, cannot one stand quiet at the dresser for you?

Ana. Ha, ha, ha, I think 'tis impossible for him to sleep longer than he dreams of his victuals. What, Appetitus, up quickly, quickly up, Appetitus, quickly, firrah. [*Fogs him.*]

App. I'll come presently, but I hope you'll stay till they be roasted, will you eat them raw?

Ana. Roasted? ha, ha, ha, ha, up, up, away.

App. Reach the sauce quickly, here's no sugar, whaw, wam, oh, ou, oh.

Ana. What never wake? [*Fogs him.*] wilt never be? Then I must try another way I see.

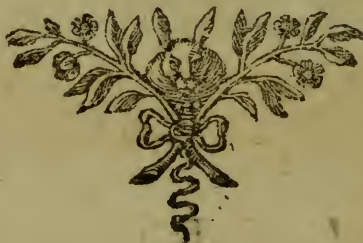


EPILOGUE.

Judicious friends, it is so late at night,
 I cannot waken hungry Appetite :
 Then since the close upon his rising stands,
 Let me obtain this at your courteous hands,
 Try if the friendly opportunity
 Of your good-will and gracious plaudite,
 With the thrice welcome murmur it shall keep,
 Can beg this prisoner from the bands of sleep.

[Upon the Plaudite, Anamnestes awakes, and runs in after Anamnestes.]

F I N I S.





A


MAD WORLD, my Masters :

A

C O M E D Y.

By THOMAS MIDDLETON.





MR. THOMAS MIDDLETON lived in the reigns of James and Charles the first. He was intimate with Ben Johnson, Fletcher, and Massinger, who have all of them wrote in conjunction with him, and therefore certainly thought him a Poet of no mean abilities. Besides this play, he has wrote, Any Thing for a quiet Life; Blurt Mr. Constable; Chaste Maid in Cheapside; Fair Quarrel; Family of Love; Game at Chess; Mayor of Queenborough; Michaelmas Term; More Dissemblers besides Women; No Wit like a Woman's; Roaring Girl; a Trick to catch the Old One; Your Five Gallants, *Comedies*: The Changeling, and Women beware Women, *Tragedies*; The Spanish Gipsy, a Tragi-comedy; and two or three Masques on particular occasions.



Dramatis Personæ.

S I R Bounteous Progres.
Dick Folly-Wit, his grandson.
Hairbrain.
Penitent Brothel.
Lieutenant Maseworme.
Ancient Hautboy.
Inesse.
Possibility.
Gum-water.
Jasper.
Semus.
Footman.
Constable.

W O M E N.

Hairbrain's wife.
Curtezan.
Her Mother.
A Succubus.



A

MAD WORLD, my Masters:

A

C O M E D Y.

Actus primus.

Enter Dick Folly-wit, and his consorts, lieutenant Ma-worme, Antient Hoboy, and others his comerades.

Lieu.



Captain, regent, principal!

Anti. What shall I call thee?

The noble spark of bounty?

The life-blood of society?

Folly-w. Call me your forecast,
you whore-sons! When you come
drunk out of a tavern, 'tis I must cast your plots into
form still; 'tis I must manage the prank, or I'll not
give

give a louse for the proceeding : I must let fly my civil fortunes, turn wild-brain, lay my wits upo'th' tenters, you rascals, to maintain a company of villains, whom I love in my very soul and conscience.

Lieu. A ha, our little Forecast !

Folly-w. Hang you, you have bewitch'd me among you ! I was as well-given, till I fell to be wicked ! my grandfire had hope of me : I went all in black, swore but a fundays ; never came home drunk, but upon fasting-nights to cleanse my stomach ; 'slid, now I am quite altered ! blown into light colours ; let out oaths by the minute ; sit up late, till it be early ; drink drunk, till I am sober ; sink down dead in a tavern, and rise in a tobacco-shop : here's a transformation ! I was wont yet to pity the simple, and leave 'em some money ; 'slid, now I gull 'em without conscience ! I go without order, swear without number, gull without mercy, and drink without measure.

Lieu. I deny the last ; for if you drink ne'er so much, you drink within measure.

Folly-w. How prove you that, Sir ?

Lieu. Because the drawers never fill their pots.

Folly-w. Mafs, that was well found out, all drunkards may lawfully say, they drink within measure by that trick. And, now I'm put i'th' mind of a trick, can you keep your countenance, villains ? yet I am a fool to ask that, for how can they keep their countenance that have lost their credits ?

Anti. I warrant you for blushing, captain.

Folly-w. I easily believe that, Antient, for thou lost thy colours once. Nay faith, as for blushing, I think there's grace little enough amongst you all ; 'tis lent in your cheeks, the flag's down. Well, your blushing-face I suspect not, nor indeed greatly your laughing-face, unless you had more money in your purses : Then thus compendiously now, you all know the possibilities of my hereafter fortunes, and the humour of my frolick grandfir, Sir Bounteous Progress, whose death makes all possible to me. I shall have all, when he has nothing ; but now he has all, I shall have nothing : I think one

mind runs through a million of them; they love to keep us sober all the while they're alive, that when they are dead we may drink to their healths; they cannot abide to see us merry all the while they're above ground, and that makes so many laugh at their father's funerals. I know my grandfire has his will in a box, and has bequeathed all to me, when he can carry nothing away; but, stood I in need of poor ten pounds now, by his will I should hang myself e'er I should get it; there's no such word in his will, I warrant you, nor so such thought in his mind.

Lieut. You may build upon that, captain.

Folly-w. Then since he has no will to do me good as long as he lives, by mine own will I will do myself good before he dies, and now I arrive at the purpose. You are not ignorant, I'm sure, you true and necessary implements of mischief, first, that my grandfire Sir Bounteous Progress is a knight of thousands, and therefore no knight since one thousand six hundred; next, that he keeps a house like his name, Bounteous, open for all comers; thirdly and lastly, that he stands much upon the glory of his compliment, variety of entertainment, together with the largeness of his kitchen, longitude of his buttry, and fecundity of his larder; and thinks himself never happier than when some stiff lord or great countess alights, to make light his dishes: these being well mix'd together, may give my project better encouragement, and make my purpose spring forth more fortunate. To be short, and cut off a great deal of dirty way, I'll down to my grandfire like a lord.

Lieut. How, Captain?

Folly-w. A French ruff, a thin beard, and a strong perfume will do't. I can hire blue coats for you all by Westminster clock, and that colour will be soonest believed.

Lieut. But prithee, Captain?

Folly-w. Push, I reach past your fathoms; you desire crowns.

Lieut. From the crown of our head to the sole of our foot, bully.

Folly-w.

Folly-w. Why carry yourselves but probably, and carry away enough with yourselves.

Enter Mr. Penitent Brothel.

Ant. Why there spoke a Roman captain!—*Mr. Penitent Brothel!*

Pen. Sweet Mr. Folly-wit!

[*Exeunt.*

Here's a mad-brain a'th' first rate, whose pranks scorn to have presidents, to be second to any, or walk beneath any madcaps inventions; has play'd more tricks than the cards can allow a man, and of the last stamp too, hating imitation; a fellow, whose only glory is to be prime of the company; to be sure of which he maintains all the rest: He's the Carion, and they the kites that gorge upon him.

But why in others do I check wild passions,
And retain deadly follies in myself?

I tax his youth of common-receiv'd riot,
Times comic flashes, and the fruits of blood;
And in myself sooth up adulterous motions,
And such an appetite that I know damns me,
Yet willingly embrace it, love to Hairbraine's wife,
Over whose hours and pleasures her sick husband,
With a fantastic but deserv'd suspect,
Bestows his serious time in watch and ward;
And therefore I'm constrain'd to use the means
Of one that knows no mean, a curtezan,
One poison for another, whom her husband
Without suspicion, innocently admits
Into her company, who with tried art
Corrupts and loosens her most constant powers,
Making his jealousy more than half a wittol,
Before his face plotting his own abuse,
To which himself gives aim.

[*Enter curtezan.*

Whilst the broad arrow with the forked head
Misses his brow but narrowly; see here she comes,
The close curtezan, whose mother is her bawd.

Curt. Master Penitent Brothel.

Penit. My little pretty lady gull-man, the news, the comfort?

Curt.

Curt. You're the fortunate man, fir knight of the holland skirt; there wants but opportunity, and she's wax of your own fashioning: she had wrought herself into the form of your love before my art set finger to her.

Penit. Did our affections meet? our thoughts keep time?

Curt. So it should seem by the musick, the only jar is in the grumbling bass-viol her husband.

Penit. Oh his waking suspicion!

Curt. Sigh not, Mr. Penitent; trust the managing of the business with me, 'tis for my credit now to see't well finish'd: If I do you no good, fir, you shall give me no money, fir.

Penit. I am arriv'd at the court of conscience; a curtezan! O admirable times! honesty is remov'd to the common place. Farewel, lady. [Exit Penitent.

Enter mother.

Mot. How now, daughter?

Curt. What news, mother?

Mot. A token from thy keeper.

Curt. Oh, from fir Bounteous Progress; he's my keeper indeed, but there's many a piece of venison stolen that my keeper wots not on. There's no park kept so warily, but looses flesh one time or other; and no woman kept so privately, but may watch advantage to make the best of her pleasure; and in common reason one keeper cannot be enough for so proud a park as a woman.

Mot. Hold thee there, girl.

Curt. Fear not me, mother.

Mot. Every part of the world shoots up daily into more subtlety; the very spider weaves her cauls with more art and cunning to intrap the flie.

The shallow ploughman can distinguish now

'Twixt simple truth and a dissembling brow.

Your base mechanic fellow can spy out

A weakness in a lord, and learns to flout.

How do'st behove us then that live by flight,
 To have our wits wound up to their stretch'd height?
 Fifteen times thou know'st I have sold thy maidenhead
 To make up a dowry for thy marriage, and yet
 There's maidenhead enough for old fir Bounteous still.
 He'll be all his life-time about it yet, and be as far to
 seek when he has done.

The sums that I have told upon thy pillow!
 I shall once see those golden days again:
 Tho' fifteen, all thy maidenheads are not gone;
 The Italian is not served yet, nor the French:
 The British men come for a dozen at once,
 They engross all the market, tut my girl,
 'Tis nothing but a politic conveyance,
 A sincere carriage, a religious eye-brow,
 That throws their charms over the worldlings senses;
 And when thou spyest a fool that truly pities
 The false springs of thine eyes,
 And honourably doats upon thy love;
 If he be rich, set him by for a husband;
 Be wisely temper'd, and learn this, my wench,
 Who gets th'opinion for a virtuous name,
 May sin at pleasure, and ne'er think of shame.

Curt. Mother, I am too deep a scholar grown
 To learn my first rules now.

Mot. 'Twill be thy own, I say no more; peace, hark,
 remove thyself; oh, the two elder brothers.

Enter Inesse and Possibility.

Poss. A fair hour, sweet lady.

Mot. Good morrow, gentlemen, Mr. Inesse and Mr.
 Possibility.

In. Where's the little sweet lady your daughter?

Mot. Even at her book, sir.

Poss. So religious?

Mot. 'Tis no new motion, sir, she has took it from
 an infant.

Poss. May we deserve a sight of her, lady?

Mot. Upon that condition you will promise me, gen-
 tlemen, to avoid all prophane talk, wanton compli-
 ments,

ments, indecent phrases, and lascivious courtings, (which I know my daughter will sooner die than endure) I am contented your suits shall be granted.

Poss. Not a bawdy syllable I protest.

In. Syllable was plac'd there; for indeed your one syllables are your bawdiest words, prick that down.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter master Hairbrain.

Hairb. She may make night-work on't, 'twas well recover'd,

He-cats and curtizans stroll most i'th' night,
Her friend may be receiv'd and convey'd forth nightly;
I'll be at charge for watch and ward, for watch and ward I'faith, and here they come.

Enter two or three.

First. Give your worship good even.

Hairb. Welcome, my friends; I must deserve your diligence in an employment serious. The truth is, there is a cunning plot laid, but happily discovered, to rob my house; the night uncertain when, but fix'd within the circle of this month; nor does this villainy consist in numbers,

Or many partners, only some one
Shall, in the form of my familiar friend,
Be receiv'd privately into my house
By some perfidious servant of mine own,
Address'd fit for the practice.

First. O abominable!

Hairb. If you be faithful watchmen, shew your goodness,

And with these angels shore up your eye-lids:
Let me not be purloin'd, purloin'd indeed; the merry Greeks conceive me: there is a jem I would not lose, kept by the Italian under lock and key: we Englishmen are careless creatures: well, I have said enough.

Second. And we will do enough, sir. [*Exeunt.*]

Hairb. Why well said, watch me a good turn now,
so, so, so,

Rise

Rise villainy with the lark, why 'tis prevented, [*Enter*
Or steal't by with the leather wing'd bat, *curtezan.*
The evening cannot save it; peace. Oh lady Gulman,
my wife's only company, welcome! and how does the
virtuous matron, that good old gentlewoman, thy mo-
ther? I persuade myself, if modesty be in the world, she
has part on't; a woman of an excellent carriage all her
lifetime, in court, city, and country.

Curt. She has always carried it well in those places,
fir; witness three bastards a-piece. [*Aside.*] How does your
sweet bedfellow, fir? you see I am her boldest visitant.

Hairb. And welcome, sweet virgin; the only compa-
nion my soul wishes for her; I left her within at her
lute; prithee give her good counsel.

Curt. Alas! she needs none, fir.

Hairb. Yet, yet, yet, a little of thy instructions will
not come amiss to her.

Curt. I'll bestow my labour, fir.

Hairb. Do, labour her prithee; I have convey'd away
all her wanton pamphlets, as Hero and Leander, Venus
and Adonis; oh two luscious marrow-bone pies for a
young married wife! here, here, prithee take the resolu-
tion, and read to her a little.

Curt. She has set up her resolution already, fir.

Hairb. True, true, and this will confirm it the more;
there's a chapter of hell, 'tis good to read this cold
weather, terrify her, terrify her; go, read to her the
horrible punishments for itching wantons, the pains al-
lotted for adultery; tell her her thoughts, her very
dreams are answerable, say so; rip up the life of a cur-
tizan, and shew how lothsom 'tis.

Curt. The gentleman would persuade me in time to dis-
grace myself, and speak ill of mine own function. [*Aside.*]

[*Exit.*]

Hairb. This is the course I take; I'll teach the mar-
ried man

A new selected strain, I admit none
But this pure virgin to her company;
Puh, that's enough; I'll keep her to her flint,
I'll put her to her pension;

She

She gets but her allowance, that's bare one,
 Few women but have that beside their own,
 Ha, ha, ha, nay, I'll put her hard to't.

Enter wife and Curt.

Wife. Fain would I meet the gentleman.

Curt. Pish, fain would you meet him; why, you do not take the course.

Hairb. How earnestly she labours her like a good wholesome sifter of the family, she will prevail I hope.

Curt. Is that the means?

Wife. What is the means? I would as gladly to enjoy his sight, embrace it as the—

Curt. Shall I have hearing? listen.

Hairb. She's round with her i'faith.

Curt. When husbands in their rankest suspicions dwell,
 Then 'tis our best art to dissemble well;
 Put but these notes in use that I'll direct you,
 He'll curse himself that e'er he did suspect you;
 Perhaps he will solicit you, as in trial,
 To visit such and such, still give denial:
 Let no persuasions sway you, they are but fetches
 Set to betray you, jealousies, slights and reaches.
 Seem in his sight to endure the sight of no man,
 Put by all kisses, till you kiss in common;
 Neglect all entertainment, if he bring in
 Strangers, keep you your chamber, be not seen;
 If he chance steal upon you, let him find
 Some book lie open 'gainst an unchaste mind,
 And quoted scriptures; tho' for your own pleasure
 You read some stirring pamphlet, and convey it
 Under your skirt, the fittest place to lay it.
 This is the course, my wench, to enjoy thy wishes,
 Here you perform best, when you most neglect,
 The way to damp, is to outvy suspect;
 Manage these principles with art and life,
 Welcome all nations, thou'rt an honest wife.

Hairb. She puts it home i'faith, e'en to the quick,
 From her elaborate action I reach that.
 I must requite this maid, faith I'm forgetful.

Wife.

Wife. Here, lady, convey my heart unto him in this jewel,

Against you see me next you shall perceive
I have profited ; in the mean season tell him
I am a prisoner yet i'th' master's side,
My husband's jealousy, that masters him, as he doth
master me ;

And as a keeper that locks prisoners up,
Is himself prison'd under his own key ;
Even so my husband in restraining me,
With the same ward bars his own liberty.

Curt. I'll tell him how you wish it, and I'll wear
My wits to the third pile, but all shall clear.

Wife. I owe you more than thanks, but that I hope
My husband will requite you.

Curt. Think you so, lady ? he has small reason for't.

Hairb. What, done so soon ? away, to't again, to't
again, good wench, to't again, leave her not so ; where
left you ? come.

Curt. Faith I'm weary, fir,
I cannot draw her from her strict opinion
With all the arguments that sense can frame.

Hairb. No ; let me come, fie wife, you must consent ;
what opinion is't, let's hear ?

Curt. Fondly and wilfully she retains that thought,
That every sin is damn'd.

Hairb. Oh fie, fie, wife ! Pea, pea, pea, pea, how
have you lost your time ? for shame be converted ; there's
a diabolical opinion indeed ! then you may think that
usury were damn'd : You're a fine merchant i'faith ; or
bribery ? you know the law well ; or sloth ? would some
of the clergy heard you, i'faith ; or pride ? you come at
court ! or gluttony ? you're not worthy to dine at an
alderman's table :

Your only deadly sin's adultery,
That villainous ring-worm, woman's worst requital,
'Tis only lechery that's damn'd to th' pit-hole ;
Ah, that's an arch offence, believe it squal,
All sins are venial but venereal.

Curt. I've said enough to her.

Hairb.

Hairb. And she will be rul'd by you.

Curt. Fah.

Hairb. I'll pawn my credit on't; come hither lady,
I will not altogether rest ingrateful,
Here, wear this ruby for thy pains and counsel.

Curt. It is not so much worth, fir, I am a very ill
counsellor, truly.

Hairb. Go to, I say.

Curt. Y'are to blame i'faith, fir, I shall ne'er deserve it.

Hairb. Thou hast don't already: farewell sweet vir-
gin, prithee let's see thee oftner.

Curt. Such gifts will soon intreat me. [Exit.]

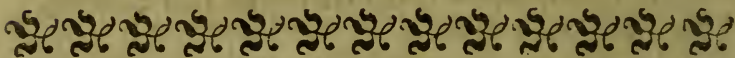
Hairb. Wife, as thou lov'st the quiet of my breast,
Embrace her counsel, yield to her advices;
Thou wilt find comfort in 'em in the end;
Thou'lt feel an alteration, prithee think on't:
Mine eyes can scarce refrain.

Wife. Keep in your dew, fir, lest when you would,
you want it.

Hairb. I've pawn'd my credit on't, ah didst thou know
The sweet fruit once, thou'dst never let it go.

Wife. 'Tis that I strive to get.

Hairb. And still do so. [Exeunt.]



Actus secundus.

Enter Sir Bounteous, with two Knights.

First. **Y**OU have been too much like your name, fir
Bounteous.

Sir Boun. Oh, not so, good knights, not so, you know
my humour; most welcome, good fir Andrew Pelcut, fir
Aquitain Colewort, most welcome.

Both. Thanks, good fir Bounteous. [Exeunt at one door.]

At the other, enter in haste a footman.

Foot. Oh, cry your worship heartily mercy, fir.

Sir Boun. How now, linnen stockings, and threescore mile a-day; whose footman art thou?

Foot. Pray, can your worship tell me, Ho, ho, ho, if my lord be come in yet.

Sir Boun. Thy lord! what lord?

Foot. My lord Owe-much; fir.

Sir Boun. My lord Owe-much! I have heard much speech of that lord, he has great acquaintance i'th' city; that lord has been much followed.

Foot. And is still, fir; he wants no company when he's in London: he's free of the mercers, and there's none of them all dare cross him.

Sir Boun. And they did, he'd turn over a new leaf with 'em; he would make 'em all weary on't i'th'end: much fine rumour have I heard of that lord, yet had I never the fortune to set eye upon him; art sure he will alight here, footman? I am afraid thou'rt mistook.

Foot. Thinks your worship so, fir? by your leave, fir.

Sir Boun. Puh; passion of me, footman, why pumps, I say, come back.

Foot. Does your worship call?

Sir Boun. Come hither, I say, I am but afraid on't, would it might happen so well, how do'it know? did he name the house with the great turret o'th' top?

Foot. No faith did he not, fir.

Sir Boun. Come hither, I say, did he speak of a cloth a gold chamber?

Foot. Not one word by my troth, fir.

Sir Boun. Come again, you lousy seven mile an hour.

Foot. I beseech your worship detain me not.

Sir Boun. Was there no talk of a fair pair of organs, a great gilt candlestick, and a pair of silver snuffers?

Foot. 'Twere sin to bely my lord, I heard no such words, fir.

Sir Boun. A pox confine thee, come again, puh.

Foot. Your worship will undo me, fir.

Sir Boun. Was there no speech of a long dining room, a huge kitchen, large meat, and a broad dresser board?

Foot.

Foot. I have a greater maw to that indeed, an't please your worship.

Sir Boun. Whom did he name ?

Foot. Why, one fir Bounteous Progress.

Sir Boun. Ah, a, a, I am that fir Bounteous, you progressive round-about rascal.

Foot. Ha, ha, ha !

Sir Boun. I knew I should have him i'th' end, there's not a lord will miss me, I thank their good honours, 'tis a fortune laid upon me, they can scent out their best entertainment. I have a kind of complemental gift given me above ordinary country knights, and how soon 'tis smelt out ? I warrant ye, there's not one knight i'th' shire able to entertain a lord i'th' cue, or a lady i'th' nick like me ! like me ! there's a kind of grace belongs to't, a kind of art which naturally slips from me, I know not on't, I promise you, 'tis gone before I'm aware on't, cuds me, I forget myself, where——

Foot. Does your worship call ?

Sir Boun. Run firrah, call in my chief gentleman i'th' chain of gold, expedite ; and how does my good lord ? I never saw him before in my life. A cup of bastard, for this footman !

Foot. My lord has travell'd this five year, fir.

Sir Boun. Travell'd this five year ? how many children has he ? Some bastard, I say !

Foot. No bastard, an't please your worship.

Sir Boun. A cup of sack to strengthen his wit, the footman's a fool ; oh, come hither master Gunwater, come hither, send presently to Mr. Pheasant for one of his hens, there's partridge i'th' house.

Gun. And wild-duck an't please your worship.

Sir Boun. And woodcock an't please thy worship.

Gun. And woodcock an't please your worship, I had thought to have spoke before you.

Sir Boun. Remember the pheasant, down with some plover, clap down six wood-cocks, my love's coming ; now fir.

Gun. An't please your worship there's a lord and his followers newly alighted.

Sir Boun.

Sir Boun. Dispatch, I say, dispatch, why, where's my music? he's come indeed.

Enter Folly-wit like a lord, with his comrades in blue coats.

Folly. Footman.

Foot. My lord.

Folly. Run swiftly with my commendations to sir Jasper Topas. We'll ride and visit him i'th' morning, say.

Foot. Your lordship's charge shall be effected. [*Exit.*]

Folly. That courtly comely form, should present to me sir Bounteous Progress.

Sir Boun. Y'ave found me out, my lord; I cannot hide myself:

Your honour is most spaciously welcome.

Folly. In this forgive me, sir, that being a stranger to your house

And you, I make my way so bold; and presume
Rather upon your kindness than your knowledge;

Only your bounteous disposition

Fame hath divulg'd, and is to me well known.

Sir Boun. Nay, and your lordship knows my disposition, you know me better than they that know my person; your honour is so much the welcomer for that.

Folly. Thanks, good sir Bounteous.

Sir Boun. Pray pardon me, it has been often my ambition, my lord, both in respect of your honourable presence, and the prodigal fame that keeps even stroke with your unbounded worthiness,

To have wish'd your lordship, where your lordship is,
A noble guest in this unworthy seat:

Your lordship ne'er heard my organs?

Folly. Heard of 'em, sir Bounteous; but never heard 'em.

Sir Boun. They're but double gilt my lord, some hundred and fifty pounds will fit your lordship with such another pair.

Folly. Indeed, sir Bounteous?

Sir Boun. O my lord, I have a present suit to you.

Folly. To me, sir Bounteous, and you could ne'er speak at fitter time? for I'm here present to grant you.

Sir Boun. Your lordship has been a traveller.

Folly. Some five year, fir.

Sir Boun. I have a grandchild, my lord, I love him ; and when I die I'll do somewhat for him : I'll tell your honour the worst of him, a wild lad he has been.

Folly. So have we been all, fir.

Sir Boun. So have we been all indeed, my lord, I thank your lordship's assistance ; some comick pranks he has been guilty of ; but I'll pawn my credit for him, an honest trusty bosom.

Folly. And that's worth all, fir.

Sir Boun. And that's worth all indeed, my lord, for he's like to have all when I die ; *imberbis juvenis*, his chin has no more prickles yet than a midwife's : there's great hope of his wit, his hair's so long a-coming ; shall I be bold with your honour, to prefer this afore said Ganimede to hold a plate under your lordship's cup ?

Folly. You wrong both his worth and your bounty, and you call that boldness ; fir, I have heard much good of that young gentleman.

Sir Boun. Nay he has a good wit i'faith, my lord.

Folly. He has carried himself always generously.

Sir Boun. Are you advised of that my lord ? he has carried many things cleanly : I'll shew your lordship my will, I keep it above in an out-landish box ; the whoreson boy must have all : I love him, yet he shall ne'er find it as long as I live.

Folly. Well fir, for your sake, and his own deserving, I'll reserve a place for him nearest to my secrets.

Sir Boun. I understand your good lordship, you'll make him your secretary : my music, give my lord a taste of his welcome.

[*A strain play'd by the consort, fir Bounteous makes a courtly honour to that lord, and seems to foot the tune.*]

Sir Boun. So, how like you our airs, my lord ? are they choice ?

Folly. They're seldom match'd, believe it.

Sir Boun. The consort of mine own household.

Folly. Yea, fir!

Sir Boun. The musicians are in ordinary, yet no ordinary

dinary musicians : your lordship shall hear my organs now.

Folly. Oh I beseech you, sir Bounteous.

Sir Boun. My Organist.

[The organs play, and covered dishes march over the stage.]

Come, my lord, how does your honour relish my organ?

Folly. A very proud air i'faith, sir.

Sir Boun. Oh, how can't chuse, a walloon plays upon 'em, and a welchman blows wind in their breech.

[Exeunt.]

[A song to the organs.]

Enter sir Bounteous, with Folly-wit, and his consorts towards his lodging.

Sir Boun. You must pardon us, my lord, hasty cates, your honour has had ev'n a hunting meal on't ; and now I am like to bring your lordship to as mean a lodging, a hard down bed i'faith, my lord. poor cambrick sheets, and a cloth of tissue canopy ; the curtains indeed were wrought in Venice, with the story of the prodigal child in silk and gold ; only the swine are left out, my lord, for spoiling the curtains.

Folly. 'Twas well prevented, sir.

Sir Boun. Silken rest, harmonious slumbers, and vernal dreams to your lordship.

Fol. The like to kind sir Bounteous.

Sir Boun. Fie, not to me, my lord, I'm old, past dreaming of such vanities.

Folly. Old men should dream best.

Sir Boun. Their dreams indeed, my lord, y'ave gi'nt us : to morrow your lordship shall see my co'cs, my fish-ponds, my park, my champain grounds ; I keep champers in my house can shew your lordship some pleasure.

Folly. Sir Bounteous, you ev'n whelm me with delights.

Sir Boun. Once again a musical night to your honour ; I'll trouble your lordship no more. *[Exit.]*

Fol. Good rest, sir Bounteous ; so, come, the vizards, where be the masking suits ?

Lieut. In your lordship's portmantua.

Folly. Peace, lieutenant.

Lieut. I'd rather have war, captain.

Folly. Puh, the plot's ripe; come, to our business, lad,
Tho' guilt condemns, 'tis guilt must make us glad.

Lieut. Nay, and you be at your distinctions, captain,
I'll follow behind no longer.

Folly. Get you before then, and whelm your nose
with your vizard, go.

Now grandsire, you that hold me at hard 'meat,
And keep me out at the dag's end, I'll fit you;
Under his lordship's leave, all must be mine
He and his will confesses; what I take then
Is but a borrowing of so much before hand;
I'll pay him again when he dies, in so many blacks,
I'll have the church hung round with a noble a yard,
Or requite him in 'scutcheons, let him trap me
In gold, and I'll lap him in lead; *quid pro quo*: I
Must look none of his angels in the face, forsooth,
Until his face be not worth looking on; tut lads,
Let fires and grandsires keep us low, we must
Live when they're flesh, as well as when they're dust. *Exit.*

Enter Curtezian with her man.

Curt. Go, firrah, run presently to Mr. Penitent Brothel; you know his lodging, knock him up; I know he cannot sleep for sighing; tell him, I've happily be-thought a mean,

To make his purpose prosper in each limb,
Which only rests to be approv'd by him;
Make haste, I know he thirsts for't.

[*Exeunt.*

Within. Oh.

Enter in a masking suit with a vizard in his hand, Folly-wit.

Folly. Harkee, they're at their business.

First. Thieves, thieves.

Folly. Gag that gaping rascal, tho' he be my grandfire's chief gentleman i'th' chain of gold, I'll have no pity of him; how now, lads?

Enter

Enter the rest vizarded.

Lieut. All's sure and safe, on with your vizard, sir; the servants are all bound.

Folly. There's one care past then, come follow me, lads! I'll lead you now to the point and top of all your fortunes: yon lodging is my grandfire's.

Lieut. So, so, lead on, on!

Ant. Here's a captain worth the following, and a wit worth a man's love and admiring!

Enter sir Bounteous in his night-gown.

Sir Boun. Oh gentlemen, and you be kind gentlemen, what countrymen are you?

Folly. Lincolnshire-men, sir.

Sir Boun. I am glad of that i'faith.

Folly. And why should you be glad of that?

Sir Boun. Oh, the honestest thieves of all come out of Lincolnshire; the kindest natur'd gentlemen; they'll rob a man with conscience: they have a feeling of what they go about, and will steal with tears in their eyes: ah pitiful gentlemen.

Folly. Fish, money, money, we come for money.

Sir Boun. Is that all you come for? Ah what a beast was I to put out my money t'other day: alas good gentlemen, what shift shall I make for you? pray come again another time.

Folly. Tut, tut, sir, money.

Sir Boun. Oh not so loud, sir, you're too shrill a gentleman; I have a lord lies in my house, I would not for the world his honour should be disquieted.

Folly. Who, my lord Owe-much? we have took order with him before hand, he lies bound in his bed, and all his followers.

Sir Boun. Who, my lord? bound my lord? Alas what did you mean to bind my lord? he could keep his bed well enough without binding: y'ave undone me in't already, you need rob me no farther.

Folly. Which is the key, come?

Sir Boun. Ah I perceive now, y'are no true Lincolnshire

thire spirits ; you come rather out of Bedfordshire, we cannot lie quiet in our beds for you : so, take enough, my masters ; spur a free horse, my name's fir Bounteous, a merry world i'faith ; what knight but I keep open house at midnight ? well, there should be a conscience, if one could hit upon't.

Folly. Away now, cease upon him, bind him.

Sir Bount. Is this your court of equity ? why should I be bound for mine own money ? but come, come, bind me, I have need on't ; I have been too liberal to night, keep in my hands : nay, as hard as you list ; I am too good to bear my lord company ; you have watch'd your time my masters ; I was knighted at Westminster, but many of these nights will make me a knight of Windsor ; you've deserv'd so well, my masters, I bid you all to dinner to morrow, I would I might have your companies i'faith, I desire no more.

Folly. Oh, ho, fir !

Sir Bount. Pray meddle not with my organs, to put 'em out of tune.

Folly. Oh no, here's better musick, fir.

Sir Bount. Ah, pox feast you.

[*Exit.*

Folly. Dispatch with him, away ; so, thank you, good grandfire ; this was bounteously done of him i'faith ; it came somewhat hard from him at first ; for indeed nothing comes stiff from an old man but money ; and he may well stand upon that, when he has nothing else to stand upon : where's our port-mantua ?

Lieu. Here, bully captain.

Folly. In with the purchase, 'twill lie safe enough there under's nose, I warrant you : what, is all sure ?

Enter Antient.

Ant. All's sure, captain.

Folly. You know what follows now, one villain binds his fellows ; go, we must be all bound for our own securities, rascals ? there's no dallying upon the point ; you conceit me : there is a lord to be found bound in the morning, and all his followers, can you pick out that lord now ?

Lieu.

Lieu. O admirable spirit!

Folly. You ne'er plot for your safeties, so your wants be fatished.

Ant. But if we bind one another, how shall the last man be bound?

Folly. Pox on't, I'll have the footman 'scape.

Foot. That's I, I thank you, fir.

Folly. The footman of all other will be suppos'd to 'scape, for he comes in no bed all night; but lies in's clothes, to be first ready in the morning: the horse and he lies in litter together; that's the right fashion of your bonny footman: and his freedom will make the better for our purpose; for we must have one in the morning to unbind the knight, that we may have our sport with-in ourselves: we now arrive at the most ticklish point, to rob, and take our ease, to be thieves and lie by't; look to't lads, it concerns every man's gullet; I'll not have the jest spoil'd, that's certain, tho' it hazard a wind-pipe. I'll either go like a lord as I came, or be hang'd like a thief as I am; and that's my resolution.

Lieut. Troth a match, captain, of all hands. [*Exeunt.*

Enter curtezan, with Mr. Penitent Brothel.

Curt. Oh, Mr. Penitent Brothel!

Penit. What is't, sweet lady Gullman, that so seizes on thee with rapture and admiration?

Curt. A thought, a trick, to make you, fir, especially happy, and yet I myself a saver by it.

Penit. I would embrace that, lady, with such courage, I would not leave you on the losing hand.

Curt. I will give trust to you, fir; the cause then why I rais'd you from your bed so soon, wherein I know sighs would not let you sleep, thus understand it:

You love that woman, Mr. Hairbraine's wife,
Which no invented means can crown with freedom,
For your desires and her own wish but this,
Which in my slumbers did present itself.

Penit. I'm covetous, lady.

Curt. You know her husband ling'ring in suspect,
Locks her from all society, but mine.

Penit. Most true.

Curt. I only am admitted, yet hitherto
That has done you no real happiness; by my admittance
I cannot perform that deed, that should please you,
You know; wherefore thus I have convey'd it,
I'll counterfeit a fit of violent sickness.

Penit. Good.

Curt. Nay 'tis not so good, by my faith, but to do
you good.

Penit. And in that sense I call'd it; but take me
with you, lady: would it be probable enough to have
a sickness so suddenly violent?

Curt. Puh, all the world knows women are soon
down; we can be sick when we have a mind to't, catch
an ague with the wind of our fans, surfeit upon the
rump of a lark, and bestow ten pound in physic upon't;
we're likest ourselves when we're down: 'tis the easiest
art and cunning for our sect to counterfeit sick, that are
always full of fits when we are well; for since we were
made for a weak imperfect creature, we can fit that
best that we are made for: I thus translated, and your-
self slip'd into the form of a physician.

Penit. I a physician, lady, talk not on't I beseech
you: I shall shame the whole college.

Curt. Tut, man, any quacksalving terms will serve
for this purpose; for I am pitifully haunted with a brace
of elder brothers, new perfum'd in the first of their for-
tunes, and I shall see how forward their purses will be
to the pleasing of my palate, and restoring of my health;
lay on load enough upon them, and spare 'em not, for
they are good plump fleshy asses, and may well enough
bear it: let gold, amber, and dissolved pearl, be com-
mon ingredients; and you cannot compose a cullice
without them. Put but this cunningly in practice, it
shall be both a sufficient recompence for all my pains in
your love; and the ready means to make mistress Hair-
braine way, by the visiting of me; to your mutual de-
sired company.

Penit. I applaud thee, kiss thee, and will instantly
embrace it.

[*Exeunt.*
Voices

Voices within.

Sir Bount. Ho, Gunwater!

Folly. Singlestone!

Within. Jenkin, wa, ha, ho.

Within. Ewen!

Within. Simcod!

Folly. Footman! whew——

Foot. Oh good your worship, let me help your good old worship.

Enter Sir Bounteous with a cord half unbound, footman with him.

Sir Bount. Ah, poor honest footman, how didst thou 'scape this massacre?

Foot. E'en by miracle, and lying in my clothes, fir.

Sir Bount. I think so, I would I had lain in my clothes to, footman, so I had 'scap'd 'em; I could have but risen like a beggar then, and so I do now, till more money come in; but nothing afflicts me so much, my poor geometrical footman, as that the barbarous villains should lay violence upon my lord. Ah, the binding of my lord cuts my heart in two pieces; so, so, 'tis well! I thank thee, run to thy fellows; undo 'em, undo 'em, undo 'em!

Foot. Alas, if my lord should miscarry! they're unbound already, fir; they have no occupation but sleep, feed, and fart. [Exit.

Sir Bount. If I be not ashamed to look my lord in the face, I'm a Saracen, my lord.

Folly. Who's that?

Sir Bount. One may see he has been scar'd, a pox on 'em for their labours.

Folly. Singlestone!

Sir Bount. Singlestone? I'll never answer to that i'faith.

Folly. Suchman!

Sir Bount. Suchman? nor that neither i'faith; I am not brought so low, tho' I be old.

Folly. Who's that in the chamber?

Sir Bount. Good morrow, my lord, 'tis I.

Folly. Sir Bounteous, good morrow; I would give you my hand, sir, but I cannot come at it; is this the courtesy of the country, sir Bounteous?

Sir Bount. Your lordship grieves me more than all my los; ;

'Tis the unnatural'st fight that can be found
To see a noble gentleman hard bound.

Folly. Trust me, I thought you had been better be-
lov'd, sir Bounteous; but I see you have enemies, sir,
and your friends fare the worse for 'em :

I like your talk better than your lodging ;

I ne'er lay harder in a bed of down ; I have had a mad
night's rest on't. Can you not guess what they should
be, sir Bounteous ?

Sir Boun. Faith Lincolnshiremen, my lord.

Folly. How ? fie, fie, believe it not, sir, these lie not
far off I warrant you.

Sir Boun. Think you so, my lord ?

Folly. I'll be burnt if they do, some that are used to your
house, sir, and are familiar with all the Conveyances.

Sir Boun. This is the commodity of keeping open
house, my lord, that makes so many shut their doors
about dinner-time.

Folly. They were resolute villains, I made myself
known to them, told them what I was, gave them my
honourable word not to disclose them.

Sir Boun. O saucy, unmannerly villains !

Folly. And think you the slaves would trust me upon
my word ?

Sir Boun. They would not ?

Folly. Forsooth no, I must pardon them ; they told
me lords promises were mortal, and commonly die with-
in half an hour after they are spoken ; they were but
griffles, and not one amongst a hundred come to any full
growth or perfection ; and therefore, tho' I were a lord,
I must enter into bond.

Sir Boun. Insupportable rascals.

Folly. Troth I'm of that mind. Sir Bounteous, you
far'd the worse for my coming hither.

Sir Boun. Ah, good my lord, but I'm fure your lordship far'd the worfe.

Folly. Pray pity not me, Sir.

Sir Boun. Is not your honour fore about the brawn of the arm? a murren meet them, I feel it.

Folly. About this place, fir Bounteous?

Sir Boun. You feel as it were a twinge, my lord?

Folly. Ay e'en a twinge, you fay right.

Sir Boun. A pox discover them, that twinge I feel too.

Folly. But that which disturbs me most, Sir Bounteous, lies here.

Sir Boun. True, about the wrift a kind of tumid numbness.

Folly. You fay true, fir.

Sir Boun. The reason of that, my lord, is, the pulses had no play.

Folly. Mafs, so I gues'd it.

Sir Boun. A mischief swell them, for I feel that too.

Lieut. 'Slid here's a house haunted indeed.

Sir Boun. A word with you, fir.

Folly. How now, finglestone?

Lieut. I'm sorry, my Lord, your Lordship has lost.—

Sir Boun. Pup, pup, pup, pup, pup.

Folly. What have I lost? speak.

Sir Boun. A good night's sleep fay.

Folly. Speak, what have I lost I fay?

Lieut. A good night's sleep, my lord, nothing else.

Folly. That's true; my clothes, come. [*Curtains drawn.*]

Lieut. My lord's clothes, his honour's rising.

Sir Boun. Hush, well said, come hither; what has my lord lost? tell me, speak softly.

Lieut. His lordship must know that, fir.

Sir Boun. Hift, prithee tell me.

Lieut. 'Twill do you no pleasure to know it, fir.

Sir Boun. Yet again, I desire it I fay.

Lieut. Since your worship will needs know it, they have stolen away a jewel in a blue filk ribbond of a hundred pound price, beside some hundred pounds in fair spur royals.

Sir Boun. That's some two hundred i'th' total.

Lieut. Your worships much about it; fir.

Sir Boun. Come, follow me; I'll make that whole again in so much money, let not my lord know on't.

Lieut. Oh pardon me, fir Bounteous, that were a dishonour to my lord, should it come to his ear, I should hazard my undoing by it.

Sir Boun. How should it come to his ear? if you be my lord's chief man about him, I hope you do not use to speak unless you be paid for it; and I had rather give you a counsellor's double fee to hold your peace; come, go to, follow me, I say.

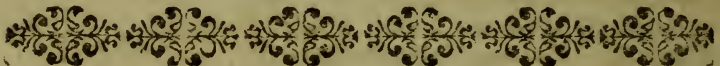
Lieut. There will be scarce time to tell it, fir, my lord will away instantly.

Sir Boun. His honour shall stay dinner by his leave; I'll prevail with him so far; and now I remember a jest, I had the whoreson thieves to dinner last night, I would I might have their companies, a pox poison them.

[*Exit.*

Lieut. Faith and you are like to have no other guests, Sir Bounteous, if you have none but us; I'll give you that gift i'faith.

[*Exeunt.*



ACTUS tertius.

Enter master Hairbrain with two elder brothers, master Inesse, and master Possibility.

Poss. YOU see, bold guests, Mr. *Hairbrain*.

Hairb. Your kindly welcome to my house, good Mr. *Inesse* and Mr. *Possibility*.

In. That's our presumption, fir.

Hairb. Ralph?

Ralph. Here, fir.

Hairb. Call down your mistress to welcome these two gentlemen, my friends.

Ralph.

Ralph. I shall, sir.

[*Exit.*

Hairb. I will observe her carriage, and watch
The slipp'ry revolutions of her eye;
I'll lie in wait for every glance she gives,
And poise her words i'th' balance of suspect:
If she but swag, she's gone; either on this hand
Over familiar, or this too neglectful;
It does behove her carry herself even.

[*Aside.*

Poff. But, Mr. *Hairbrain*.

Hairb. True, I hear you, sir; was't you said?—

Poff. I have not spoke it yet, sir.

Hairb. Right, so I say.

Poff. Is it not strange, that in so short-a time my little lady Gulman should be so violently handled?

Hairb. Oh sickness has no mercy, sir;

It neither pities lady's lip, nor eye:

It crops the rose out of the virgin's cheek,

And so deflow'rs her that was ne'er deflow'rd.

Fools then are maids, to lock from men that treasure
Which death will pluck, and never yield them pleasure.

Ah gentlemen, tho' I shadow it, that sweet virgin's sickness grieves me not lightly, she was my wife's only delight and company.

Did you not hear her, gentlemen, i'th' midst

Of her extremest fit, still how she call'd upon my wife,

Remember'd still my wife, sweet mistress *Hairbrain*.

When she sent for me, on one side of her bed stood the physician, the scrivener on the other; two horrible objects, but mere opposites in the course of their lives; for the scrivener binds folks, and the physician makes them loose.

Poff. But not loose of their bonds, sir.

Hairb. No, by my faith, sir, I say not so; if the physician could make them loose of their bonds, there's many a one would take physic, that dares not now for poisoning; but, as I was telling of you, her will was fashioning,

Wherein I found her best and richest jewel

Given as a legacy unto my wife.

When I read that, I could not refrain weeping; well,

of all other my wife has most reason to visit her, if she have any good nature in her, she'll shew it there ; now, sir, where's your mistress ?

Ralph. She desires you, and the gentlemen, your friends, to hold her excused ; she has a fit of an ague now upon her, which begins to shake her.

Hairb. Where does it shake her most ?

Ralph. All over her body, sir.

Hairb. Shake all her body ? 'tis a faucy fit, I'm jealous of that ague ; pray walk in, gentlemen, I'll see you instantly.

Ralph. Now they are absent, sir, 'tis no such thing.

Hairb. What ?

Ralph. My mistress has her health, sir ;
But 'tis her suit she may confine herself
From the sight of all men but your own dear self, sir :
For since the sickness of that modest virgin,
Her only company, she delights in none.

Hairb. No ; visit her again, commend me to her,
Tell her they're gone, and only I myself
Walk here to exchange a word or two with her.

Ralph. I'll tell her so, sir.

[Exit.

Hairb. Fool that I am, and madman, beast, what worse !

Suspicious o'er a creature that deserves
The best opinion, and the purest thought ;
Watchful o'er her that is her watch herself ;
To doubt her ways, that looks too narrowly
Into her own defects ; I, foolish fearful,
Have often rudely, out of giddy flames,
Barr'd her those objects which she shuns herself.
Thrice I've had proof of her most constant temper ;
Come I at unawares by stealth upon her,
I find her circled in with divine writs
Of heavenly meditations ; here and there
Chapters with leaves tuck'd up, which when I see,
They either tax pride or adultery ;
Ah let me curse myself, that could be jealous
Of her whose mind no sin can make rebellious.

And

And here the unmatch'd comes ; now, wife, i'faith
they're gone,

Pish, see how fearful 'tis, will you not credit me ?
They're gone i'faith ; why, think you I'll betray you ?
come, come, thy delight and mine, thy only virtuous
friend, thy sweet instructress is violently taken, grievous
sick, and, which is worse, she mends not.

Wife. Her friends are sorry for that, sir.

Hairb. She calls upon thee, poor soul, remembers
thee still ; thy name whirls in her breath ; where's mi-
stress Hairbrain, says she ?

Wife. Alas, good soul !

Hairb. She made me weep thrice ; she has put thee
in a jewel in her will.

Wife. Even to the last gasp a kind soul.

Hairb. Take my man, go, visit her.

Wife. Pray pardon me, sir ; alas, my visitation can-
not help her.

Hairb. Oh yet the kindness of a thing, wife ; still she
holds the same rare temper ; take my man, I say.

Wife. I would not take your man, sir, tho' I did pur-
pose going.

Hairb. No ? thy reason ?

Wife. The world's condition is itself so wild, sir,
'Tis apt to judge the worst of those deserve not :
'Tis an ill-thinking age, and does apply
All to the form of its own luxury ;
This censure flies from one, that, from another ;
That man's her squire, says he ; her pimp, the other ;
She's of the stamp, a third ; fourth, I ha' known her :
I've heard this, not without a burning cheek.
Then our attires are tax'd ; our very gate
Is call'd in question ; where a husband's presence
Scatters such thoughts, or makes them sink for fear
Into the hearts that breed them ; nay, surely if I went,
sir,

I would entreat your company.

Hairb. Mine ? prithee, wife, I have been there al-
ready.

Wife,

Wife. That's all one; altho' you bring me but to the door, fir, I would intreat no farther.

Hairb. Thou'rt such a wife! why I will bring thee thither then, but not go up, I swear.

Wife. I'faith you shall not, I do not desire it, fir.

Hairb. Why then content,

Wife. Give me your hand; you will do so, fir?

Hairb. Why there's my lip I will.

Wife. Why then I go, fir.

Hairb. With me, or no man; incomparable! such a woman!
[*Exeunt.*]

Viols, Gallipots, Plate, and an hour-glass by her. The curtizan on a bed for her counterfeit sit.

To her Mr. Penitent Brothell, like a doctor of physick.

Penit. Lady.

Curt. Ha, what news?

Penit. There's one fir Bounteous Progress newly alighted from his foot-cloth, and his mare waits at door, as the fashion is.

Curt. 'Slid, 'tis the knight that privately maintains me; a little, short, old, spiny gentleman, in a great doublet.

Penit. The same, I know him.

Curt. He's my sole revenue, meat, drink and rayment; my good physickian work upon him, I'm weak.

Penit. Enough.

Sir Bount. Why, where be these ladies? these plump soft delicate creatures? ha?

Penit. Who would you visit, fir?

Sir Bount. Visit, who? what are you with the plague in your mouth?

Penit. A physickian, fir.

Sir Bount. Then you are a loose-liver, fir; I have put you to your purgation.

Penit. But you need none, you're purg'd in a worse fashion.

Curt. Ah, fir Bounteous!

Sir Bount. How now? what art thou?

Curt.

Curt. Sweet fir Bounteous.

Sir Bount. Pashion of me, what an alteration's here? Rosamond sick, old Harry? here's a sight able to make an old man shrink! I was lusty when I came in, but I am down now i'faith; mortality, yea? this puts me in mind of a hole seven foot deep; my grave, my grave, my grave; hift, master doctor, a word, fir; hark, 'tis not the plague, is't?

Penit. The plague, fir? no.

Sir Bount. Good.

Penit. He ne'er asks whether it be the pox or no; and of the twain that had been more likely.

Sir Bount. How now, my wench? how do'ft?

Curt. Huh, weak knight, huh.

Penit. She says true, he's a weak knight indeed.

Sir Bount. Where does it hold thee most, wench?

Curt. All parts alike, fir.

Penit. She says true still, for it holds her in none.

Sir Bount. Hark in thine ear, thou'rt breeding of young bones; I am afraid I have got thee with child, i'faith.

Curt. I fear that much, fir.

Sir Bount. Oh, oh, if it should be a young Progress when all's done.

Curt. You have done your good will, fir.

Sir Bount. I see by her 'tis nothing but a surfeit of Venus i'faith; and tho' I be old, I have giv'nt her: but since I had the power to make thee sick, I'll have the purse to make thee whole, that's certain; master doctor.

Penit. Sir.

Sir Bount. Let's hear, I pray, what is't you minister to her.

Penit. Marry, fir, some precious cordial, some costly refocillation, a composure comfortable and restorative.

Sir Bount. Ay, ay, that, that, that.

Penit. No poorer ingredients than the liquor of coral, clear amber, or succinum; unicorn's horn, six grains; magisterium perlarum, one scruple.

Sir Bount. Ah!

Penit.

Penit. *Ossis de corde cerui*, half a scruple ; *aurum potable*, or his tincture.

Sir Bount. Very precious, fir.

Penit. All which being finely contunded, and mix'd in a stone or glass mortar, with the spirit of diamber—

Sir Bount. Nay, pray be patient, fir.

Penit. That's impossible ; I cannot be patient and a physician too, fir.

Sir Bount. Oh, cry-you-mercy, that's true, fir.

Penit. All which aforesaid——

Sir Bount. Ay, there you left, fir.

Penit. When it is almost exsiccate or dry, I add there to *olei succini*, *olei massi*, & *sinamomi*.

Sir Bount. So, *olei massi*, that same oil of mass is a great comfort to both the counters.

Penit. And has been of a long time, fir.

Sir Bount. Well, be of good cheer, wench, there's gold for thee ! huh, let her want for nothing, master doctor ; a poor kinswoman of mine, nature binds me to have a care of her—There I gul'd you, Mr. doctor. Gather up a good spirit, wench ! the fit will away ; 'tis but a surfeit of gristles : ha, ha, I have fitted her ; an old knight and a cock a'th' game still ; I have not spurs for nothing, I see.

Penit. No, by my faith, they're hatch'd ; they cost you an angel, fir.

Sir Bount. Look to her, good Mr. doctor ; let her want nothing ; I have given her enough already, ha, ha, ha, ha, [Exit.

Curt. So, is he gone ?

Penit. He's like himself, gone.

Curt. Here's somewhat to set up with. How soon he took occasion to slip into his own flattery, soothing his own defects ! He only fears he has done that deed, which I ne'er fear'd to come from him in my life ; this purchase came unlook'd for.

Penit. Hist, the pair of sons and heirs.

Curt. Oh, they're welcome, they bring money.

Enter

Enter M. Inesse and Possibility.

Poss. Mr. Doctor.

Penit. I come to you, gentleman.

Poss. How does she now?

Penit. Faith, much after one fashion, fir.

In. There's hope of life, fir.

Penit. I see no signs of death of her.

Poss. That's some comfort; will she take any thing yet?

Penit. Yes, yes, yes, she'll take still; she has a kind of facility in taking. How comes your band bloody, fir?

In. You may see I met with a scab, fir.

Penit. *Diversa genera scabierum*, as Pliny reports, there are divers kind of scabs.

In. Pray let's hear 'em, fir.

Penit. An itching scab, that is your harlot; a sore scab, your usurer; a running, your promoter; a broad scab, your intelligencer; but a white scab, that's a scald knave and a pandar: but to speak truth, the only scabs we are now-a-days troubled withal, are new officers.

In. Why now you come to mine, fir; for I'll be sworn one of them was very busy about my head this morning, and he should be a scab by that; for they are ambitious, and covet the head.

Penit. Why you saw I deriv'd him, fir?

In. You physicians are mad gentlemen.

Penit. We physicians see the most fights of any men living. Your astronomers look upward into the air; we look downward into the body; and, indeed, we have power upward and downward.

In. That you have i'faith, fir.

Poss. Lady, how cheer you now?

Curt. The same woman still, huh.

Poss. That's not good.

Curt. Little alteration. Fie, fie, you have been too lavish, gentlemen.

In. Puh, talk not of that, lady; thy health's worth a million.—Here Mr. doctor, spare for no cost.

Poss. Look what you find there, fir——

Curt.

Curt. What do you mean, gentlemen? put up, put up, you see I'm down and cannot strive with you, I would rule you else; you have me at advantage, but if ever I live, I will requite it deeply.

In. Tut, an't come to that once we'll requite ourselves well enough.

Poss. Mrs. Hairbrain, lady, is setting forth to visit you too.

Curt. Hah, huh.

Penit. There struck the munit that brings forth the birth of all my joys and wishes; but see the jar now, how shall I rid these from her? [*Aside.*]

Curt. Pray, gentlemen, stay not above an hour from my sight.

In. S'foot we are not going, lady.

Penit. Subtly brought about! yet 'twill not do, they'll flick by't. A word with you, gentlemen.

Both. What says Mr. doctor?

Penit. She wants but settling of her sense with rest; one hour's sleep, gentlemen, would set all parts in tune.

Poss. He says true, i'faith.

In. Get her to sleep, Mr. doctor; we'll both sit here, and watch by her.

Penit. Hell's angels watch you; no art can prevail with them! What with the thoughts of joys, and sight of crosses, my wits are at Hercules's pillars; *non plus ultra.* [*Aside.*]

Curt. Mr. doctor, Mr. doctor?

Penit. Here, lady.

Curt. Your physic works; lend me your hand.

Poss. Farewel, sweet lady.

In. Adieu, Mr. doctor.

Curt. So.

Penit. Let me admire thee!

The wit of man wains and decreases soon;
But women's wit is ever at full moon.

[*Enter Mistress Hairbrain.*]

There shot a star from heaven!

I dare not yet behold my happiness,

The splendor is so glorious and so piercing.

Curt.

Curt. Mistress Hairbrain, Give my wit thanks hereafter ; your wishes are in fight, your opportunity spacious.

Wife. Will you but hear a word from me ?

Curt. Puh——

Wife. My husband himself brought me to the door, walks below for my return ; jealousy is prick-ear'd, and will hear the wagging of a hair.

Curt. Pish, you are a faint liver ! trust yourself with your pleasure, and mé with your security, go.

Penit. The fulness of my wish.

Wife. Of my desire.

Penit. Beyond this sphere I never will aspire. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Mr. Hairbrain listening.

Hairb. I'll listen, now the flesh draws nigh her end,
At such a time women exchange their secrets,
And ransack the close corners of their hearts :
What many years hath whelm'd, this hour imparts.

Curt. Pray sit down, there's a low stool ; good mistress Hairbrain, this was kindly done ; huh, give me your hand ; huh, alas, how cold you are ; even so is your husband, that worthy, wise gentleman ; as comfortable a man to woman in my case as ever trod—— huh —shoe-leather. Love him, honour him, stick by him ; he lets you want nothing that's fit for a woman ; and to be sure on't, he will see himself that you want it not.

Hairb. And so I do, i'faith ; 'tis right my humour.

Curt. You live a lady's life with him ; go where you will, ride when you will, and do what you will.

Hairb. Not so, not so neither ; she's better look'd to.

Curt. I know you do, you need not tell me that ; it were even pity of your life, i'faith, if ever you should wrong such an innocent gentleman. Fie, Mrs. Hairbrain, what do you mean ? come you to discomfort me ? nothing but weeping with you ?

Hairb. She's weeping ! it has made her weep ! my wife shews her good-nature already.

Curt. Still, still weeping ? huff, huff, huff, why how
now,

now, woman? hey, hy, hy, for shame leave; fuh, fuh, she cannot answer me for sobbing

Hairb. All this does her good; beshrew my heart, and I pity her; let her shed tears till morning, I'll stay for her. She shall have enough on't, by my good will; I'll not be her hind'rance.

Curt. O no, lay your hand here, Mrs. Hairbrain: ay there! oh there, there lies my pain, good gentlewoman! Sore! oh I, I can scarce endure your hand upon't.—

Hairb. Poor soul, how she's tormented!

Curt. Yes, yes, I eat a cullis an hour since.

Hairb. There's some comfort in that yet, she may escape it.

Curt. Oh, it lies about my heart much.

Hairb. I am sorry for that, i'faith, she'll hardly escape it.

Curt. Bound? no; I had a very comfortable stool this morning.

Hairb. I am glad of that, i'faith, that's a good sign; I smell she'll escape it now.

Curt. Will you be going then?

Hairb. Fall back, she's coming.

Curt. Thanks, good Mrs. Hairbrain, welcome, sweet Mrs. Hairbrain! Pray commend me to the good gentleman your husband.

Hairb. I could do that myself now.

Curt. And to my uncle Winchcomb, and to my ant Lipsalve, and to my cousin Falfetop, and to my cousin Lickit, and to my cousin Horseman; and to all my good cousins in Clerkenwell and St. Johns's.

Enter Wife with Mr. Penitent.

Wife. At three days end my husband takes a journey.

Penit. O thence I derive a second meeting.

Wife. May it prosper still!

Till then I rest a captive to his will:

Once again, health, rest, and strength to thee sweet lady: farewell, you witty squall; good Mr. Doctor, have a care to her body; if you stand her friend, I know you can do her good.

Curt.

Curt. Take pity of your waiter, go : farewell sweet Mrs. Hairbrain.

Hairb. Welcome, sweet wife ; alight upon my lip ; never was hour spent better.

Wife. Why, were you within the hearing, fir ?

Hairb. Ay that I was i'faith, to my great comfort ; I deceived you there, wife, ha, ha ; I do intreat thee, nay conjure thee, wife, Upon my love, or what can more be said, Oftner to visit this sick virtuous maid.

Wife. Be not so fierce, your will shall be obey'd.

Hairb. Why then I see thou lov'st me. [Exeunt.

Penit. Art of ladies !

When plots are e'en past hope, and hang their head ;
Set with a woman's hand, they thrive and spread. *Exit.*

Enter Folly-wit, with lieutenant Maw-worm, ancient Hautboy, and the rest of his consorts.

Folly. Was't not well manag'd, you necessary mischiefs ? did the plot want either life or art ?

Lieut. 'Twas so well, captain, I would you could make such another musf at all adventures.

Folly. Do'st call't a musf ? I am sure my grandfire ne'er got his money worse in his life, than I got it from him. If ever he did cozen the simple ; why, I was born to revenge their quarrel. If ever opprefs the widow ; I, a fatherless child have done as much for him. And so 'tis, through the world, either in jest or earnest. Let the usurer look for't ; for craft recoils in the end, like an overcharg'd musket, and maims the very hand that puts fire to't. There needs no more but a usurer's own blow to strike him from hence to hell ; 'twill set him forward with a vengeance. But here lay the jest, whoresons ; my grandfire, thinking in his conscience that we had not rob'd him enough o'er night, must needs pity me i'th' morning, and give me the rest.

Lieut. Two hundred pounds in fair rose-nobles, I protest.

Folly. Fish, I knew he could not sleep quietly till he had paid me for robbing of him too ; 'tis his humour,
and

and the humour of most of your rich men in the course of their lives ; for, you know, they always feast those mouths that are least needy ; and give them more that have too much already ; and what call you that, but robbing of themselves a courtlier way ? Oh !

Lieut. Cuds me, how now captain ?

Folly. A cold fit that comes over my memory, and has a shrewd pull at my fortunes.

Lieut. What's that, sir ?

Folly. Is it for certain, lieutenant, that my grandfire keeps an uncertain creature, a quean ?

Lieut. Ay, that's too true, sir.

Folly. So much the more preposterous for me ; I shall hop shorter, by that trick : she carries away the third, at least. 'Twill prove entail'd land, I am afraid, when all's done. I'faith, nay ; I have known a vicious-old-thought-acting father

Damn'd only in his dreams, thirsting for game,
(When his best parts hung down their heads for shame)
For his blanch'd harlot dispossess his son,
And make the pox his heir ; 'twas gravely done !
How hadst thou first knowledge on't, lieutenant ?

Lieut. Faith from discourse ; yet, all the policy
That I could use, I could not get her name.

Folly. Dull slave, that ne'er could'st spie it !

Lieut. But the manner of her coming was describ'd
to me.

Folly. How is the manner, prithee ?

Lieut. Marry, sir, she comes most commonly, coach'd.

Folly. Most commonly coach'd, indeed ; for coaches
are as common now a-days, as some that ride in 'em ; she
comes most commonly coach'd ?

Lieut. True, there I left, sir : guarded with some leash
of pimps.

Folly. Beside the coachman ?

Lieut. Right, sir ; then alighting, she's privately re-
ceiv'd by Mr. Gunwater.

Folly. That's my grandfire's chief gentleman i'th'
chain of gold. That he should live to be a pander, and
yet look upon his chain and his velvet jacket !

Lieut.

Lieut. Then is your grandfire rounded i'th' ear; the key given after the Italian fashion, backward; she closely convey'd into his closet; there remaining, till either opportunity smile upon his credit; or he send down some hot caudle, to take order in his performance.

Folly. Peace, 'tis mine own, i'faith; I ha't!

Lieut. How now, fir?

Folly. Thanks, thanks to any spirit,
That mingled it 'mongst my inventions?

Ant. Why, Mr. Folly-wit?

All. Captain!

Folly. Give me scope, and hear me.
I have begot that means, which will both furnish me,
And make that quean walk under his conceit.

Lieut. That were double happiness; to put thyself into money, and her out of favour.

Folly. And all at one dealing.

Ant. 'Sfoot, I long to see that hand play'd!

Folly. And thou shalt see't quickly, i'faith. Nay, 'tis in grain; I warrant it will hold colour. Lieutenant step behind yon hanging: If I mistook not at my entrance, there hangs the lower part of a gentlewoman's gown; with a mask and a chinclout: bring all this way. Nay, but do't cunningly now! 'tis a friend's house, and I'd use it so; there's a taste for you.

Ant. But, prithee, what wilt thou do with a gentlewoman's lower part?

Folly. Why, use it.

Ant. Y'ave answered me indeed in that; I can demand no farther.

Folly. Well said, lieutenant.

Lieut. What will you do now, fir?

Folly. Come, come, thou shalt see a woman quickly made up here.

Lieut. But that's against kind, captain; for they are always long a making ready.

Folly. And is not most they do against kind, I prithee? to lie with their Horse-keeper, is not that against kind? to wear half moons made of another's hair, is not that against kind? to drink down a man, she that

should set him up, pray is not that monstrously against kindnow ? nay over with it, lieutenant, over with it ; ever while you live put a woman's clothes over her head : Cupid plays best at blindman's buff.

Lieut. You shall have your will, maintenance ; I love mad tricks as well as you for your heart, fir ; but what shift will you make for upper bodies, captain ?

Folly. I see now thou'rt an afs ; why, I'm ready.

Lieut. Ready ?

Folly. Why, the doublet serves as well as the best, and is most in fashion ; we're all male, to the middle ; mankind, from the beaver to the bum. 'Tis an Amazonian time ; you shall have women shortly tread their husbands. I should have a couple of locks behind ; prithee, lieutenant, find 'em out for me, and wind 'em about my hatband ; nay you shall see, we'll be in fashion to a hair ; and become all with probability : the most musty-visage critic shall not except against me.

Lieut. Nay, I'll give thee thy due, behind thy back, thou art as mad a piece of clay——

Folly. Clay ! dost call thy captain clay ? indeed, clay was made to stop holes ; he says true. Did not I tell you, rascals, you should see a woman quickly made up ?

Ant. I'll swear for't, captain.

Folly. Come, come, my mask, and my chinclout—
Come into the court.

Lieut. Nay, they were both i'th' court long ago, fir.

Folly. Let me see ; where shall I chuse two or three for pimps now ; but I cannot chuse amifs amongst you all, that's the best. Well, as I am a quean, you were best have a care of me ; and guard me sure. I give you warning before hand ; 'tis a monkey-tail'd age. Life, you shall go nigh to have half a dozen blyth fellows surprize me cowardly, carry me away with a pair of oars, and put in at Putney.

Lieut. We should laugh at that i'faith.

Folly. Or shoot in upo' the coast of Cue.

Lieut. Two notable fit landing places for lechers, P and C, Putney, and Cue.

Folly.

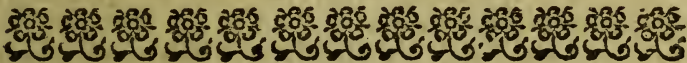
Folly. Well, say you have fair warning on't ; the hair about the hat is as good as a flag upo' the pole at a common play-houſe, to waſt company ; and a chinclout is of that powerful attraction, I can tell you, 'twill draw more linnēn to't.

Lieut. Fear not us, captain ; there's none here but can fight for a whore as well as ſome Inns o' court man.

Folly. Why then ſet forward ; and as you ſcorn two ſhilling brothels, twelvepenny pandariſm, and ſuch baſe bribes,

Guard me from bonny ſcribs and bony ſcribes.

Lieut. Hang 'em, penſions, and allowances ! fourpence half-penny a meal, hang 'em ! *Exeunt.*



Actus quartus.

*Enter in his chamber out of his ſtudy Mr. Penitent, Once-
Ill, a Book in his hand reading.*

Penit. **H**A? read that place again!—Adultery
Draws the divorce 'twixt heaven and the ſoul.
Accurſed man, that ſtands divorc'd from heaven !
Thou wretched unthrift, that haſt play'd away
Thy eternal portion at a minute's game ;
To pleaſe the fleſh, haſt blotted out thy name !
Where were thy nobler meditations buſied,
That they durſt truſt this body with itſelf ?
This natural drunkard that undoes us all,
And makes our ſhame apparent in our fall.
Then let my blood pay for't, and vex and boil !
My ſoul, I know, would never grieve to th' death,
Th' eternal ſpirit, that feeds her with his breath :
Nay I, that knew the price of life and ſin,
What crown is kept for continence, what for luſt,
The end of man, and glory of that end
As endleſs as the giver ;
To doat on weakneſs, ſlime, corruption, woman !
What is ſhe, took aſunder from her clothes ?

Being ready, she consists of hundred pieces,
 Much like your German clock, and near ally'd ;
 Both are so nice, they cannot go for pride.
 Beside a greater fault, but too well known,
 They'll strike to ten, when they should stop at one.
 Within these three days the next meeting's fix'd,
 If I meet then, hell and my soul be mix'd !
 My lodging I know constantly, she not knows ;
 Sin's hate is the best gift that sin bestows :
 I'll ne'er embrace her more, ---never---bear witness, never.

Enter the devil in her shape, claps him on the shoulder.

Suc. What at a stand ? the fitter for my company.

Penit. Celestial soldiers, guard me !

Succubus. How now, man ? 'lafs, did the quickness of
 my presence fright thee ?

Penit. Shield me, you ministers of faith and grace !

Suc. Leave, leave ; are you not asham'd to use such
 words to a woman ?

Penit. Th'art a devil.

Suc. A devil ? feel, feel man, has a devil flesh and bone ?

Penit. I do conjuree thee, by that dreadful power—

Suc. The man has a delight to make me tremble !

Are these the fruits of thy advent'rous love ?
 Was I entic'd for this, to be so soon rejected ?
 Come, what has chang'd thee so, Delight ?

Penit. Away !

Suc. Remember—

Penit. Leave my fight !

Suc. Have I this meeting wrought with cunning,
 Which when I come I find thee shunning ?
 Rouze thy amorous thoughts, and twine me ;
 All my interest I resign thee :
 Shall we let slip this mutual hour,
 Comes so seldom in our power ?
 Where's thy lip, thy clip, thy fathom ?
 Had women such loves, would't not mad 'em ?
 Art a man ? or dost abuse one ?
 A love ! and know'st not how to use one ?
 Come, I'll teach thee !

Penit. Do not follow——

Suc. Once so firm and now so hollow ?

When

When was place and season sweeter ?
 Thy blifs in fight, and dar'ft not meet her ?
 Where's thy courage, youth, and vigour ?
 Love's beft pleas'd, when't's feiz'd with rigour :
 Seize me then with veins moft chearful ;
 Women love no flefh that's fearful :
 'Tis but a fit, come drink't away,
 And dance and fmg, and kifs and play ! Fa le
 La, le la, fa le la, le la la ; fa le la, fa la le
 La le la.

Penit. Torment me not.

Suc. Fa le la, fa le la, fa la la loh.

Penit. Fury !

Suc. Fa le la, fa le la, fa la la loh.

Penit. Devil ! I do conjure thee once again,
 By that foul-quaking thunder to depart,
 And leave this chamber, freed from thy damn'd art.

[*Succubus stamps and exit.*]

Penit. It has prevail'd—Oh my fin-flaking finews !
 What fhould I think ? *Jasper*, why *Jasper*—

Jasper. Sir ! how now ? what has disturb'd you, fir ?

Penit. A fit, a qualm, is miftrefs Hairbrain gone ?

Jasp. Who fir ? Mrs. Hairbrain ?

Penit. Is ſhe gone, I ſay ?

Jasp. Gone ? why ſhe was never here yet.

Penit. No !

Jasp. Why no, fir.

Penit. Art ſure on't ?

Jasp. Sure on't. If I be ſure I breathe, and am myſelf.

Penit. I like it not ;—where kep'ſt thou ?

Jasp. I'th' next room, fir.

Penit. Why ſhe ſtruck by thee, man.

Jasp. You'd make one mad, fir ; that a gentlewoman
 ſhould ſteal by me, and I not hear her ! 'sfoot, one
 may hear the ruſſling of their bums almoſt an hour be-
 fore we ſee 'em.

Penit. I will be ſatisfied,—altho' to hazard.
 What tho' her husband meet me ? I am honeſt.
 When men's intents are wicked, their guilt haunts 'em ;
 But when they're juſt, they're arm'd and nothing daunts 'em.

Jasp. What strange humour call you this? He dreams of women, and both his eyes broad open! [*Exeunt.*]

Enter at one door sir Bounteous, at another Gumwater.

Sir Bount. Why, how now, master Gumwater? what's the news with your haste?

Gum. I have a thing to tell your worship—

Sir Bount. Why, prithee tell me, speak man.

Gum. Your worship shall pardon me, I have better bringing up than so.

Sir Bount. How, fir?

Gum. 'Tis a thing made fit for your ear, fir—

Sir Bount. Oh, oh, oh, cry-you-mercy, now I begin to taste you; is she come?

Gum. She's come, fir.

Sir Bount. Recover'd? well and sound again?

Gum. That's to be fear'd, fir.

Sir Bount. Why, fir?

Gum. She wears a linen cloth about her jaw.

Sir Bount. Ha, ha, haw,—why that's the fashion, you whoreson Gumwater.

Gum. The fashion, fir? Live I so long time to see that a fashion,

Which rather was an emblem of dispraise!

It was suspected much in monsieurs days.

Sir Bount. Ay, ay, in those days; that was a queasy time: our age is better hardened now, and put oftner in the fire. We are tried what we are. Tut, the pox is as natural now as an ague in the spring time; we seldom take physic without it. Here, take this key; you know what duties belong to't. Go,—give order for a cullice. Let there be a good fire made in the matted chamber; do you hear, fir?—

Gum. I know my office, fir.

[*Exit.*]

Sir Bount. An old man's venery is very chargeable, my masters; there's much cookery belongs to't. [*Exit.*]

Enter Gumwater with Folly-wit, in curtezan's disguise, and mask'd.

Gum. Come, lady, you know where you are now?

Folly.

Folly. Yes, good master Gumwater.

Gum. This is the old closet, you know.

Folly. I remember it well, sir.

Gum. There stands a casket, I would my yearly revenue were but worth the wealth that's lock'd in it, lady; yet I have fifty pound a year, wench.

Folly. Beside your apparel, sir?

Gum. Yes, faith, have I.

Folly. But then you reckon your chain, sir.

Gum. No, by my troth, do I not, neither: faith, and you consider me rightly, sweet lady, you might admit a choice gentleman into your service.

Folly. Oh, pray away, sir.

Gum. Pusha, come, come; you do but hinder your fortunes, i'faith; I have the command of all the house, I can tell you: nothing comes into the kitchen, but comes through my hands.

Folly. Pray do not handle me, sir.

Gum. Faith you're too nice, lady; and as for my secrecy, you know I have vow'd it often to you.

Folly. Vow'd it? no, no, you men are fickle——

Gum. Fickle?—'sfoot! bind me, lady——

Folly. Why I bind you by virtue of this chain to meet me to morrow at the Flower-de luce yonder, between nine and ten.

Gum. And if I do not, lady, let me lose it, thy love, and my best fortunes!

Folly. Why now I'll try you; go too.

Gum. Farewel, sweet lady! [*Kisses her.*] [*Exit.*]

Folly. Farewel, sweet coxcomb! by my faith, a good induction! I perceive by his over-worn phrase, and his action toward the middle region still, there has been some saucy nibbling motion; and no doubt the cunning quean waited but for her prey: and I think 'tis better bestowed upon me, for his soul's health, and his body's too. I'll teach the slave to be so bold yet, as once to offer to vault into his master's saddle, i'faith. Now, casket, by your leave; I have seen your outside oft, but that's no proof. Some have fair outsides, that are nothing worth: Ha?—now, by my faith, a gentle-

woman of very good parts; diamond, ruby, sapphire; *Onyx cum prole; Silëxque!* If I do not wonder how the quean escap'd tempting, I'm an hermaphrodite! sure she could lack nothing, but the devil to point to't; and I wonder that he should be missing. Well, 'tis better as it is; this is the fruit of old grunting venery. Grandfire, you may thank your drab for this. Oh fie, in your crinkling days, grandfire, keep a curtezan to hinder your grandchild! 'tis against nature, i'faith, and I hope you'll be weary on't. Now to my villains that lurk close below:

Who keeps a harlot, tell him this from me,
He needs not thief, disease, nor enemy.

[*Exit.*]

Enter sir Bounteous.

Sir Bount. Ah, sirrah, methinks I feel myself well toasted, bombasted, rub'd and refresh'd; but i'faith I cannot forget to think how soon sickness has altered her—to my taste. I gave her a kiss at bottom of the stairs; and, by the mass, methought her breath had much ado to be sweet; like a thing compounded, methought, of wine, beer, and tobacco; I smelt much pudding in't.

It may be but my fancy, or her physick:

For this I know, her health gavè such content,
The fault rests in her sickness, or my scent. How dost thou now, sweet girl? what, well recovered? sickness quite gone, ha? speak—ha? wench? Frank Gulman! Why, body of mé, what's here? my casket wide open, broke open, my jewels stolen——why Gumwater——

Gum. Anon, anon, sir.

Sir Bount. Come hither, Gumwater.

Gum. That were small manners, sir, i'faith! I'll find a time anon; your worship's busy yet.

Sir Bount. Why, Gumwater?

Gum. Foh, nay then you'll make me blush, i'faith,
sir——

Sir Bount. Where's this creature?

Gum. What creature is it you would have, sir?

Sir Bount. The worst that ever breathes.

Gum. That's a wild boar, sir.

Sir

Sir Bount. That's a vile whore, fir; — where didst thou leave her, rascal?

Gum. Who? your recreation, fir?

Sir Bount. My execration, fir!

Gum. Where I was wont; in your worship's closet.

Sir Bount. A pox engross her! it appears too true, See you this casket, fir?

Gum. My chain, my chain, my chain! my one, and only chain! [Exit.

Sir Bount. Thou run'st to much purpose now. Is not a quean enough to answer for, but she must join a thief to it? a thieving quean. Nay, I have done with her, i'faith, 'tis a sign she has been sick a late, for she is a great deal worse than she was! by my troth, I would have pawn'd my life upon't. Did she want any thing? was she not supply'd?

Nay, and liberally; for that's an old man's sin;

We'll feast our lechery, tho' we starve our kin.

Is not my name fir Bounteous; am I not express'd there?

Ah, fie, fie, fie; fie, fie! but I perceive,

Tho' she have never so compleat a friend,

A strumpet's love will have a waft i'th' end,

And distaste the vessel. I can hardly bear this;

But say, I should complain; perhaps she has paw'
'em——

'Sfoot the judges will but laugh at it, and bid her borrow more money of 'em; make the old fellow pay for his lechery; that's all the mends I get. I have seen the same case tryed at Newbury the last 'sises.

Well, things must slip and sleep; I will dissemble it,

Because my credit shall not loose her lustre:

But whilst I live, I'll neither love nor trust her.

I've done, I've done, I've done with her, i'faith! [Exit.

[Master Penitent Brothel knocking within; enter a servant.

Enter master Penitent.

Serv. Who's that knocks?

Penit. A friend.

Serv. What's your will, fir?

Penit. Is master Hairbrain at home?

Serv. No, newly gone from it, fir.

Penit. Where's the gentlewoman his wife?

Serv. My mistress is within, fir.

Penit. When came she in, I pray?

Serv. Who, my mistress? she was not out these two days, to my knowledge.

Penit. No? trust me, I thought I had seen her; I would request a word with her.

Serv. I'll tell her, fir.

Penit. I thank you——It likes me worse and worse.

Enter mistress Hairbrain.

Wife. Why, how now, fir? 'twas desperately adventured;

I little look'd for you until the morrow.

Penit. No? why what made you at my chamber then even now?

Wife. I, at your chamber?

Penit. Puh——dissemble not; come, come, you were there.

Wife. By my life you wrong me, fir.

Penit. What?

Wife. First you are not ignorant what watch is kept over me;

And for your chamber, as I live I know it not.

Penit. Burst into sorrow then, and griefs extreme,
Whilst I beat on this flesh.

Wife. What is it disturbs you, fir?

Penit. Then was the devil in your likeness there.

Wife. Ha?

Penit. The very devil assum'd thee formally;
That face, that voice, that gesture, that attire,
E'en as it sits on thee, not a plait alter'd,
That beaver band, the colour of that periwig,
The farthingal above the navel, all;
As if the fashion were his own invention.

Wife. Mercy, defend me!

Penit. To beguile me more,

The cunning Succubus told me, that meeting
 Was wrought a purpose by much wit and art ;
 Wept to me ; laid my vows before me ; urg'd me ;
 Gave me the private marks of all our love ;
 Woo'd me in wanton and effeminate rhymes ;
 And sung and danc'd about me like a Fairy :
 And had not worthier cogitations blest me,
 Thy form, and his enchantments, had possess'd me.

Wife. What shall become of me ! my own thoughts
 doom me ?

Penit. Be honest, then the devil will ne'er assume
 thee :

He has no pleasure in that shape to abide,
 Where these two sisters reign, hot lust or pride.
 He as much trembles at a constant mind
 As looser flesh at him ;—be not dismay'd ;
 Souls spring for joy, his policies are betray'd !
 Forgive me, Mrs. Hairbrain, on whose soul
 The guilt hangs double ;
 My lust, and thy enticement. Both I challenge ;
 And therefore of due vengeance it appear'd
 To none but me, to whom both sins inher'd.
 What knows the lecher, when he clips his whore,
 Whether it be the devil his parts adore ?
 They're both so like, that, in our natural sense,
 I could discern no change nor difference.
 No marvel then times should so stretch and turn ;
 None for religion, all for pleasure burn.
 Hot zeal into hot lust is now transform'd ;
 Grace into painting, charity into clothes ;
 Faith into false hair, and put off as often ;
 There's nothing but our virtue knows a mean :
 He that kept open house, now keeps a quean.
 He will keep open still, that he commends ;
 And there he keeps a table for his friends :
 And she consumes more than her fire could hoard,
 Being more common than his house or board :

[*Enter Hairbrain*]

Live honest, and live happy, keep thy vows,
 She's part a virgin whom but one man knows :

Embrace thy husband, and beside him none,
Having but one heart, give it but to one.

Wife. I vow it on my knees, with tears true bred,
No man shall ever wrong my husband's bed.

Penit. Rise, I'm thy friend for ever.

Hairb. And I thine!

For ever and ever!—Let me embrace thee, fir, whom
I will love even next unto my soul, and that's my wife.
Two dear rare jems this hour presents me with,
A wife that's modest, and a friend that's right,
Idle suspect and fear, now take your flight.

Penit. A happy inward peace crown both your joys.

Hairb. Thanks above utterance to you,—now the
news?

Servus. Sir Bounteous Progress, fir,
Invites you and my mistress to a feast
On tuesday next; his man attends without.—

Hairb. Return both with our willingness and thanks.
I will intreat you, fir, to be my guest.

Penit. Who I, fir?

Hairb. Faith you shall.

Penit. Well, I'll break strife.

Hairb. A friend's so rare, I'll sooner part from life.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Follywit, the curtizan striving from him.

Folly. What so coy, so strict, come, come.

Curt. Pray change your opinion, fir, I am not for that
use.

Folly. Will you but hear me?

Curt. I shall hear that I would not. [Exit.]

Folly. 'Sfoot, this is strange! I've seldom seen a wench
stand upon stricter points; life, she will not endure to be
courted, does she ever think to prosper? I'll ne'er be-
lieve that tree can bring forth fruit, that never bears a
blossom. Courtship is a blossom, and often brings forth
fruit in forty weeks: it were a mad part in me now to
turn over: if ever there were any hope on't, 'tis at this
instant. Shall I be madder now than ever I have been?
I'm in the way, i'faith.

Man's never at high height of madness full,
 Until he love, and prove a woman's gull;
 I do protest in earnest, I ne'er knew
 At which end to begin to affect a woman;
 Till this bewitching minute, I ne'er saw
 Face worth my object, till mine eye met her's; I should
 laugh if I were caught, i'faith; I'll see her again, that
 is certain, whate'er comes on't; by your favour, ladies.

Enter the Mother.

Mot. You're welcome, fir.

Folly. Know you the young gentlewoman that went in lately?

Mot. I have best cause to know her, I am her mother, fir.

Folly. Oh in good time, I like the gentlewoman well, a pretty contriv'd beauty.

Mot. Ay, nature has done her part, fir.

Folly. But she has one uncomely quality.

Mot. What is that, fir?

Folly. 'sfoot, she is afraid of a man.

Mot. Alas, impute that to her bashful spirit, she is fearful of her honour.

Folly. Of her honour? 'svid, I am sure I cannot get her maidenhead with breathing upon her, nor can she lose her honour in her tongue.

Mot. True, and I have often told her so; but what would you have of a foolish virgin, fir, a wilful virgin? I tell you, fir, I need not have been in that solitary state that I am, had she had grace and boldness to have put herself forward; always timorful, always backward! ah, that same peevish honour of hers has undone her and me both, good gentleman! the suitors, the jewels, the jointures that has been offered her! we had been made women for ever; but what was her fashion? she could not endure the sight of a man, forsooth, but run and hid herself presently. So choice of her honour, I am persuaded, whene'er she has a husband, she will even be a precedent for all married wives how to direct their actions and their lives.

Folly. Have you not so much power with her to command her presence?

Mot. You shall see strait what I can do, sir. [*Exit.*]

Folly. Would I might be hang'd, if my love do not stretch to her deeper and deeper. Those bashful maiden humours take me prisoner. When there comes a restraint upon flesh, we are always most greedy upon it; and that makes your merchant's wife oftentimes pay so dear for a mouthful. Give me a woman as she was made at first; simple of herself, without sophistication, like this wench; I cannot abide them when they have tricks, set speeches, and artful entertainments. You shall have some so impudently aspected, they will outcry the forehead of a man, make him blush first, and talk him into silence; and this is counted manly in a woman; it may hold so; sure womanly it is not. No,

If e'er I love, or any thing move me,
'Twill be a woman's simple modesty.

Enter mother bringing in strivingly the curtezan.

Curt. Pray let me go; why, mother, what do you mean? I beseech you, mother! is this your conquest now? great glory 'tis to overcome a poor and silly virgin.

Folly. The wonder of our time sits in that brow, I ne'er beheld a perfect maid till now.

Mot. Thou childish thing, more bashful than thou'rt wife,

Why dost thou turn aside, and drown thine eyes?
Look, fearful fool, there's no temptation near thee;
Art not ashamed that any flesh should fear thee?

Why, I durst pawn my life the gentleman means no other but honest and pure love to thee; how say you, sir?

Folly. By my faith not I, lady.

Mot. Hark you there? what think you now, falsehood? what grieves your honour now?
Or what lascivious breath intends to rear
Against that maiden organ, your chaste ear?
Are you resolv'd now better of mens hearts,

Their

Their faiths and their affections? With you none,
Or at most few, whose tongues and minds are one.

Repent you now of your opinion past,
Men love as purely as you can be chaste.

To her yourself, fir; the way is broke before you; you
have the easier passage.

Folly. Fear not, come, erect thy happy graces in thy
look;

I am no furious wooer, but in faith
I love thee honourably.

Curt. How mean you that, fir?

Folly. 's foot, as one loves a woman for a wife.

Mot. Has the gentleman answered you, trow?

Folly. I do confes it truly to you both,
My estate is yet but sickly; but I've a grandfire
Will make me lord of thousands at his death.

Mot. I know your grandfire well; she knows him
better.

Folly. Why then, you know, no fiction; my estate then
will be a long day's journey above the waste, wench.

Mot. Nay, daughter, he says true.

Folly. And thou shalt often measure it in thy coach,
And with the wheels tract make a girdle for't.

Mot. Ah, it will be a merry journey.

Folly. What, is't a match? if it be, clap hands and lips.

Mot. 'Tis done, there is witness on't.

Folly. Why then, mother, I salute you.

Mot. Thanks, sweet son;—son Follywit, come hi-
ther, if I might counsel thee, we'll even take her while
the good mood is upon her, send for a priest, and clap
it up within this hour.

Folly. By my troth agreed, mother.

Mot. Nor does her wealth consist all in her flesh;
Tho' beauty be enough wealth for a woman,
She brings a dowry of three hundred pound with her.

Folly. 's foot, that will serve till my grandfire dies; I
warrant you he'll drop away at fall of the leaf; if ever
he reach to all Hollantide, I'll be hang'd.

Mot. O yes, son, he is a lusty old gentleman.

Folly.

Folly. Ah pox, he is given to women ; he keeps a quean at this present.

Mot. Fie.

Folly. Do not tell my wife on't.

Mot. That were needless, i'faith.

Folly. He makes a great feast upon the eleventh of this month, Tuesday next, and you shall see players there.—I have one trick more to put upon him ; my wife and yourself shall go thither before as my guests, and prove his entertainment. I'll meet you there at night. The jest will be here ; that feast which he makes will, unknown to him, serve fitly for our wedding-dinner ; we shall be royally furnish'd, and save some charges by it.

Mot. An excellent course i'faith, and a thrifty ; why, son, methinks you begin to thrive before you are married.

Folly. We shall thrive one day, wench, and clep enough,
Between our hopes there's but a grandfire's puff. [*Exit.*]

Mot. So, girl, here was a bird well caught.

Curt. If ever, here : but what for his grandfire ? it will scarce please him well.

Mot. Who covets fruit, ne'er cares from whence it fell,

Thou'st wedded youth and strength, and wealth will fall :
Last thou'rt made honest

Curt. And that's worth them all.

[*Exeunt.*]



Actus quintus.

Enter busily Sir Bounteous Progress for the feast.

Sir Bount. **H**AVE a care, blue coats ; bestir yourself,
Mr. Gumwater ; cast an eye into the
kitchen,

kitchen; overlook the knaves a little; every Jack has his friend to day. This cousin, and that cousin, puts in for a dish of meat. A man knows not, till he make a feast, how many varlets he feeds. Acquaintances swarm in every corner, like flies at Bartholomewtide, that come up with drovers; 'sfoot, I think they smell my kitchen seven mile about. Mr. Shortrod, and his sweet bedfellow, you are very copiously welcome.

Hairb. Sir, here is an especial dear friend of ours; we were bold to make his way to your table.

Sir Bount. Thanks for that boldness ever, good Mr. Shortrod, is this your friend, sir?

Hairb. Both my wife's friend and mine, sir.

Sir Bount. Why then compendiously, sir,—you are welcome.

Penit. In octavo I thank you, sir.

Sir Bount. Excellently retorted, i'faith, he's welcome for his wit: I have my sorts of salutes, and know how to place them courtly. Walk in, sweet gentlemen, walk in; there is a good fire in the hall; you shall have my sweet company instantly.

Hairb. Ay, good Sir Bounteous.

Enter Semus.

Sir Bount. You shall indeed, gentlemen; how now, what news brings thee in stumbling now?

Semus. There are certain players come to town, sir, and desire to interlude before your worship.

Sir Bount. Players? By the mass they are welcome, they will grace my entertainment well; but for certain players, there thou liest, boy; they were never more uncertain in their lives; now up, and now down; they know not when to play, where to play, nor what to play; not when to play, for fearful fools; where to play, for puritan fools; nor what to play, for critical fools.—Go, call them in;—how fitly the whoresons come upon the feast, troth I was even wishing for them;—oh, welcome, welcome, my friends.

Folly. The month of May delights not in her flowers More than we joy in that sweet fight of yours.

Sir

Sir Bount. Well acted on my crédit; I perceive he is your best actor.

Semus. He has greatest share, fir, and may live of himself, fir.

Sir Bount. What, what, put on your hat, fir, pray put on; go to, wealth must be respected, let those that have least feathers stand bare; and whose men are you I pray? nay, keep on your hat still.

Folly. We serve my lord Owemuch fir.

Sir Bount. My lord Owemuch? by my troth the welcomest men alive! Give me all your hands at once; that honourable gentleman, he lay at my house in a robbery once, and took all quietly, went away cheerfully. I made a very good feast for him; I never saw a man of honour bear things bravelier away. Serve my lord Owemuch? welcome, i'faith. Some bastard for my lord's players,—where be you, boys?

Folly. They come along with the waggon, fir.

Sir Bount. Good, good; and which is your politician amongst you? now, i'faith, he that works out restraints, makes best legs at court, and has a suit made of purpose for the company's business, which is he? come, be not afraid of him.

Folly. I am he, fir.

Sir Bount. Art thou he? give me thy hand, hark in thine ear; thou rowlest too much to gather so much moss as thy fellow there; champ upon that. Ah, and what play shall we have, my masters?

Folly. A pleasant, witty comedy, fir.

Sir Bount. Ay, ay, ay, a comedy in any case, that I and my guests may laugh a little; what's the name on't?

Folly. 'Tis call'd the Slip.

Sir Bount. The Slip? by my troth a pretty name, and a glib one; go all, and slip into it, as fast as you can; cover a table for the players. First take heed of a lurcher, he cuts deep, he will eat up all from you. Some Zerry for my lord's players there; firrah, why this will be a true feast, a right mitre supper, a play and all, more lights.—I call'd for light; here come in, two are light enough for a whole house i'faith. Dare the thief
look

look me in the face? O impudent times! Go to, dissemble it.

Enter mother and curtezan.

Mot. Bless you, fir Bounteous.

Sir Bount. O welcome, welcome! thief, quean, and bawd, welcome all three!

Mot. Nay, here's but two of us, fir.

Sir Bount. O' my troth I took her for a couple; I'd a ve sworn there had been two faces there.

Mot. Not all under one hood, fir.

Sir Bount. Yes, faith wou'd I, to see mine eyes bear double.

Mot. I'll make it hold; my daughter is a couple, She was married yesterday.

Sir Boun. Buz!

Mot. Nay, to no buzzard neither; a right hawk, Whene'er you know him.

Sir Bount. Away, he cannot be but a rascal. Walk in, walk in, bold guests, that come unsent for;—pox, I perceive how my jewels went now, to grace her marriage!

Curt. Would you with me, fir?

Sir Bount. Ay, how hapt it, wench, you put the slip upon me,

Not three nights since? I name it gently to you; I term it neither pilfer, cheat, nor shark.

Curt. You are past my reach.

Sir Bount. I am old, and past your reach, very good; but you will not deny this, I trust.

Curt. With a safe conscience, fir.

Sir Bount. You? give me thy hand, fare thee well; I have done with her.

Curt. Give me your hand, fir; you ne'er yet begun with me.

[*Exit.*]

Sir Bount. Whew, whew! O audacious age! She denies me, and all! When on her fingers I spy'd the ruby fit, that does betray her, And blushes for her fact! Well, there's a time for't, For all's too little now for entertainment.

Feast,

Feast, mirth, ay harmony, and the play to boot,
A jovial season! How now! are you ready?

Enter Follywit.

Folly. Even upon readines, fir.

Sir Bount. Keep you your hat on? [*Takes it off.*]

Folly. I have a suit to your worship.

Sir Bount. Oh, cry you mercy; then you must stand bare.

Folly. We could do all to the life of action, fir, both for the credit of your worship's house, and the grace of our comedy.

Sir Bount. Cuds me, what else, fir?

Folly. But for some defects (as the custom is) we would be bold to require your worship's assistance.

Sir Bount. Why, with all my heart; what is it you want? speak.

Folly. One's a chain for a justice's hat, fir.

Sir Bount. Why here, here, here, here, whoreson, will this serve your turn? what else lack you?

Folly. We should use a ring with a stone in it.

Sir Bount. Nay, whoop, I have given too many rings already, talk no more of rings, I pray you; here, here, here, make this jewel serve for once.

Folly. Oh this will serve, fir.

Sir Bount. What, have you all now?

Folly. All now, fir,—only time is brought in the middle of the play, and I would desire your Lordship's watch.

Sir Bount. My watch? with all my heart; only give time a charge, that he be not fiddling with it.

Folly. You shall ne'er see that, fir.

Sir Bount. Well, now you are furnish'd, fir, make haste away.

Folly. Even as fast as I can, fir,—I'll set my fellows going first; they must have time and leisure, or they're dull else.

I'll stay and speak a prologue, yet o'ertake 'em. I cannot have conscience, i'faith, to go away, and speak never

never a word to them. My grandfire has given me three shares here; sure I'll do somewhat for them.

[Exit.

Enter fir Bounteous, and all the guests.

Sir Bount. More lights, more stools! fit, fit! the play begins.

Short. Have you players here, fir Bounteous?

Sir Bount. We have 'em for you, fir, fine nimble comedians, proper actors most of them.

Penit. Whose men I pray you, fir?

Sir Bount. Oh there's their credit, fir, they serve an honourable popular gentleman, eclipsed my lord Owe-much.

Short. My lord Owe-much, he was in Ireland lately.

Sir Bount. Oh, you ne'er knew any of the name but were great travellers.

Short. How is the comedy call'd, Sir Bounteous?

Sir Bount. Marry, Sir, the Slip.

Short. The Slip?

Sir Bount. Ay, and here the prologue begins to slip in upon us.

Short. 'Tis so indeed, Sir Bounteous.

Enter for a prologue Folly-wit.

PROLOGUE.

Folly. We sing of wandring knights, what them betide,
Who nor in one place, nor one shape abide;

They're here now, and anon no scouts can reach 'em,
Being every man well hors'd like a bold Beacham.

The play, which we present, no fault shall meet

But one, you'll say 'tis short, we'll say 'tis sweet:

'Tis given much to dumb shews, which some praise;

And, like the term, delights much in delays.

So to conclude, and give the name her due,

The play being call'd the Slip, I vanish too. [Exit.

Sir Bount. Excellently well acted, and a nimble conceit.

Short. The prologue's pretty, i'faith.

Penit. And went off well.

Sir Bount. Ay, that's the grace of all, when they go away well, ah—

Curt. A' my troth, and I were not married, I could find in my heart to fall in love with that player now, and send for him to a supper; I know some in the town that have done as much, and there took such a good conceit of their parts into the twopenny room, that the actors have been found in the morning in a less compass than their stage, tho' 'twere ne'er so full of gentlemen.

Sir Bount. But, passion of me, where be these knaves, will they not come away? methinks they stay very long.

Penit. Oh you must bear a little, sir; they have many shifts to run into.

Sir Bount. Shifts call you them? they're horrible long things!

Folly. A pox of such fortune, the plot's betray'd!

[*Folly-wit returns in a fury.*]

All will come out! yonder they come, taken upon suspicion: and brought back by a constable. I was accus'd to hold society with such coxcombs! what's to be done? I shall be astram'd for ever! my wife here, and all! ah pox—by light, happily thought upon! the chain. Invention stick to me this once, and fail me ever hereafter: so, so,—

Sir Bount. Life I say, where be these players? oh, are you come! troth 'tis time, I was e'en sending for you.

Short. How moodily he walks, what plays he trow?

Sir Bount. A justice, upon my credit; I know by the chain there.

Folly. Unfortunate justice!

Sir Bount. Ah—a—a—

Folly. In thy kin unfortunate!

Here comes thy nephew now upon suspicion;
Brought by a constable before thee; his vile associates
with him;

But so disguis'd, none knows him but myself.

'T'wice have I set him free from officers fangs,
And for his sake, his fellows: let him look to't;
My conscience will permit but one wink more.

Sir Bount. Yea, shall we take justice winking.

Folly.

Folly. For this time I have bethought a means to work thy freedom, tho' hazarding myself; should the law seize him,
Being kin to me, 'twould blemish much my name,
No; I'd rather lean to danger, than to shame.

Enter a constable with them.

Sir Bount. A very explete justice.

Con. Thank you, good neighbours; let me alone with them now.

Lieu. 'Sfoot, whose yonder?

Ant. Dare he sit there?

2 Folly-wit!

3 Captain! puh ———

Folly. How now, constable; what news with thee?

Con. May it please your worship, fir, ——— here are a company of auspicious fellows.

Sir Bount. To me? puh — turn to the justice, you whoreson hobby horse! this is some new player now; they put all their fools to the constables part still.

Folly. What's the matter, constable, what's the matter?

Con. I have nothing to say to your worship ——— they were all riding on horseback, an't please your worship.

Sir Bount. Yet again; a pox of all asses still, they could not ride a foot, unless 'twere in a bawdy-house.

Con. The ostler told me they were all unstable fellows, fir.

Folly. Why sure the fellow's drunk?

Lieut. We spy'd that weakness in him long ago, fir; your worship must bear with him, the man's much overseen; only in respect of his office we obeyed him, both to appear conformable to law, and clear of all offence: for I protest, fir, he found us but a horseback.

Folly. What, he did?

Lieut. As I have a soul that's all, and all he can lay to us.

Con. I'faith, you were not all riding away then.

Lieu. 'Sfoot, being a horseback, fir, that must needs follow.

Folly. Why true, fir.

Sir Boun. Well said, justice, he helps his kinsman well.

Folly. Why, firrah, do you use to bring gentlemen before us for riding away, what will you have 'em stand still when they're up, like smug upo' the white horse yonder? are your wits steep'd? I'll make you an example for all dizzy constables, how they abuse justice; here bind him to his chair.

Con. Ha, bind him, hoe?

Folly. If you want cords, use garters.

Con. Help, help, gentlemen.

Lieut. As fast as we can, fir.

Con. Thieves, thieves.

Folly. A gag will help all this; keep less noise, you knave.

Con. Oh help, rescue the constable——oh, O.

Sir Boun. Ho, ho, ho, ho.

Folly. Why la you, who lets you now?

You may ride quietly, I'll see you to——

Take horse myself; I have nothing else to do. *Exit.*

Con. Oh,——oh——oh——

Sir Boun. Ha, ha, ha, by my troth the maddest piece of justice, gentlemen, that ever was committed.

Short. I'll be sworn for the madness on't, fir.

Sir Boun. I am deceiv'd, if this prove not a merry Comedy and a witty.

Penit. Alas, poor constable, his mouth's open, and ne'er a wise word.

Sir Boun. Faith he speaks now, e'en as many, as he has done; he seems wisest when he gapes and says nothing. Ha ha—— he turns, and tells his tale to me like an ass. What have I to do with their riding away? They may ride for me, thou whoreson cockcomb, thou! nay, thou art well enough serv'd i'faith.

Penit. But what follows all this while, fir; methinks some should pass by before this time, and pity the constable.

Sir Boun. By the mass and you say true, fir,——go firrah, step in, I think they have forgot themselves, call the knaves away, they're in a wood, I believe——

Con. Ay, ay, ay.

Sir Boun. Hark, the constable says I, they're in a wood,—ha, ha—

Nub. He thinks long of the time, fir Bounteous.

Sir Boun. How now? when come they?

Serv. Alas, an't please your worship, there's not one of them to be found, fir.

Sir Boun. How?

Short. What says the fellow?

Serv. Neither horse, nor man, fir.

Sir Boun. Body of me, thou liest.

Serv. Not a hair of either, fir.

Short. How now, fir Bounteous.

Sir Boun. Cheated and defeated, ungag that rascal, I'll hang him for's fellows. I'll make him bring 'em out.

Const. Did not I tell your worship this before, brought 'em before you for suspected persons; stay'd 'em at town's end upon warning given, made signs that my very jaw-bone akes? your worship would not hear me; call'd me ass; saving your worship's presence, laugh'd at me.

Sir Boun. Ha?

Short. I begin to taste it.

Sir Boun. Give me leave, give me leave, why art not thou the constable i'th' comedy?

Con. I'th' comedy? why, I am the constable i'th' commonwealth, fir.

Sir Boun. I am gull'd i'faith, I am gull'd, when wast thou chose?

Con. On thursday last, fir.

Sir Boun. A pox go with't, there't goes.

Penit. I seldom heard Jest match it.

Short. Nor I i'faith.

Sir Boun. Gentlemen, shall I intreat a courtesy?

Short. What is't, fir?

Sir Boun. Do not laugh at me seven year hence.

Penit. We should betray and laugh at our own folly then, for of my troth none here but was deceiv'd in't

Sir Boun. Faith that's some comfort yet; ha, ha, it was featly carried; troth I commend their wits; before our faces make us asses, while we sit still and only laugh at ourselves.

Penit. Faith they were some counterfeit rogues, fir.

Sir B. Why they confes so much themselves ; they said they'd play the slip ; they should be men of their words ; I hope the justice will have more conscience, i'faith, than to carry away a chain of a hundred mark of that fashion.

Short. What, fir ?

Sir Boun. Ay, by my troth fir ; besides a jewel ; and a jewel's fellow, a good fair watch, that hung about my neck, fir.

Short. 'sfoot, what did you mean, fir ?

Sir Boun. Methinks my lord Owemuch's players should not scorn me so i'faith ; they will come, and bring all again, I know ; pish, they will, i'faith ; but a jest, certainly.

Enter Follywit in his own shape, and all the rest.

Folly. Pray, grandfire, give me your blessing ?

Sir Boun. Who ? son Folly-wit ?

Folly. This shows like kneeling after the play ; I praying for my lord Owemuch and his good Countess, our honourable lady and mistress.

Sir Boun. Rise richer by a blessing ; thou art welcome.

Folly. Thanks, good grandfire ; I was bold to bring those gentlemen, my friends.

Sir Boun. They're all welcome ; salute you that side, and I'll welcome this side. Sir, to begin with you.

Short. Mr. Follywit.

Folly. I am glad 'tis our fortune so happily to meet, fir.

Sir Boun. Nay, then you know me not, fir.

Folly. Sweet Mrs. Hairbrain.

Sir Boun. You cannot be too bold, fir.

Folly. Our marriage known ?

Curt. Not a word yet.

Folly. The better.

Sir Boun. Faith, son, would you had come sooner with these gentlemen.

Folly. Why, grandfire ?

Sir Boun. We had a play here.

Folly. A play fir, no.

Sir Boun. Yes, faith ! a pox o'th'author !

Folly. Bless us all, why were they such vile ones, fir ?

Sir

Sir Boun. I am sure villainous ones, fir.

Folly. Some raw simple fools!

Sir Boun. Nay, by th' mafs these were enough for thievish knaves.

Folly. What, fir?

Sir Boun. Which way came you, gentlemen? you could not choofe but meet 'em.

Folly. We met a company with hampers after 'em.

Sir Boun. Oh those were they, those were they; a pox hamper 'em.

Folly. Bless us all again.

Sir Boun. They have hamper'd me finely, firrah.

Folly. How, fir?

Sir Boun. How, fir! I lent the rascals properties to furnish out their play, a chain, a jewel, and a watch; and they watch'd their time, and rid quite away with 'em.

Folly. Are they such creatures?

Sir Boun. Harkee, harkee, gentlemen! by this light, the watch rings alarum in his pocket, — there's my watch come again, or the very cousin german to't, whose is't, whose is't? by th' mafs 'tis he, hast thou one son? prithee bestow it upon thy grandfire, I now look for mine again, i'faith, nay, come with a good will or not at all; I'll give thee a better thing, a peace, a peace, gentlemen.

Short. Great or small.

Sir Boun. At once I have drawn chain, jewel, watch, and all.

Penit. By my faith you have a fortunate hand, fir.

Short. Nay, all to come at once.

Lieut. A vengeance of this foolery.

Folly. Have I 'scap'd the constable to be brought in by the watch?

Curt. O destiny, have I married a thief, mother?

Moth. Comfort thyself; thou art before hand with him, daughter.

Sir Boun. Why son, why gentlemen, how long have you been my lord Owemuch's servants, i'faith?

Folly. Faith, grandfire, shall I be true to you?

Sir B. I think 'tis time; thou'st been a thief already.

Folly. I knowing the day of your feast, and the natural inclination you have to pleasure and pastime, presum'd upon your patience for a jest, as well to prolong your days as——

Sir Boun. Whoop, why then you took my chain along with you to prolong my days, did you ?

Folly. Not so neither, fir, and that you may be seriously assured of my hereafter stableness of life, I have took another course.

Sir Boun. What ?

Folly. Took a wife.

Sir B. A wife ! 'sfoot, what is she for a fool would marry thee, a madman ? where was the wedding kept, in bedlam ?

Folly. She's both a gentlewoman and a virgin.

Sir B. Stop there, stop there ; would I might see her !

Folly. You have your wish, she's here.

Sir Boun. Ah, ha, ha, ha, this makes amends for all.

Folly. How now ?

Lieut. Captain do you hear ? is she your wife in earnest ?

Folly. How then ?

Lieut. Nothing but I pity you, fir.

Sir Boun. Speak, son, is't true ?

Can you gull us, and let a quean gull you ?

Folly. Ha !

Curt. What I have been, is past ; be that forgiven ; I have a soul true both to thee and heaven.

Folly. Is't come about ? Tricks are repaid, I see.

Sir Boun. The best is, firrah, you pledge none but me ; And since I drink the top, take her : and, hark ! I spice the bottom with a thousand mark.

Folly. By my troth, she is as good a cup of nectar as any batchelor needs to sip at.

Tut give me gold, it makes amends for vice ;
Maids without coin, are caudles without spice.

Sir Boun. Come, gentlemen, to th' feast ; let not time waste ;

We have pleas'd our ear, now let us please our taste :
Who lives by cunning, mark it, his fate's cast ;
When he has gull'd all, then is himself the last.



'Tis Pity she's a WHORE :

A

TRAGEDY.

By JOHN FORD.

C





MR. JOHN FORD was a gentleman of the Middle-Temple, and liv'd in the reign of Charles the first. He has wrote, besides the following Tragedy, seven other pieces, and generally put in the title page instead of his name an anagram on it, viz. Fide Honor. His plays are, the Broken Heart, Perkin Warbeck, Love's Sacrifice, Tragedies; Fancies chaste and noble, Ladies Tryal, Lover's Melancholy, Tragi-comedies; and the Sun's Darling, a moral mask.



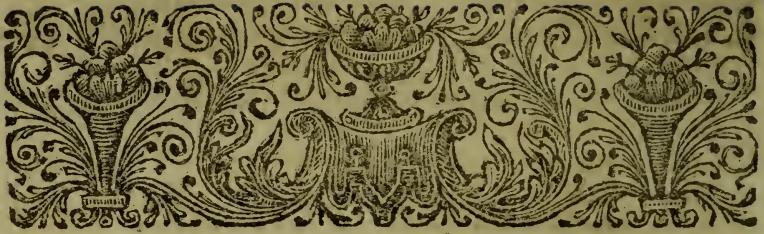
Dramatis Personæ.

B *Onaventura*, a friar.
A Cardinal, nuncio to the pope.
Soranzo, a nobleman.
Florio, a citizen of Parma.
Donado, another citizen.
Grimaldi, a Roman gentleman.
Giovanni, son to Florio.
Bergetto, nephew to Donado.
Richardetto, a suppos'd physician.
Vasques, servant to Soranzo.
Poggio, servant to Bergetto.
Bandetti.

W O M E N.

Annabella, daughter to Florio.
Hippolita, wife to Richardetto.
Philotis, his niece.
Putana, tutress to Anabella.

The Scene, P A R M A.



'Tis Pity she's a WHORE :

A

TRAGEDY.

Actus primus.

Enter Friar and Giovanni.

Fr.



DISPUTE no more in this, for know,
 young man,
 These are no school-points ; nice
 philosophy
 May tolerate unlikely arguments,
 But heaven admits no jest ; wits that

preum'd

On wit too much, by striving how to prove
 There was no God, with foolish grounds of art,

Dis-

Discover'd first the nearest way to Hell ;
 And fill'd the world with dev'lish atheism.
 Such questions youth are fond : far better 'tis
 To bless the sun, than reason why it shines ;
 Yet he thou talk'ft of is above the sun.
 No more ; I may not hear it.

Gio. Gentle father,
 To you I have unclasp'd my burden'd soul,
 Empty'd the store-house of my thoughts and heart,
 Made myself poor of secrets ; have not left
 Another word untold, which hath not spoke
 All what I ever durst, or think, or know ;
 And yet is here the comfort I shall have ?
 Must I not do what all men else may, love ?

Fr. Yes, you may love, fair son.

Gio. Must I not praise
 That beauty, which, if fram'd a-new, the gods
 Would make a god of, if they had it there ;
 And kneel to it, as I do kneel to them ?

Fr. Why, foolish mad-man !

Gio. Shall a peevish sound,
 A customary form, from man to man,
 Of brother and of sister, be a bar
 'Twixt my perpetual happiness and me ?
 Say that we had one father, say one womb
 (Curse to my joys) gave us both life and birth ;
 Are we not therefore each to other bound
 So much the more by nature ; by the links
 Of blood, of reason ; nay, if you will hav't,
 Even of religion, to be ever one,
 One soul, one flesh, one love, one heart, one all ?

Fr. Have done, unhappy youth, for thou art lost.

Gio. Shall then, for that I am her brother born,
 My joys be ever banish'd from her bed ?
 No, father ; in your eyes I see the change
 Of pity and compassion : from your age,
 As from a sacred oracle, distils
 The life of counsel. Tell me, holy man, -
 What cure shall give me ease in these extremes ?

Fr. Repentance, son, and sorrow for this sin:
For thou hast mov'd a majesty above
With thy unguarded, almost, blasphemy.

Gio. O do not speak of that, dear confessor!

Fr. Art thou, my son, that miracle of wit,
Who once within these three months wert esteem'd
A wonder of thine age, throughout Bononia?
How did the university applaud
Thy government, behaviour, learning, speech,
Sweetness, and all that could make up a man?
I was proud of my tutelage, and chose
Rather to leave my books, than part with thee.
I did so; but the fruits of all my hopes
Are lost in thee, as thou art in thyself.
O Giovanni! hast thou left the schools
Of knowledge, to converse with lust and death?
For death waits on thy lust. Look thro' the world,
And thou shalt see a thousand faces shine
More glorious than this idol thou ador'st:
Leave her, and take thy choice, 'tis much less sin,
Tho' in such games as those, they lose that win.

Gio. It were more ease to stop the ocean
From flows and ebbs, than to dissuade my vows.

Fr. Then I have done, and in thy wilful flames
Already see thy ruin; heaven is just.
Yet hear my counsel!

Gio. As a voice of life.

Fr. Hy to thy father's house, there lock thee fast
Alone within thy chamber, then fall down
On both thy knees, and grovel on the ground;
Cry to thy heart, wash every word thou utter'st
In tears, (and if't be possible) of blood:
Beg heaven to cleanse the leprosy of lust
That rots thy soul, acknowledge what thou art,
A wretch, a worm, a nothing: weep, sigh, pray
Three times a day, and three times every night:
For seven days space do this, then if thou find'st
No change in thy desires, return to me;
I'll think on remedy. Pray for thyself
At home, whilst I pray for thee here—away;

My blessing with thee, we have need to pray.

Gio. All this I'll do, to free me from the rod
Of vengeance; else I'll swear, my fate's my God.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Grimaldi and Vasques ready to fight.

Vas. Come, sir, stand to your tackling, if you prove
Craven,

I'll make you run quickly.

Gri. Thou art no equal match for me.

Vas. Indeed I never went to the wars to bring home
news. Nor can I play the mountebank for a meal's
meat, and swear I got my wounds in the field. See you
these gray hairs, they'll not flinch for a bloody nose;
wilt thou to this geer?

Gri. Why, slave, think'st thou I'll balance my reputa-
tion with a cast-suit. Call thy master, he shall know
that I dare—

Vas. Scold like a cot-quean, that's your profession,
thou poor shadow of a soldier, I will make thee know,
my master keeps servants, thy betters in quality and
performance; Com'st thou to fight or prate?

Gri. Neither with thee;

I am a Roman and a gentleman, one that have got
Mine honour with expence of blood.

Vas. You are a lying coward, and a fool; fight, or
by these hilts I'll kill thee—brave my lord—you'll fight.

Gri. Provoke me not, for if thou dost—

Vas. Have at you.

[*They fight, Grimaldi hath the worst.*

Enter Florio, Donado, Soranzo.

Flo. What mean these sudden broils so near my doors?
Have you not other places but my house,
To vent the spleen of your disorder'd bloods?
Must I be haunted still with such unrest,
As not to eat, or sleep in peace at home?
Is this your love, Grimaldi? Fie, 'tis naught.

Do. And Vasques, I may tell thee, 'tis not well
To broach these quarrels; you are ever forward
In seconding contentions.

Enter above Anabella and Putana.

Flo. What's the Ground ?

Sor. That with your patience, signiors, I'll resolve :
This gentleman, whom fame reports a soldier,
(For else I know not) rivals me in love
To signior Florio's daughter ; to whose ears
He still prefers his suit to my disgrace ;
Thinking the way to recommend himself,
Is to disparage me in his report.
But know, Grimaldi, tho' (may be) thou art
My equal in thy blood, yet this bewrays
A lowness in thy mind ; which wer't thou noble
Thou would'st as much disdain, as I do thee
For this unworthiness ; and on this ground
I will'd my servant to correct his tongue,
Holding a man, so base, no match for me.

Vas. And had not your sudden coming prevented us,
I had let my gentleman blood under the gills ; I should
have worm'd you, sir, for running mad.

Gri. I'll be reveng'd, Soranzo.

Vas. On a dish of warm broth to stay your stomach.
Do, honest innocence, do ; spoon-meat is a wholesomer
diet than a Spanish blade.

Gri. Remember this !

Sor. I fear thee not, Grimaldi.

[*Exit Gri.*

Flo. My lord Soranzo, this is strange to me,
Why should you storm, having my word engag'd :
Owning her heart, what need you doubt her ear ?
Losers may talk by law of any game.

Vas. Yet the villainy of words, signior Florio, may be
such

As would make any unspleen'd dove choleric.
Blame not my lord in this.

Flo. Be you more silent.

I would not for my wealth, my daughter's love
Should cause the spilling of one drop of blood.

Vasques put up, let's end this fray in wine. [*Exeunt.*

Put. How like you this, child ? here's threatening,
challenging, quarrelling, and fighting, on every side, and

all is for your sake ; you had need look to yourself, charge, you'll be stoln away sleeping else, shortly.

Anna. But, Tuterefs, such a life gives no content To me, my thoughts are fix'd on other ends. Would you would leave me.

Put. Leave you ? no marvel else ; leave me, no leaving, charge, This is love outright. Indeed I blame you not, you have Choice fit for the best lady in Italy.

Anna. Pray do not talk so much.

Put. Take the worst with the best, there's Grimaldi the foldier, a very well-timber'd fellow. They say he is a Roman, nephew to Duke Montferrato ; they say too, he did good service in the wars against the Milaneze ; but faith, charge, I do not like him, and it be for nothing, but for being a soldier. Not one amongst twenty of your skirmishing captains, but have some privy maim or other, that mars their standing upright. I like him the worse, he crinkles so much in the hams ; tho' he might serve, if there were no more men, yet he's not the man I would choose.

Anna. Fie, how thou prat'st !

Put. As I am a very woman, I like signior Soranzo well ; he is wise ; and what is more, rich ; and what is more than that, kind ; and what is more than all this, a nobleman ; such a one, were I the fair Anabella, myself, I would wish and pray for. Then he is bountiful ; besides he is handsome, and, by my troth, I think wholesome ; and that's news in a gallant of three and twenty ; liberal, that I know ; loving, that you know ; and a man sure, else he could never ha' purchas'd such a good name with Hippolita, the lusty widow, in her husband's lifetime. And 'twere but for that report, sweet heart, would a' were thine. Commend a man for his qualities, but take a husband as he is a plain sufficient naked man ; such a one is for your bed, and such a one is signior Soranzo, my life for't.

Anna. Sure the woman took her morning's draught too soon.

Enter

Enter Bergetto and Poggio.

Put. But look, sweet heart, look what thing comes now : Here's another of your cyphers to fill up the number : Oh brave old ape in a silken coat, observe.

Ber. Did'st thou think, Poggio, that I would spoil my new clothes, and leave my dinner, to fight.

Pog. No sir, I did not take you for so arrant a baby.

Ber. I am wiser than so : for I hope Poggio, thou Never heard'st of an elder brother that was a coxcomb ; Did'st Poggio ?

Pog. Never indeed, sir, as long as they had either land or money left them to inherit.

Ber. Is it possible Poggio ? oh monstrous ! why I'll undertake, with a handful of silver, to buy a headful of wit at any time. But, firrah, I have another purchase in hand. I shall have the wench, mine uncle says. I will but wash my face, and shift socks, and then have at her, i'faith—Mark my pace, Poggio.

Pog. Sir, I have seen an ass, and a mule, trot the Spanish pavin with a better grace, I know not how often. [*Exeunt.*

Anna. This idiot haunts me too.

Put. Ay, ay, he needs no description. The rich Magnifico, that is below with your father, Charge, Signior Donado his uncle, for that he means to make this his cousin a golden calf, thinks that you will be a right Israelite, and fall down to him presently. But I hope I have tutored you better. They say, a fool's bable is a lady's play-fellow ; yet you, having wealth enough, you need not cast upon the dearth of flesh, at any rate. Hang him, innocent !

Enter Giovanni.

Anna. But see, Putana, see ! what blessed shape Of some celestial creature now appears ? What man is he, that with such sad aspect Walks careless of himself ?

Put. Where ?

Anna. Look, below.

Put. Oh, 'tis your brother sweet—

Anna.

Anna. Ha!

Put. 'Tis your brother.

Anna. Sure 'tis not he, this is some woeful thing
Wrap'd up in grief; some shadow of a man.

Alas! he beats his breast, and wipes his eyes
Drown'd all in tears: methinks I hear him sigh.

Let's down, *Putana*, and partake the cause.

I know my brother, in the love he bears me,

Will not deny me partage in his sadness.

My soul is full of heaviness and fear.

[*Exit.*

Gio. Lost! I am lost! my fates have doom'd my
death:

The more I strive, I love: the more I love,

The less I hope. I see my ruin certain.

What judgment or endeavours could apply

To my incurable and restless wounds,

I thoroughly have examin'd, but in vain:

O that it were not in religion sin

To make our love a god, and worship it.

I have even wearied heaven with prayers, dried up

The spring of my continual tears, even starv'd

My veins with daily fasts: what wit or art

Could counsel, I have practis'd; but alas!

I find all these but dreams, and old mens tales,

To fright unsteady youth; I'm still the same;

O I must speak, or burst; 'tis not, I know,

My lust; but 'tis my fate that leads me on.

Keep fear and low faint-hearted shame with slaves,

I'll tell her that I love her, though my heart

Were rated at the price of that attempt.

Oh me! she comes.

Enter Annabella and Putana.

Anna. Brother!

Gio. If such a thing

As courage dwell in men, ye heavenly powers

Now double all that virtue in my tongue.

Anna. Why, brother, will you not speak to me?

Gio. Yes; how do ye, sister?

Anna. Howsoever I am, methinks you are not well.

Put. Bless us, why are you so sad, sir?

Gio. Let me intreat you leave us a while, Putana.
Sister, I would be private with you.

Anna. Withdraw, Putana.

Put. I will.

If this were any other company for her, I should think my absence an office of some credit; but I will leave them together. [Exit Putana.]

Gio. Come, sister, lend your hand, let us walk together;

I hope you need not blush to walk with me;
Here's none but you and I.

Anna. How is this?

Gio. Faith, I mean no harm.

Anna. Harm?

Gio. No, good faith; how is it with thee?

Anna. I trust he is not frantic—

I am very well, brother.

Gio. Trust me, but I am sick; I fear so sick
'Twill cost my life.

Anna. Mercy forbid it! 'tis not so, I hope.

Gio. I think you love me, sister.

Anna. Yes, you know I do.

Gio. I know it indeed,—you are very fair.

Anna. Nay, then I see you have a merry sickness.

Gio. That is as it proves. The poets feign, I read,
That Juno for her forehead did exceed
All other goddesses; but I durst swear
Your forehead exceeds hers, as hers did theirs.

Anna. Troth, this is pretty.

Gio. Such a pair of stars

As are thine eyes, would, like Promethean fire,
(If gently glanc'd) give life to senseless stones.

Anna. Fie upon thee!

Gio. The lilly and the rose most sweetly strain'd
Upon your dimple cheeks, do strive for change.
Such lips would tempt a faint; such hands as those
Would make an Anchoret lascivious.

Anna. Do you mock me? or flatter me?

Gio. If you would see a beauty more exact

Than

Than art can counterfeit, or nature frame,
Look in your glass, and there behold your own.

Anna. O you are a trim youth.

Gio. Here. [*Offers his dagger to her*]

Anna. What to do?

Gio. And here's my breast, strike home.

Rip up my bosom, there thou shalt behold
A heart, in which is writ the truth I speak.

Why stand you?

Anna. Are you earnest?

Gio. Yes, most earnest.

You cannot love.

Anna. Whom?

Gio. Me. My tortur'd soul

Hath felt affliction in the heat of death.

O, Annabella, I am quite undone!

The love of thee, my sister, and the view

Of thy immortal beauty, have untun'd

All harmony both of my rest and life.

Why do you not strike?

Anna. Forbid it, my just fears!

If this be true, 'twere fitter I were dead.

Gio. True, Annabella? 'tis no time to jest;

I have too long suppress'd my hidden flames,

That almost have consum'd me; I have spent

Many a silent night in sighs and groans;

Ran over all my thoughts, despis'd my fate,

Reason'd against the reasons of my love,

Done all that smooth-cheek'd virtue could advise,

But found all bootless; 'tis my destiny,

That you must either love, or I must die.

Anna. Comes this in sadness from you?

Gio. Let some mischief

Befal me soon, if I dissemble ought.

Anna. You are my brother, Giovanni.

Gio. You

My sister, Annabella, I know this:

And could afford you instance why to love

So much the more for this; to which intent

Wise nature first in your creation meant

To make you mine ; efs't had been fin and foul,
 To share one beauty to a double foul.
 Nearness in birth or blood, doth but persuade
 A nearer nearness in affection.
 I have ask'd counsel of the holy church,
 Who tells me I may love you ; and 'tis just.
 That since I may, I should ; and will, yes will :
 Must I now live, or die ?

Anna. Live ; thou hast won
 The field, and never fought ; what thou hast urg'd,
 My captive heart had long ago resolv'd.
 I blush to tell thee, (but I'll tell thee now)
 For every sigh that thou hast spent for me,
 I have sigh'd ten ; for every tear shed twenty :
 And not so much for that I lov'd, as that
 I durst not say I lov'd, nor scarcely think it.

Gio. Let not this music be a dream, ye gods,
 For pity's sake I beg ye.

Anna. On my knees, [*She kneels*]
 Brother, even by our mother's dust, I charge you,
 Do not betray me to your mirth or hate ;
 Love me, or kill me, brother.

Gio. On my knees, [*He kneels*]
 Sister, even by my mother's dust I charge you,
 Do not betray me to your mirth or hate ;
 Love me, or kill me, sister.

Anna. You mean good sooth then ?

Gio. In good troth I do,
 And so do you, I hope : say, I'm in earnest.

Anna. I'll swear it, and I.

Gio. And I ; and by this kifs, [*Kisses her*]
 (Once more, yet once more, now let's rise, by this)
 I would not change this minute for Elysium.
 What must we now do ?

Anna. What you will.

Gio. Come them,
 After so many tears as we have wept,
 Let's learn to court in smiles, to kifs and sleep.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter

Enter Florio and Donado.

Flo. Signior Donado, you have said enough ;
I understand you, but would have you know,
I will not force my daughter 'gainst her will.
You see I have but two, a son and her ;
And he is so devoted to his book,
As I must tell you true, I doubt his health :
Should he miscarry, all my hopes rely
Upon my girl. As for worldly fortune,
I am, I thank my stars, blest'd with enough.
My care is how to match her to her liking ;
I would not have her marry wealth, but love.
And if she like your nephew, let him have her ;
Here's all that I can say.

Do. Sir, you say well,
Like a true father ; and for my part, I,
If the young folks can like, ('twixt you and me)
Will promise to assure my nephew presently
Three thousand florins yearly during life,
And after I am dead, my whole estate.

Flo. 'Tis a fair proffer, sir ; mean time your nephew
Shall have free passage to commence his suit ;
If he can thrive, he shall have my consent.
So for this time I'll leave you, signior.

[*Exit.*]

Do. Well,
Here's hope yet, if my nephew would have wit ;
But he's such another dunce, I fear
He'll never win the wench. When I was young,
I could have done't, i'faith, and so shall he,
If he will learn of me ; and in good time,
He comes himself.

Enter Bergetto and Poggio.

Pog. How now, Bergetto ? whither away so fast ?

Ber. Oh uncle, I have heard the strangest news that
ever came out of the mint ! have I not, Poggio ?

Pog. Yes indeed, sir.

Do. What news, Bergetto ?

Ber. Why look ye, uncle, my barber told me just
now, that there is a fellow come to town, who under-
takes

takes to make a mill go without the mortal help of any water or wind, only with sand-bags; and this fellow hath a strange horse, a most excellent beast, I'll assure you, uncle, my barber says, whose head, to the wonder of all Christian people, stands just behind where his tail is. Is't not true, Poggio?

Pog. So the barber swore, forsooth.

Do. And you are running hither?

Ber. Ay, forsooth, uncle!

Do. Wilt thou be a fool still? come, sir, you shall not go, you have more mind of a puppet-play than on the business I told you: why, thou great baby, wilt never have wit? wilt make thyself a may-game to all the world?

Pog. Answer for yourself, master.

Ber. Why uncle, shou'd I sit at home still, and not go abroad to see fashions, like other gallants?

Do. To see hobby-horses: what wise talk, I pray, had you with Annabella, when you were at signior Florio's house?

Ber. Oh the wench: uds fa'me, uncle, I tickled her with a rare speech, that I made her almost burst her belly with laughing.

Do. Nay, I think so, and what speech was't?

Ber. What did I say, Poggio?

Pog. Forsooth, my master said, that he loved her almost as well as he loved parmasent, and swore, I'll be sworn for him, that she wanted but such a nose as his was to be as pretty a young woman as any was in Parma.

Do. Oh grofs!

Ber. Nay, uncle, then she ask'd me, whether my father had any more children than myself? and I said no, 'twere better he should have had his brains knock'd out first.

Do. This is intolerable.

Ber. Then said she, will signior Donado, your uncle, leave you all his wealth?

Do. Ha! that was good, did she harp upon that string?

Ber. Did she harp upon that string? ay, that she did.

I answer'd, leave me all his wealth? why, woman, he hath no other will; if he had, he should hear on't to his everlasting glory and confusion. I know, quoth I, I am his white boy, and will not be gull'd; and with that she fell into a great smile, and went away. Nay, I did fit her.

Do. Ah, firrah, then I see there's no changing of nature:

Well, Bergetto, I fear thou wilt be a very afs still.

Ber. I should be sorry for that, uncle.

Do. Come, come you home with me, since you are no better a speaker, I'll have you write to her after some courtly manner, and enclose some rich jewel in the letter.

Ber. Ay marry, that will be excellent.

Do. Peace, innocent,

Once in my time I'll set my wits to school,

If all fail, 'tis but the fortune of a fool.

Ber. Poggio, 'twill do, Poggio.

[*Exeunt.*]



Actus secundus.

Enter Giovanni and Annabella, as from their chamber.

Gio. **C**OME, Annabella, no more sifter now,
But love; a name more gracious, do not
blush,

Beauty's sweet wonder, but be proud to know
That yielding thou hast conquer'd, and inflam'd
A heart whose tribute is thy brother's life.

Anna. And mine is his Oh how these stol'n contents
Would print a modest crimson on my checks,
Had any but my heart's delight prevail'd.

Gio. I marvel why the chaster of your sex
Should think this pretty toy call'd maidenhead

So strange a loss; when being lost, 'tis nothing,
And you are still the same.

Anna. 'Tis well for you,
Now you can talk.

Gio. Music as well consists
In th' ear, as in the playing.

Anna. Oh, you're wanton,
Tell on't, you're best, do.

Gio. Thou wilt chide me then.
Kiss me, so; thus hung Jove on Læda's neck,
And suck'd divine Ambrosia from her lips.
I envy not the mightiest man alive,
But hold myself, in being king of thee,
More great than were I king of all the world.
But I shall lose you, sweet-heart.

Anna. But you shall not.

Gio. You must be married, mistress.

Anna. Yes, to whom?

Gio. Some one must have you.

Anna. You must.

Gio. Nay, some other.

Anna. Now prithee do not speak so, without jesting.
You'll make me weep in earnest.

Gio. What, you will not.

But tell me, sweet, canst thou but dare to swear
That thou wilt live to me, and to no other?

Anna. By both our loves I dare, for didst thou know,
My Giovanni, how all suitors seem
To my eyes hateful, thou wouldst trust me then.

Gio. Enough, I take thy word, sweet we must part,
Remember what thou vow'st, keep well my heart.

Anna. Will you be gone?

Gio. I must.

Anna. When to return?

Gio. Soon.

Anna. Look you do.

Gio. Farewell.

[*Exit.*

Anna. Go where thou wilt, in mind I'll keep thee here,
And where thou art, I know I shall be there.
Guardian!

Enter

Enter Putana.

Put. Child, how is't child? well, thank heav'n, ha!

Anna. O guardian, what a paradise of joy
Have I past over!

Put. Nay, what a paradise of joy have you past under? why now, I commend thee, charge, fear nothing, sweetheart, what tho' he be your brother, your brother's a man, I hope; and I say still, if a young wench feel the fit upon her, let her take any body, father or brother, all is one.

Anna. I would not have it known for all the world.

Put. Nor I indeed, for the speech of the people; else 'twere nothing.

Florio within—Daughter, Annabella!

Anna. O me! my father, here, sir.—Reach my work.

Flo. within—What are you doing?

Anna. So, let him come now.

Enter Florio, Richardetto, like a doctor of physick, and Philotis, with a lute in her hand.

Flo. So hard at work! that's well; you lose no time; look, I have brought you company, here's one, a learned doctor, lately come from Padua, much skill'd in physick, and for that I see you have of late been sickly; I intreated this reverent man to visit you some time.

Anna. Y'are very welcome, sir.

Rich. I thank you, mistress;
Loud fame in large report hath spoke your praise,
As well for virtue as perfection:
For which I have been bold to bring with me
A kinswoman of mine, a maid, for song
And music, one perhaps will give content,
Please you to know her?

Anna. They are parts I love,
And she for them most welcome.

Phi. Thank you, lady.

Flo. Sir, now you know my house, pray, make not
strange,
And if you find my daughter need your art,
I'll be your pay-master.

Rich.

Rich. Sir, what I am she shall command.

Flo. You shall bind me to you.

Daughter, I must have conference with you
About some matters that concerns us both.

Good master doctor, please you but walk in,

We'll crave a little of your cousin's cunning:

I think my girl hath not quite forgot

To touch an instrument, she could have don't,

We'll hear them both.

Rich. I'll wait upon you, sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Soranzo in his study, reading a book.

Love's measure is extreme, the comfort, pain;

The life unrest, and the reward disdain.

What's here? look't o'er again; 'tis so, so writes

This smooth licentious poet in his rhimes.

But Sanazar thou lyest, for had thy bosom

Felt such oppression as is laid on mine,

Thou would'st have kiss'd the rod that made thee smart.

To work then, happy muse, and contradict

What Sanazar hath in his envy writ.

Love's measure is the mean, sweet his annoys,

His pleasure's life, and his reward all joys.

Had Anabella liv'd when Sanazar

Did in his brief Euconium celebrate

Venice, that queen of cities, he had left

That verse which gain'd him such a sum of gold,

And for one only look from Annabel

Had writ of her, and her diviner cheeks.

O how my thoughts are——

Vasques within—Pray forbear, in rules of civility, let
me give notice on't: I shall be tax'd of my neglect of
duty and service.

Sor. What rude intrusion interrupts my peace?

Can I be no where private?

Vas. within—Troth you wrong your modesty.

Sor.

Sor. What's the matter Vasques, who is't ;

Enter Hippolita and Vasques.

Hip. 'Tis I :

Do you know me now? look, perjur'd man, on her
Whom thou and thy distracted lust have wrong'd ;
Thy sensual rage of blood hath made my youth
A scorn to men and angels ; and shall I
Be now a foil to thy unfated change ?
Thou know'st, false wanton, when my modest fame
Stood free from stain, or scandal, all the charms
Of hell or forcery could not prevail
Against the honour of my chaster bosom.
Thine eyes did plead in tears, thy tongue in oaths,
Such and so many, that a heart of steel
Would have been wrought to pity, as was mine :
And shall the conquest of my lawful bed,
My husband's death urg'd on by his disgrace,
My loss of womanhood be ill rewarded
With hatred and contempt ? No, know, Soranzo,
I have a spirit doth as much distaste
The slavery of fearing thee, as thou
Dost loath the memory of what hath past.

Sor. Nay, dear Hippolita !

Hip. Call me not dear,

Nor think with supple words to smooth the grossness
Of my abuses ; 'tis not your new mistress,
Your goodly madam merchant shall triumph
On my defection ; tell her thus from me,
My birth was nobler, and by much more free.

Sor. You are too violent.

Hip. You are too double

In your dissimulation. Seest thou this,
This habit, these black mourning weeds of care ?
'Tis thou art cause of this, and hast divorc'd
My husband from his life, and me from him,
And made me widow in my widowhood.

Sor. Will you yet hear ?

Hip. More of thy perjuries ?

Thy soul is drown'd too deeply in those sins ;

Thou need'st not add to th' number.

Sor. Then I'll leave you ;

You are past all rules of sense.

Hip. And thou of grace.

Vas. Fie mistress, you are not near the limits of reason ; if my lord had a resolution as noble as virtue itself, you take the course to unedge it all. Sir, I beseech you do not perplex her ; griefs, alas, will have a vent ; I dare undertake, madam Hippolita will now freely hear you.

Sor. Talk to a woman frantic, are these the fruits of your love ?

Hip. They are the fruits of thy untruth, false man ? Did'st thou not swear, whilst yet my husband liv'd, That thou would'st wish no happiness on earth More than to call me wife ? did'st thou not vow When he should die to marry me ? for which The devil in my blood, and thy protests Caus'd me to counsel him to undertake A voyage to Leghorn, for that we heard His brother there was dead, and left a daughter Young and unfriended, who with much ado I wish'd him to bring hither ; he did so, And went ; and, as thou know'st died on the way. Unhappy man to buy his death so dear, With my advice ; yet thou for whom I did it, Forget'st thy vows, and leav'st me to my shame.

Sor. Who could help this ?

Hip. Who ? perjur'd man, thou could'st, If thou had'st faith or love.

Sor. You are deceiv'd, The vows I made, if you remember well, Were wicked and unlawful, 'twere more sin To keep them than to break them ; as for me I cannot mask my penitence, think thou How much thou hast digress'd from honest shame, In bringing of a gentleman to death Who was thy husband, such a one as he, So noble in his quality, condition, Learning, behaviour, entertainment, love,

As Parma could not shew a braver man.

Vaf. You do not well, this was not your promise.

Sor. I care not, let her know her monstrous life,
Ere I be servile to so black a sin,
I'll be a curse. Woman, come here no more,
Learn to repent and die; for by my honour
I hate thee and thy lust; you have been too foul. *Ex. Sor.*

Vaf. This part has been scurvily play'd.

Hip. How foolishly this beast contemns his fate,
And shuns the use of that, which I more scorn
Than I once lov'd his love; but let him go,
My vengeance shall give comfort to his woe.

[*She offers to go away.*]

Vaf. Mistress, mistress, madam Hippolita,
Pray, a word or two.

Hip. With me, sir?

Vaf. With you, if you please.

Hip. What is't?

Vaf. I know you are infinitely mov'd now, and you
think you have cause; some I confess you have, but
sure not so much as you imagine.

Hip. Indeed!

Vaf. O you were miserably bitter, which you follow-
ed even to the last syllable: faith you were somewhat
too shrewd; by my life you could not have; took my
lord in a worse time since first I knew him: to morrow
you shall find him a new man.

Hip. Well, I shall wait his leisure.

Vaf. Fie, this is not a hearty Patience; it comes
sourly from you; troth, let me persuade you for once.

Hip. I have it, and it shall be so; thanks opportunity—
[*Aside.*]——persuade me to what?——

Vaf. Visit him in some milder temper. O if you
could but master a little your female spleen, how might
you win him!

Hip. He will never love me. Vafques, thou hast
been a too trusty servant to such a master, and I believe
thy reward in the end will fall out like mine.

Vaf. So perhaps too.

Hip. Resolve thyself it will; had I one so true, so
truly

truly honest, so secret to my counsels, as thou hast been to him and his, I should think it a slight acquittance, not only to make him master of all I have, but even of myself.

Vas. O you are a noble gentlewoman.

Hip. Wilt thou feed always upon hopes? well, I know thou art wise, and see'st the reward of an old servant daily what it is.

Vas. Beggary and neglect.

Hip. True; but *Vasques*, wert thou mine, and would'st be private to me and my designs, I here protest myself, and all what I can else call mine, should be at thy dispose.

Vas. Work you that way, old mole? then I have the wind of you.—[*Aside.*] I were not worthy of it, by any desert that could ly—within my compass; if I could—

Hip. What then?

Vas. I should then hope to live in these my old years with rest and security.

Hip. Give me thy hand; now promise but thy silence, And help to bring to pass a plot I have; And here in sight of heaven, that being done, I make thee lord of me and mine estate.

Vas. Come, you are merry, This is such a happiness that I can Neither think or believe.

Hip. Promise thy secrecy, and 'tis confirm'd.

Vas. Then here I call our good *Genii* for witnesses, whatsoever your designs are, or against whomsoever, I will not only be a special actor therein, but never disclose it till it be effected.

Hip. I take thy word, and with that, thee for mine: Come then, let's more confer of this anon. On this delicious bane my thoughts shall banquet, Revenge shall sweeten what my griefs have tasted.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Richardetto and Philotis.

Rich. Thou see'st, my lovely niece, these strange mishaps,
How all my fortunes turn to my disgrace,

Wherein

Wherein I am but as a looker on,
Whilst others act my shame, and I am silent.

Phi. But uncle, wherein can this borrowed shape
Give you content ?

Rich. I'll tell thee, gentle niece,
Thy wanton aunt in her lascivious riots
Lives now secure, thinks I am surely dead
In my late journey to Leghorn for you ;
As I have caus'd it to be rumour'd out,
Now would I see with what an impudence
She gives scope to her loose adultery,
And how the common voice allows hereof :
Thus far I have prevail'd.

Phi. Alas, I fear
You mean some strange revenge.

Rich. O be not troubled,
Your ignorance shall plead for you in all.
But to your business ; what, you learn'd for certain
How signior Florio means to give his daughter
In marriage to Soranzo ?

Phi. Yes, for certain.

Rich. But how find you young Annabella's love
Inclin'd to him ?

Phi. For ought I could perceive,
She neither fancies him or any else.

Rich. There's mystery in that which time must shew.
She us'd you kindly ?

Phi. Yes.

Rich. And crav'd your company ?

Phi. Often.

Rich. 'Tis well, it goes as I could wish.

I am the doctor now, and as for you,
None knows you ; if all fail not we shall thrive.

But who comes here ?

[*Enter Grimaldi.*

I know him, 'tis Grimaldi,

A Roman and a soldier, near ally'd

Unto the duke of Montferrato, one

Attending on the nuncio of the pope,

That now resides in Parma, by which means

He hopes to get the love of Annabella.

Gri. Save you, fir.

Rich. And you, Sir.

Gri. I have heard

Of your approv'd skill, which through the city
Is freely talk'd of, and would crave your aid.

Rich. For what, fir?

Gri. Marry, fir, for this——

But I would speak in private.

Rich. Leave us, cozen.

[*Exit Phi.*]

Gri. I love fair Annabella, and would know
Whether in arts there may not be receipts
To move affection.

Rich. Sir, perhaps there may,
But these will nothing profit you.

Gri. Not me?

Rich. Unless I be mistook, you are a man
Greatly in favour with the cardinal.

Gri. What of that?

Rich. In duty to his grace,
I will be bold to tell you, if you seek
To marry Florio's daughter, you must first
Remove a bar 'twixt you and her.

Gri. Who's that?

Rich. Soranzo is the man that hath her heart,
And while he lives, be sure you cannot speed.

Gri. Soranzo, what mine enemy? is't he?

Rich. Is he your enemy?

Gri. The man I hate,
Worse than confusion;
I'll tell him strait.

Rich. Nay, then take my advice,
Even for his grace's sake the cardinal,
I'll find a time when he and she doth meet,
Of which I'll give you notice; and to be sure
He shall not 'scape you, I'll provide a poison
To dip your rapier's point in; if he had
As many heads as Hydra had, he dyes.

Gri. But shall I trust thee, doctor?

Rich. As yourself,

Doubt not in ought ; thus shall the fates decree,
By me Soranzo falls, that ruin'd me. [Exeunt.]

Enter Donado, Bergetto and Poggio.

Do. Well, Sir, I must be content to be both your secretary and your messenger myself ; I cannot tell what this letter may work ; but as sure as I am alive, if thou come once to talk with her, I fear thou wilt mar whatsoever I make.

Ber. You make, uncle ? why am not I big enough to carry mine own letter, I pray ?

Do. Ay, ay, carry a fool's head of thy own ; why, thou dunce, wouldst thou write a letter, and carry it thyself ?

Ber. Yes that I would, and read it to her with mine own mouth ; for you must think, if she will not believe me myself, when she hears me speak, she will not believe another's hand-writing. Oh, you think I am a blockhead, uncle : no, sir, Poggio knows I have indited a letter myself, so I have.

Pog. Yes truly, sir, I have it in my pocket.

Do. A sweet one, no doubt, pray let's see't.

Ber. I cannot read my own hand very well, Poggio. Read it, Poggio.

Do. Begin

Poggio reads.

MOST dainty and honey-sweet mistress, I could call you fair, and lie as fast as any that loves you ; but my uncle being the elder man, I leave it to him, as more fit for his age, and the colour of his beard. I am wise enough to tell you I can board where I see occasion, or if you like my uncle's wit better than mine, you shall marry me ; if you like mine better than his, I will marry you in spite of your teeth ; so commending my best parts to you, I rest,
Yours upwards and downwards,
or you may chuse,

BERGETTO.

Ber. Ah, ha ! here's stuff, uncle !

Do. Here's stuff indeed to shame us all,
Pray whose advice did you take in this learned letter ?

Pog. None, upon my word, but mine own.

Ber. And mine uncle, believe it, no body's else; 'twas mine own brain, I thank a good wit for't.

Do. Get you home, fir, and look you keep within doors till I return.

Ber. How? that were a jest indeed; I scorn it i'faith!

Do. What, you do not?

Ber. Judge me, but I do now.

Pog. Indeed, fir, 'tis very unhealthy.

Do. Well, fir, if I hear any of your apish running to motions and fopperies till I come back, you were as good not; look to't. [Exit Do.]

Ber. Poggio, shall's steal to see this horse with the head in's tail?

Pog. Ay, but you must take heed of whipping.

Ber. Dost take me for a child, Poggio?
Come, honest Poggio? [Exeunt.]

Enter Friar and Giovanni.

Fr. Peace, thou hast told a tale, whose every word Threatens eternal slaughter to the soul.

I'm sorry I've heard it; would mine ears

Had been one minute deaf, before the hour

That thou cam'st to me: O young man cast-away!

By the religious number of mine order,

I day and night have wak'd my aged eyes

Above my strength, to weep on thy behalf.

But Heaven is angry, and be thou resolv'd,

Thou art a man remark'd to taste of mischief.

Look for't; though it come late, it will come sure.

Gio. Father, in this you are uncharitable;

What I have done, I'll prove both fit and good.

It is a principal, which you have taught

When I was yet your scholar, that the frame

And composition of the mind doth follow

The frame and composition of body;

So where the body's furniture is beauty,

The mind's must needs be virtue; which allow'd,

Virtue itself is reason but refin'd,

And love the quintessence of that: this proves

My sister's beauty being rarely fair,
Is rarely virtuous; chiefly in her love,
And chiefly in that love, her love to me:
If hers to me, then so is mine to her;
Since in like causes are effects alike.

Fr. O ignorance in knowledge! long ago,
How often have I warn'd thee this before?
Indeed if we were sure there were no deity,
Nor heaven nor hell, then to be led alone
By nature's light (as were philosophers
Of elder times) might instance some defence.
But 'tis not so; then, madman, thou wilt find,
That nature is in heaven's positions blind.

Gio. Your age o'errules you, had you youth like mine,
You'd make her love your heaven, and her divine.

Fr. Nay, then I see th'art too far sold to hell,
It lies not in the compass of my prayers
To call thee back; yet let me counsel thee,
Persuade thy sister to some marriage.

Gio. Marriage? why that's to damn her; that's to
prove
Her greedy of variety of lust.

Fr. O fearful! if thou wilt not, give me leave
To shrive her; lest she should die unabsolv'd.

Gio. At your best leisure, father, then she'll tell you,
How dearly she doth prize my matchless love,
Then you will know what pity 'twere we two
Should have been sunder'd from each others arms.

View well her face, and in that little round,
You may observe a world of variety;
For coral, lips; for sweet perfumes, her breath;
For jewels, eyes; for threads of purest gold,
Hair; for delicious choice of flowers, cheeks;
Wonder in every portion of that form.
Hear her but speak, and you will swear the spheres
Make music to the citizens in heaven.

But, father, what is else for pleasure fram'd,
Lest I offend your ears, shall go unnam'd.

Fr. The more I hear, I pity thee the more;
That one so excellent should give those parts

All to a second death. What I can do
Is but to pray, and yet I could advise thee,
Wouldst thou be rul'd.

Gio. In what?

Fr. Why leave her yet;
The throne of mercy is above your trespass;
Yet time is left you both—

Gio. To embrace each other;
Else let all time be struck quite out of number;
She is like me, and I like her resolv'd.

Fr. No more, I'll visit her; this grieves me most,
Things being thus, a pair of souls are lost. [Exeunt.]

Enter Florio, Donado, Annabella, Putana.

Flo. Where is Giovanni?

Anna. Newly walk'd abroad,
And (as I heard him say) gone to the friar,
His reverend tutor.

Flo. That is a blessed man!
A man made up of holiness, I hope
He'll teach him how to gain another world.

Do. Fair gentlewoman, here is a letter sent
To you from my young cousin; I dare swear
He loves you in his soul; would you could hear
Sometimes what I see daily, sighs and tears,
As if his breast were prison to his heart.

Flo. Receive it, Anabella.

Anna. Alas, good man!

Do. What is that she said?

Put. And please you, sir, she said, alas, good man.
'Truly I do commend him to her every Night before her
first sleep, because I would have her dream of him; and
she hearkens to that most religiously.

Do. Say't so; godamercy, Putana, there is some-
thing for thee; and prithee do what thou canst on his
behalf; it shall not be lost labour, take my word for it.

Put. Thank you most heartily, sir; now I have a
feeling of your mind, let me alone to work.

Anna. Guardian.

Put. Did you call?

Anna.

Anna. Keep this letter.

Do. Signior Florio, in any case bid her read it instantly.

Flo. Keep it ; for what ? pray read it me here right.

Anna. I shall, sir. [*She reads*]

Do. How do you find her inclin'd, signior ?

Flo. Troth, sir, I know not how ; not all so well
As I could wish.

Anna. Sir, I am bound to rest your cousin's debtor,
The jewel I'll return ; for if he love,
I'll count that love a jewel.

Do. Mark you that ?

Nay, keep them both, sweet maid.

Anna. You must excuse me,
Indeed I will not keep it.

Flo. Where is the ring ?

That which your mother in her will bequeath'd,
And charg'd you on her blessing not to give it
To any but your husband ? send back that.

Anna. I have it not.

Flo. Ha ! have it not ; where is it ?

Anna. My brother in the morning took it from me,
Said he would wear it to day.

Flo. Well, what do you say

To young Bergetto's love ? are you content
To match with him ? speak.

Do. There's the point indeed.

Anna. What shall I do ! I must say something now.

Flo. What say ? why do you not speak ?

Anna. Sir, with your leave
Please you to give me freedom.

Flo. Yes, you have.

Anna. Signior Donado, if your nephew mean
To raise his better fortunes in his match,
The hope of me will hinder such a hope.
Sir, if you love him, as I know you do,
Find one more worthy of his choice than me ;
In short, I'm sure I shall not be his wife.

Do. Why here's plain dealing, I commend thee for't ;
And all the worst I wish thee, is heaven bless thee ;

'Tis Pity she's a WHORE.

Your father yet and I will still be friends.

Shall we not, Signior Florio?

Flo. Yes, why not?

Look here your cousin comes.

Enter Bergetto and Poggio.

Do. Oh coxcomb, what doth make him here?

Ber. Where is my uncle, sirs?

Do. What is the news now?

Ber. Save you, uncle, save you; you must not think I come for nothing, masters; and how and how is it; what, you have read my letter? ah, there I—tickled you i'faith.

Pog. But 'twere better you had tickled her in another place.

Ber. Sirrah, sweetheart, I'll tell thee a good jest, and riddle what it is.

Anna. You say you'd tell me.

Ber. As I was walking just now in the street, I met a swaggering fellow would needs take the wall of me; and because he did thrust me, I very valiantly call'd him rogue. He hereupon bad me draw; I told him I had more wit than so; but when he saw that I would not, he did so maul me with the hilts of his rapier, that my head sung whilst my feet caper'd in the kennel.

Do. Was ever the like a/s seen?

Anna. And what did you all this while?

Ber. Laugh at him for a gull, till I see the blood run about mine ears, and then I could not choose but find in my heart to cry; till a fellow with a broad beard, (they say he is a new-come doctor) call'd me into this house, and gave me a plaister, look you here 'tis; and, sir, there was a young wench wash'd my face and hands most excellently, i'faith I shall love her as long as I live for it; did she not, Poggio?

Pog. Yes, and kiss'd him too.

Ber. Why la now, you think I tell a lie, uncle, I warrant.

Do. Would he that beat thy blood out of thy head,
had

had beaten some wit into it; for I fear thou never wilt have any.

Ber. Oh uncle, but there was a wench would have done a man's heart good to have look'd on her; by this light she had a face methinks worth twenty of you, mistress Annabella.

Do. Was ever such a fool born?

Anna. I am glad she lik'd you, sir.

Ber. Are you so? by my troth I thank you forsooth.

Flo. Sure it was the doctor's niece, that was last day with us here.

Ber. 'Twas she, 'twas she.

Do. How do you know that, simplicity?

Ber. Why does not he say so? if I should have said no, I should have given him the lie, uncle, and so have deserv'd a dry beating again; I'll none of that.

Flo. A very modest, well-behav'd young maid, as I have seen.

Do. Is she indeed?

Flo. Indeed

She is, if I have any judgment.

Do. Well, sir, now you are free, you need not care for sending letters; now you are dismiss'd, your mistress here will none of you.

Ber. No; why what care I for that; I can have wenches enough in Parma for half a crown a piece; cannot I, Poggio?

Pog. I'll warrant you, sir.

Do. Signior Florio, I thank you for your free recourse you gave for my admittance; and to you, fair maid, that jewel I will give you 'gainst your marriage; come, will you go, sir?

Ber. Ay marry will I, mistress; farewell, mistress, I'll come again to morrow—farewel, mistress.

[Exit *Do.* *Ber.* and *Pog.*

Enter Giovanni.

Flo. Son, where have you been? what alone, alone, still, still? I would not have it so; you must forsake this over-

over bookish humour. Well, your sifter hath shook the fool off.

Gio. 'Twas no match for her.

Flo. 'Twas not indeed, I meant it nothing less, Soranzo is the man I only like ;
Look on him, Annabella ; come, 'tis supper-time,
And it grows late. [Exit Florio.]

Gio. Whose jewel is that ?

Anna. Some sweetheart's.

Gio. So I think.

Anna. A lusty youth, signior Donado, gave it me
To wear against my marriage.

Gio. But you shall not wear it ; send it him back again.

Anna. What, you are jealous ?

Gio. That you shall know anon, at better leisure :
Welcome sweet night, the evening crowns the day.

[Exeunt.]



Actus tertius.

Enter Bergetto and Poggio.

Ber. **D**OES my uncle think to make me a baby still ? no, Poggio, he shall know I have a skonce now.

Pog. Ay, let him not bob you off like an ape with an apple.

Ber. 'sfoot, I will have the wench, if he were ten uncles, in despite of his nose, Poggio.

Pog. Hold him to the grind-stone, and give not a jot of ground,
She hath in a manner promised you already.

Ber. True, Poggio, and her uncle, the doctor,
Swore I should marry her.

Pog.

Pog. He swore, I remember.

Ber. And I will have her, that's more ; did'tt see the codpiece-point she gave me, and the box of mermalade ?

Pog. Very well, and kifs'd you, that my chops water'd at the sight on't ; there is no way but to clap up a marriage in hugger mugger.

Ber. I will do it ; for I tell thee, Poggio, I begin to grow valiant methinks, and my courage begins to rise.

Pog. Should you be afraid of your uncle ?

Ber. Hang him, old doating rascal, no ; I say I will have her.

Pog. Lose no time then.

Ber. I will beget a race of wise men and constables, that shall cart whores at their own charges, and break the duke's peace e'er I have done myself,—come away.
[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Florio, Giovanni, Soranzo, Annabella, Putana and Vasques.

Flo. My lord Soranzo, though I must confess
The proffers that are made me have been great,
In marriage of my daughter ; yet the hope
Of your still rising honours, have prevail'd
Above all other junctures ; here she is,
She knows my mind, speak for yourself to her.
And hear you, daughter, see you use him nobly,
For any private speech, I'll give you time :
Come, son, and you the rest, let them alone
Agree as they may.

Sor. I thank you, sir.

Gio. Sister, be not all woman, think on me. [*Aside*

Sor. Vasques. to her.

Vas. My lord.

Sor. Attend me without——

[*Exeunt omnes, manet Soranzo and Annabella.*]

Anna. Sir, What is your will with me ?

Sor. Do you not know what I should tell you ?

Anna. Yes, you will say you love me.

Sor. And I'll swear it too ; will you believe it ?

Anna. 'Tis not point of faith.

Enter

Enter Giovanni above.

Sor. Have you not will to love ?

Anna. Not you.

Sor. Whom then ?

Anna. That is as the fates infer.

Gio. Of those I am regent now.

Sor. What mean you sweet ?

Anna. To live and die a maid.

Sor. Oh, that's unfit.

Gio. Here's one can say that's but a woman's note.

Sor. Did you but see my heart, then would you swear——

Anna. That you were dead.

Gio. That's true, or somewhat near it.

Sor. See you these true love's tears ?

Anna. No.

Gio. Now she winks.

Sor. They plead to you for grace.

Anna. Yet nothing speak.

Sor. Oh grant my suit.

Anna. What is it ?

Sor. To let me live.

Anna. Take it.—

Sor. Still yours.—

Anna. That is not mine to give.

Gio. One such another word would kill his hopes.

Sor. Mistress, to leave those fruitless strifes of wit,
Know I have lov'd you long, and lov'd you truly ;
Not hope of what you have, but what you are,
Have drawn me on, then let me not in vain
Still feel the rigour of your chaste disdain.
I'm sick, and sick to the heart.

Anna. Help ! aqua vitæ !

Sor. What mean you ?

Anna. Why I thought you had been sick.

Sor. Do you mock my love ?

Gio. There, sir, she was too nimble.

Sor. 'Tis plain ; she laughs at me ; these scornful taunts neither become your modesty or years.

Anna.

Anna. You are no looking-glass, or if you were, I would dress my language by you.

Gio. I am confirm'd. ———

Anna. To put you out of doubt, my lord, methinks your common sense should make you understand, that if I lov'd you, or desir'd your love, some way I should have given you better taste: but since you are a nobleman, and one I would not wish should spend his youth in hopes, let me advise you here to forbear your suit; and think I wish you well, I tell you this.

Sor. Is't you speak this?

Anna. Yes, I myself; yet know
Thus far I give you comfort, if mine eyes
Could have pick'd out a man, amongst all those
That su'd to me, to make a husband of,
You should have been that man; let this suffice,
Be noble in your secrecy and wife.

Gio. Why now I see she loves me.

Anna. One word more:

As ever virtue liv'd within your mind,
As ever noble courses were your guide,
As ever you would have me know you lov'd me,
Let not my father know hereof by you:
If I hereafter find that I must marry,
It shall be you or none.

Sor. I take that promise.

Anna. Oh, oh my head!

Sor. What's the matter, not well?

Anna. Oh, I begin to sicken!

Gio. Heaven forbid.

[Exit from above.]

Sor. Help, help, within there ho!

Gio. Look to your daughter, signior Florio.

Enter Florio, Giovanni, Putana.

Flo. Hold her up, she swoons.

Gio. Sister, how do you?

Anna. Sick, brother; are you there?

Flo. Convey her to bed instantly, whilst I send for a physician; quickly I say.

Put. Alas! poor child.

[Exeunt, manet Soranzo.]

Enter

Enter Vasques.

Vas. My Lord!

Sor. Oh, Vasques! now I doubly am undone,
Both in my present and my future hopes:
She plainly told me, that she could not love,
And thereupon soon sick'ned, and I fear
Her life's in danger.

Vas. By'r lady, fir, and so is yours, if you knew all.
—'las, fir, I am sorry for that, may be 'tis but the
maid's sickness, and over-flux of youth; and then, fir,
there is no such present remedy, as present marriage.
But hath she given you an absolute denial?

Sor. She hath and she hath not; I'm full of grief,
But what she said, I'll tell thee as we go. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Giovanni and Putana.

Put. Oh, fir, we are all undone, quite undone, ut-
terly undone,
And sham'd for ever; your sister, oh your sister!

Gio. What of her? for heaven's sake speak, how
does she?

Put. Oh that ever I was born to see this day!

Gio. She is not dead, ha, is she?

Put. Dead? no, she is quick, 'tis worse, she is with
child.

You know what you have done; heav'n forgive you,
'Tis too late to repent, now heaven help us.

Gio. With child? how dost thou know't?

Put. How do I know't? am I at these years igno-
rant what the meaning of qualms and water-pangs be?
of changing of colours, queeziness of stomachs, pukings,
and another thing that I could name; do not, for her
and your credit's sake, spend the time in asking how,
and which way, 'tis so; she is quick upon my word,
if you let a physician see her water you're undone.

Gio. But in what case is she?

Put. prettily amended, 'twas but a fit which I soon
espy'd, and she must look for often henceforward.

Gio. Commend me to her, bid her take no care,

Let

Let not the doctor visit her, I charge you,
Make some excuse, till I return; oh me!
I have a world of business in my head,
Do not discomfort her; how does this news perplex me!
If my father come to her, tell him she's recover'd well,
Say 'twas but some ill diet; do you hear, woman,
Look you to't.

Put. I will, sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Florio and Richardetto.

Flo. And how do you find her, sir?

Rich. Indifferent well,

I see no danger, scarce perceive she's sick,
But that she told me, she had lately eaten
Melons, and, as she thought, those disagreed
With her young stomach.

Flo. Did you give her ought?

Rich. An easy surfeit water, nothing else;
You need not doubt her health; I rather think
Her sickness is a fulness of her blood,
You understand me?

Flo. I do; you counsel well,
And once within these few days, will so order't
She shall be married, e'er she know the time.

Rich. Yet let not haste, sir, make unworthy choice,
That were dishonour.

Flo. Master doctor, no;
I will not do so neither; in plain words
My lord Soranzo is the man I mean.

Rich. A noble and a virtuous gentleman.

Flo. As any is in Parma; not far hence,
Dwells father Bonaventure, a grave friar,
Once tutor to my son; now at his cell
I'll have 'em married.

Rich. You have plotted wisely.

Flo. I'll send one strait
To speak with him to night.

Rich. Soranzo's wife, he will delay no time.

Flo. It shall be so.

Enter

Enter Friar and Giovanni.

Fr. Good peace be here and love.

Flo. Welcome, religious friar, you are one
That still bring blessing to the place you come to.

Gio. Sir, with what speed I could, I did my best,
To draw this holy man from forth his cell
To visit my sick sister, that with words
Of ghostly comfort in this time of need,
He might absolve her, whether she live or die.

Flo. 'Twas well done, Giovanni, thou herein
Hast shewed a christian's care, a brother's love.
Come, father, I'll conduct you to her chamber,
And one thing would intreat you.

Fr. Say on, sir.

Flo. I have a father's dear impression,
And wish, before I fall into my grave,
That I might see her married, as 'tis fit ;
A word from you, grave man, will win her more,
Than all our best persuasions.

Fr. Gentle, sir,
All this I'll say, that Heaven may prosper her. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Grimaldi.

Gri. Now if the doctor keep his word, Soranzo,
Twenty to one you miss your bride. I know
'Tis an unnoble act, and not becomes
A soldier's valour ; but in terms of love,
Where merit cannot sway, policy must.
I am resolv'd, if this physician
Play not on both hands, then Soranzo falls.

Enter Richardetto.

Rich. You are come as I could wish ; this very night
Soranzo, 'tis ordain'd, must be affied to Annabella ; and
for ought I know, married.

Gri. How !

Rich. Yet your patience ;
The place, 'tis friar Bonaventure's cell.
Now I would wish you to bestow this night

In watching thereabouts ; 'tis but a night,
If you miss now, to morrow I'll know all.

Gri. Have you the poison ?

Rich. Here 'tis in this box,
Doubt nothing, this will do't ; in any case
As you respect your life, be quick and sure.

Gri. I'll speed him.

Rich. Do ; away, for 'tis not safe
You should be seen much here—ever my love.

Gri. And mine to you.

[*Exit Gri.*

Rich. So, if this hit, I'll laugh and hug revenge ;
And they that now dream of a wedding-feast,
May chance to mourn the lusty bridegroom's ruin.
But to my other business ; niece Philotis.

Enter Philotis.

Phi. Uncle.

Rich. My lovely niece, you have bethought ye.

Phi. Yes, and as you counsel'd,
Fashion'd my heart to love him ; but he swears
He will to-night be married ; for he fears
His uncle else, if he should know the drift,
Will hinder all, and call his cuz to shrift.

Rich. To night ? why best of all ; but let me see,
Ay—ha—yes,—so it shall be ; in disguise
We'll early to the friars, I have thought on't.

Enter Bergetto and Poggio.

Phi. Uncle, he comes.

Rich. Welcome, my worthy Cuz.

Ber. Lafs, pretty lafs, come bus lafs, a ha Poggio!

Phi. There's hope of this yet.

Rich. You shall have time enough, withdraw a little,
We must confer at large.

Ber. Have you not sweet-meats, or dainty devices
for me ?

Phil. You shall enough, sweet-heart.

Ber. Sweet-heart, mark that, Poggio ; by my troth I
cannot chuse but kiss thee once more for that word,
sweet-

sweet-heart ; Poggio, I have a monstrous swelling about my stomach, whatsoever the matter be.

Pog. You shall have physick for't, sir;

Rich. Time runs apace.

Ber. Time's a Blockhead.

Rich. Be rul'd, when we have done what's fit to do,
Then you may kifs your fill, and bed her too. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter the Friar in his study, sitting in a chair, Annabella kneeling and whispering to him, a table before them and wax-lights, she weeps, and wrings her hands.

Fr. I am glad to see this penance ; for believe me,
You have unrip'd a foul, so foul and guilty,
As I must tell you true, I marvel how
The earth hath born you up ; but weep, weep on,
These tears may do you good ; weep faster yet,
Whilst I do read a Lecture.

Anna. Wretched creature !

Fr. Ay, you are wretched, miserably wretched,
Almost condemn'd alive. There is a place,
(Lift daughter) in a black and hollow vault,
Where day is never seen ; there shines no sun,
But flaming horror of consuming fires ;
A lightless sulphur, choak'd with smoaky fogs
Of an infected darkness ; in this place
Dwell many thousand, thousand sundry sorts
Of never dying deaths ; there damned souls
Roar without Pity, there are gluttons fed
With Toads and Adders ; there is burning Oil
Pour'd down the drunkard's throat, the usurer
Is forc'd to sup whole draughts of molten gold ;
There is the murderer for ever stab'd,
Yet can he never die ; there lies the wanton
On racks of burning steel, whilst in his soul
He feels the torment of his raging lust.

Anna. Mercy ! oh mercy !

Fr. There stands these wretched things,
Who have dream'd out whole years in lawless sheets
And secret incests, cursing one another ;

Then you will wish each kiss your brother gave,
Had been a dagger's point; then you shall hear
How he will cry, oh would my wicked sifter
Had first been damn'd, when she did yield to lust.
But soft, methinks I see repentance work
New motions in your heart? say? how is't with you?

Anna. Is there no way left to redeem my miseries?

Fr. There is, despair not; heaven is merciful,
And offers grace even now. 'Tis thus agreed.

First, for your honour's safety that you marry
The lord Soranzo: Next, to save your soul,
Leave off this life, and henceforth live to him.

Anna. Ay me!

Fr. Sigh not, I know the baits of sin
Are hard to leave; oh 'tis a death to do't!
Remember what must come, are you content?

Anna. I am.

Fr. I like it well, we'll take the time,
Who's near us there?

Enter Florio, Giovanni.

Flo. Did you call, father?

Fr. Is lord Soranzo come?

Flo. He stays below.

Fr. Have you acquainted him at full?

Flo. I have, and he is overjoy'd.

Fr. And so are we: bid him come near.

Gio. My sifter weeping, ha? I fear this friar's falshood,
I will call him. [Exit.]

Flo. Daughter, are you resolv'd?

Anna. Father, I am.

Enter Giovanni, Soranzo, and Vasques.

Flo. My lord Soranzo, here,
Give me your hand, for that I give you this.

Sor. Lady, say you so too?

Anna. I do, and vow, to live with you and yours.

Fr. Timely resolv'd:

My blessing rest on both, more to be done,
You may perform it on the morning-sun.

[Exeunt.
Enter

*Enter Grimaldi with his rapier drawn, and a dark
lanthorn.*

Gri. 'Tis early night as yet, and yet too soon
To finish such a work; here I will lie
To listen who comes next. [*He lies down.*]

*Enter Bergetto and Philotis disguised, and after Richar-
detto and Poggio.*

Ber. We are almost at the place, I hope, sweet-heart.

Gri. I hear them near, and heard one say sweetheart,
'Tis he; now guide my hand, some angry justice,
Home to his bosom. Now have at you, fir.

[*Strikes Bergetto and exit.*]

Ber. Oh help, help, here's a stitch fallen in my guts.
Oh for a flesh-taylor quickly——Poggio.

Phi. What ails my love?

Ber. I am sure I cannot piss forward and backward,
and yet I am wet before and behind; lights! lights!
ho lights!

Phi. Alas, some villain here has slain my love.

Rich. Oh heaven forbid it; raise up the next neigh-
bours

Instantly, Poggio, and bring lights. [*Exit Poggio.*]

How is't, Bergetto? slain?

It cannot be; are you sure y'are hurt?

Ber. O my belly seeths like a porridge-pot, some
cold water, I shall boil over else; my whole body is
in a sweat, that you may wring my shirt; feel here—
why Poggio!

Enter Poggio, with officers, and lights and Halberts.

Pog. Here; alas, how do you?

Rich. Give me a light, what's here? all blood! O fir,
Signior Donado's nephew now is slain.

Follow the murderer with all the haste

Up to the city, he cannot be far hence,

Follow I beseech you.

Officers. Follow, follow, follow. [*Exeunt Officers.*]

Rich.

Rich. Tear off thy linnen, Cuz, to stop his Wounds ;
Be of good comfort, man.

Ber. Is all this mine own blood ? nay then good-
night with me. Poggio, commend me to my uncle,
dost hear ! bid him for my sake make much of this
wench, oh—I am going the wrong way sure, my belly
akes so—oh farewell, Poggio—oh—oh— [Dies.

Pbi. O he is dead.

Pog. How ! dead !

Rich. He's dead indeed,
'Tis now too late to weep, let's have him home,
And with what speed we may, find out the murderer.

Pog. Oh my master ! my master ! my master !

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Vasques and Hippolita.

Hip. Betroth'd ?

Vas. I saw it.

Hip. And when's the marriage-day ?

Vas. Some two days hence.

Hip. Two days ? Why man I would but wish two
hours to send him to his last and lasting sleep.
And Vasques thou shalt see, I'll do it bravely.

Vas. I do not doubt your wisdom, nor, I trust, you
my secrecy,
I am infinitely yours.

Hip. I will be thine in spite of my disgrace.
So soon ? O wicked man, I durst be sworn,
He'd laugh to see me weep.

Vas. And that's a villainous fault in him.

Hip. No, let him laugh. I'm arm'd in my resolves,
Be thou still true.

Vas. I should get little by treachery against so hope-
ful a preferment as I am like to climb to.

Hip. Even to my bosom, Vasques, let my youth
Revel in these new pleasures ; if we thrive,
He now hath but a pair of days to live. [Exeunt.

Enter Florio, Donado, Richardetto, Poggio, and Officers.

Flo. 'Tis bootless now to shew yourself a child,
Signior Donado, what is done, is done :

Spend not the time in tears, but seek for justice.

Rich. I must confess, somewhat I was in fault,
That had not first acquainted you what love
Past 'twixt him and my niece, but as I live,
His fortune grieves me as it were mine own.

Do. Alas, poor creature, he meant no man harm,
That I am sure of.

Flo. I believe that too ;
But stay, my masters, are you sure you saw
The murderer pass here ?

Offic. And it please you, sir, we are sure we saw a ruf-
fian with a naked weapon in his hand all bloody, get
into my lord cardinal's grace's gate ; that we are sure
of ; but for fear of his grace (bless us) we durst go no
further.

Do. Know you what manner of man he was ?

Offic. Yes sure I know the man, they say he is a sol-
dier, he that lov'd your daughter, sir, an't please ye,
'twas he for certain.

Flo. Grimaldi, on my life.

Offic. Ay, ay, the same.

Rich. The cardinal is noble, he no doubt
Will give true justice.

Do. Knock some one at the gate.

Pog. I'll knock, sir.

[*Poggio knocks.*]

Servant within. What would ye ?

Flo. We require speech with the lord cardinal
About some present business ; pray inform
His grace, that we are here.

Enter Cardinal and Grimaldi.

Car. Why how now friends ? what sawcy mates are
you

That know nor duty nor civility ?

Are we a person fit to be your host ?

Or is our house become your common inn

To beat our doors at pleasure ? what such haste

Is yours as that it cannot wait fit times ?

Are you the masters of this commonwealth,

And know no more discretion ? oh your news

Is here before you, you have lost a nephew,
Donado, last night by Grimaldi slain:
Is that your business? well sir, we have knowledge on't.
Let that suffice.

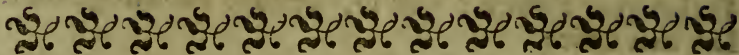
Gri. In presence of your grace,
In thought I never meant Bergetto harm;
But, Florio, you can tell, with how much scorn
Soranzo, back'd with his confederates,
Hath often wrong'd me; I to be reveng'd,
(For that I could not win him else to fight)
Had thought by way of ambush to have kill'd him,
But was unluckily therein mistook;
Else he had felt what late Bergetto did:
And tho' my fault to him were merely chance,
Yet humbly I submit me to your grace,
To do with me as you please.

Car. Rise up, Grimaldi;
You citizens of Parma, if you seek
For Justice, know, as nuncio from the pope,
For this offence I here receive Grimaldi
Into his holiness' protection.
He is no common man, but nobly born,
Of princes blood, tho' you, sir Florio,
Thought him too mean a husband for your daughter.
If more you seek for, you must go to Rome,
For he shall thither; learn more wit for shame.
Bury your dead—away Grimaldi—leave 'em.

[*Exeunt Cardinal and Grimaldi.*]

Do. Is this a Churchman's voice? dwells justice here?

Flo. Justice is fled to heaven, and comes no nearer.
Soranzo, was't for him? O impudence!
Had he the face to speak it, and not blush?
Come, come, Donado, there's no help in this,
When cardinals think murder's not amiss.
Great men may do their wills, we must obey,
But heav'n will judge them for't another day. [*Exeunt.*]



ACTUS quartus.

A banquet. Hautboys.

Enter the friar, Giovanni, Annabella, Philotis, Soranzo, Donado, Florio, Richardetto, Putana and Vasques.

Fr. **T**Hese holy rites perform'd, now take your times
To spend the remnant of the day in feast ;
Such fit repasts are pleasing to the saints
Who are your guests, tho' not with mortal eyes
To be beheld ; long prosper from this day
You happy couple, to each other's joy.

Sor. Father, your prayer is heard, the hand of goodness

Hath been a shield for me against my death ;
And more to bless me, hath enrich'd my life
With this most precious jewel ; such a prize
As earth hath not another like to this.

Cheer up, my love, and gentlemen, my friends,
Rejoice with me in mirth, this day we'll crown
With lusty cups to Annabella's health.

Gio. Oh torture, were the marriage yet undone, [*Aside.*
Ere I'd endure this sight, to see my love
Clipt by another, I would dare confusion,
And stand the horror of ten thousand deaths.

Vas. Are you not well, sir ?

Gio. Prithee, fellow, wait,
I need not thy officious diligence.

Flo. Signior Donado, come, you must forget
Your late mishaps, and drown your cares in wine.

Sor. Vasques ?

Vas. My lord.

Sor. Reach me that weighty bowl ;

Here

Here, brother Giovanni, here's to you,
Your turn comes next, tho' now a batchelor,
Here's to your sifter's happiness and mine.

Gio. I cannot drink.

Sor. What?

Gio. 'Twill indeed offend me.

Anna. Pray, do not urge him if he be not willing.

Flo. How now, what noise is this?

Vas. O sir, I had forgot to tell you, certain young maidens of Parma, in honour to madam Annabella's marriage, have sent their loves to her in a masque, for which they humbly crave your patience and silence.

Sor. We are much bound to them, so much the more, as it comes unexpected; guide them in. [*Hautboys.*

Enter Hippolita, and Ladies in white robes with Garlands of willows.

Music and a dance.

Sor. Thanks, lovely virgins, now might we but know
To whom we have been beholding for this love,
We shall acknowledge it.

Hip. Yes, you shall know;

What think you now?

Omnes. Hippolita?

Hip. 'Tis she,

Be not amaz'd; nor blush, young lovely bride,

I come not to defraud you of your man;

'Tis now no time to reckon up the talk

What Parma long hath rumour'd of us both;

Let rash report run on; the breath that vents it

Will, like a bubble, break itself at last.

But now to you, sweet creature; lend's your hand:

Perhaps it hath been said, that I would claim

Some interest in Soranzo, now your lord;

What I have right to do, his soul knows best:

But in my duty to your noble worth,

Sweet Annabella, and my care of you,

Here take Soranzo, take this hand from me,

I'll once more join, what by the holy church

Is finish'd and allow'd ; have I done well ?

Sor. You have too much engag'd us.

Hip. One thing more,

That you may know my single charity,

Freely I here remit all interest

I e'r could claim, and give you back your vows ;

And to confirm't, reach me a cup of wine.

My lord Soranzo, in this draught I drink

Long rest t'ye—Look to it, Vasques.

Vas. Fear nothing— [He gives her a poison'd cup, she drinks.]

Sor. Hippolita, I thank you, and will pledge

This happy union as another life.

Wine there.

Vas. You shall have none, neither shall you pledge her.

Hip. How !

Ves. Know now, mistress she-devil, your own mischievous treachery

Hath kill'd you, I must not marry you.

Hip. Villain !

Omnes. What's the matter ?

Ves. Foolish woman, thou art now like a fire-brand, that hath kindled others and burnt thyself ; *troppo sperar niganna*, thy vain hope hath deceived thee ; thou art but dead ; if thou hast any grace, pray.

Hip. Monster !

Ves. Die in charity for shame !

This thing of malice, this woman, had privately corrupted me with promise of marriage, under this politic reconciliation to poison my lord, whilst she might laugh at his confusion on his marriage day ; I promis'd her fair, but I knew what my reward should have been, and would willingly have spar'd her life, but that I was acquainted with the danger of her disposition ; and now have fitted her a just payment in her own coin, there she is, she hath yet—and end thy days in peace, vile woman ; as for life there's no hope, think not on't.

Omnes. Wonderful justice !

Rich. Heaven, thou art righteous !

Hip. O 'tis true,

I feel

I feel my minute coming, had that slave
Kept promise, O my torment, thou this hour
Hadst dy'd, Soranzo——heat above hell fire—
Yet e'er I pass away—Cruel, cruel flames—
Take here my curse amongst you; may thy bed
Of marriage be a rack upon thy heart,
Burn blood and boil in vengeance—O my heart,
My flame's intolerable—may'st thou live
To father bastards, may her womb bring forth
Monsters, and die together in your sins,
Hated, scorn'd and unpity'd—oh—oh—

[Dies.]

Flo. Was e'er so vile a creature?

Rich. Here's the end
Of lust and pride.

Anna. It is a fearful sight.

Sor. Vasques, I know thee now a trusty servant,
And never will forget thee——come, my love,
We'll home, and thank the heavens for this escape.
Father and friends, we must break up this mirth,
It is too sad a feast.

Do. Bear hence the body.

Fr. Here's an ominous change!
Mark this, my Giovanni, and take heed.
I fear the event; that marriage seldom's good,
Where the bride-banquet so begins in blood. [Exeunt.]

Enter Richardetto and Philotis.

Rich. My wretched wife, more wretched in her shame
Than in her wrongs to me, hath paid too soon
The forfeit of her modesty and life.
And I am sure, my niece, though vengeance hover,
Keeping aloof yet from Soranzo's fall,
Yet he will fall, and sink with his own weight.
I need not, now my heart persuades me so,
To further his confusion; there is one
Above begins to work, for as I hear,
Debates already 'twixt his wife and him
Thicken and run to head; she, as 'tis said,
Sleightens his love, and he abandons hers.
Much talk I hear, since things go thus, my niece,

In tender love and pity of your youth,
 My counfel is, that you fhould free your years
 From hazard of thefe woes, by flying hence
 To fair Cremona, there to vow your foul
 In holinefs a holy votarefs.

Leave me to fee the end of thefe extremes ;
 All human worldly courfes are uneyen,
 No life is blefled but the way to heaven.

Phi. Uncle, fhall I refolve to be a nun ?

Rich. Ay, gentle niece, and in your hourly prayers
 Remember me your poor unhappy uncle ;
 Hie to Cremona now, as fortune leads,
 Your home, your cloyfter, your beft friends, your beads,
 Your chafte and fingle life fhall crown your birth,
 Who dies a virgin, lives a faint on earth.

Phi. Then farewell world, and worldly thoughts adieu,
 Welcome, chafte vows, myfelf I yield to you. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Soranzo unbrac'd, and Annabella drag'd in.

Sor. Come, ftumpet, famous whore, were every drop
 Of blood that runs in thy adulterous veins
 A life, this fword (doft fee't ?) fhould in one blow
 Confound them all. Harlot; rare, notable harlot,
 That with thy brazen face maintain'ft thy fin ;
 Was there no man in Parma to be bawd
 To your loofe cunning whoredom elfe but I ?
 Muft your hot itch and plurify of luft,
 The heyday of your luxury, be fed
 Up to a fuffeit ? and could none but I
 Be pick'd out to be cloak to your clofe tricks ?
 Your belly-fports ? Now I muft be the dad
 To all that gallimaufry that's ftuff'd
 In thy corrupted bastard-bearing womb ;
 Say, muft I ?

Anna. Beaftly man, why, 'tis thy fate :
 I fued not to thee, for but that I thought
 Your over-loving lordfhip would have run
 Mad on denial. Had you lent me time,
 I would have told you in what cafe I was,
 But you would needs be doing.

Sor. Whore of whores!

Dar'ft thou tell me this?

Anna. O yes, why not?

You were deceiv'd in me; 'twas not for love
I chose you, but for honour; yet know this,
Would you be patient yet, and hide your shame,
I'd see whether I could love you.

Sor. Excellent quean!

Why art thou not with child?

Anna. What needs all this,
When 'tis superfluous? I confess I am.

Sor. Tell me by whom.

Anna. Soft sir, 'twas not in my bargain.
Yet somewhat, sir, to stay your longing stomach
I'm content t'acquaint you with; the man,
The more than man that got this sprightly boy,
(For 'tis a boy, therefore glory, sir,
Your heir shall be a son.)

Sor. Damnable monster!

Anna. Nay, and you will not hear, I'll speak no
more.

Sor. Yes speak, and speak thy last.

Anna. A match, a match;
This noble creature was in every part
So angel-like, so glorious, that a woman,
Who had not been but human as was I,
Would have kneel'd to him, and have beg'd for love.
You, why you are not worthy once to name
His name without true worship, or indeed,
Unless you kneel'd, to hear another name him.

Sor. What was he call'd?

Anna. We are not come to that,
Let it suffice, that you shall have the glory
To father what so brave a father got.
In brief, had not this chance fall'n out as it doth,
I never had been troubled with a thought
That you had been a creature; but for marriage,
I scarce dream yet of that.

Soran. Tell me his name.

226 'Tis Pity she's a WHORE.

Anna. Alas, alas, there's all!

Will you believe?

Sor. What?

Anna. You shall never know.

Soran. How!

Anna. Never;

If you do, let me be curs'd.

Soran. Not know it, strumpet, I'll rip up thy heart,
And find it there.

Anna. Do, do.

Sor. And with my teeth,

Tear the prodigious lecher joint by joint.

Anna. Ha, ha, ha, the man's merry.

Soran. Dost thou laugh?

Come, whore, tell me your lover, or by truth
I'll hew thy flesh to shreds; who is't?

Anna. *Che morte plus dulce che morire per amore.* [sings.

Sor. Thus will I pull thy hair, and thus I'll drag
Thy lust be-leaper'd body through the dust.

Yet tell his name.

Anna. *Morendo in gratia Lei morire senza dolore.*

[sings.

Sor. Dost thou triumph? the treasure of the earth
Shall not redeem thee; were there kneeling kings
Did beg thy life, or angels did come down
To plead in tears, yet should not all prevail
Against my rage; dost thou not tremble yet?

Anna. At what? to die! no, be a gallant hangman,
I dare thee to the worst; strike, and strike home,
Leave revenge behind, and thou shalt feel't.

Sor. Yet tell me ere thou die'st, and tell me truly,
Knows thy old father this?

Anna. No, by my life.

Sor. Wilt thou confess, and I will spare thy life?

Anna. My life? I will not buy my life so dear.

Sor. I will not slack my vengeance.

Enter Vasques.

Vas. What do you mean, sir ?

Sor. Forbear, Vasques ; such a damn'd whore
Deserves no pity.

Vas. Now the gods forefend !

And wou'd you be her executioner, and kill her in your rage too ? O 'twere most unmanlike ; she is your wife, what faults hath been done by her before she married you, were not against you. Alas ! poor lady, what hath she committed, which any lady in Italy in the like case would not ? Sir, you must be rul'd by your reason, and not by your fury, that were inhuman and beastly.

Sor. She shall not live.

Vas. Come, she must ; you would have her confess the authors of her present misfortunes, I warrant you : 'tis an unconscionable demand, and she should loose the estimation that I, for my part, hold of her worth, if she had done it ; why, sir, you ought not of all men living to know it : good, sir, be reconciled ; alas, good gentlewoman !

Anna. Pish, do not beg for me, I prize my life
As nothing ; if the man will needs be mad,
Why let him take it.

Sor. Vasques, hear'st thou this ?

Vas. Yes, and commend her for it ; in this she shews the nobleness of a gallant spirit, and beshrew my heart, but it becomes her rarely——Sir, in any case smother your revenge ; leave the scenting out your wrongs to me ; be rul'd as you respect your honour, or you mar all——Sir, if ever my service were of any credit with you, be not so violent in your distractions : you are married now ; what a triumph might the report of this give to other neglected suitors. 'tis as manlike to bear extremities, as godlike to forgive.

Sor. O Vasques, Vasques, in this piece of flesh,
This faithless face of hers, had I laid up
The treasure of my heart ; hadst thou been virtuous,
Fair wicked woman, not the matchless joys
Of life itself had made me wish to live

With any faint but thee. Deceitful creature!
 How hast thou mock'd my hopes, and in the shame
 Of thy lewd womb, even buried me alive?
 I did too dearly love thee.

Vas. This is well;
 Follow this temper with some passion, [Aside.
 Be brief and moving, 'tis for the purpose.

Sor. Be witness to my words, my soul and thoughts,
 And tell me didst not think that in my heart,
 I did too superstitiously adore thee.

Anna. I must confess, I know you lov'd me well.

Soran. And wouldst thou use me thus? O Annabella,
 Be thus assured, whatsoe'er the villain was
 That thus hath tempted thee to this disgrace,
 Well he might lust, but never lov'd like me.
 He doated on the picture that hung out
 Upon thy cheeks to please his humorous eye;
 Not on the part I lov'd, which was thy heart,
 And as I thought, thy virtues.

Anna. O, my lord!

These words wound deeper than your sword could do.

Vas. Let me not ever take comfort, but I begin to
 weep myself, so much I pity him; why, madam, I
 knew when his rage was over-past what it would come
 to.

So. Forgive me, Annabella, though thy youth
 Hath tempted thee above thy strength to folly,
 Yet will not I forget what I should be,
 And what I am, a husband; in that name
 Is hid divinity; if I do find
 That thou wilt yet be true, here I remit
 All former faults, and take thee to my bosom.

Vas. By my troth, and that's a point of noble charity.

Anna. Sir, on my knees—

Sor. Rise up, you shall not kneel,
 Get you to your chamber, see you make no shew
 Of alteration, I'll be with you streight;
 My reason tells me now, that 'tis as common
 To err in frailty as to be a woman.
 Go to your chamber.

[Exit Anna.
Vas.

Vas. So, this was somewhat to the matter; what do you think of your heaven of happiness now, sir?

Sor. I carry hell about me, all my blood
Is fir'd in swift revenge.

Vas. That may be; but know you how, or in whom? alas! to marry a great woman, being made great in the stock to your hand, is an usual sport in these days; but to know what ferret it was that hunted your cunny-berry, there is the cunning.

Sor. I'll make her tell herself, or——

Vas. Or what? you must not do so, let me yet persuade your sufferance a little while; go to her, use her mildly, win her, if it be possible, to a voluntary, to a weeping tune; for the rest, if all hit, I will not miss my mark. Pray, sir, go in, the next news I tell you shall be wonders.

Sor. Delay in vengeance gives a heavier blow. [*Exit.*]

Vas. Ah, firrah, here's work for the nonce; I had a suspicion of a bad matter in my head a pretty while ago; but after my madam's scurvy looks here at home, her waspish perverseness, and loud fault-finding, then I remember'd the proverb, that where hens crow, and cocks hold their peace, there are sorry houses; 'sfoot, if the lower parts of a she-taylor's cunning can cover such a swelling in the stomach, I'll never blame a false stitch in a shoe whilst I live again; up and up so quick? and so quickly too? 'twere a fine policy to learn by whom this must be done: and I have thought on't—here's the way or none——what crying, old mistress! alas, alas, I cannot blame thee; we have a lord, heaven help us, is so mad as the devil himself, the more shame for him.

Enter Putana.

Put. O Vasques, that ever I was born to see this day! Doth he use thee so too, sometimes, Vasques?

Vas. Me? why he makes a dog of me; but if some were of my mind, I know what we would do; as sure as I am an honest man, he will go near to kill my lady with unkindness; say she be with child, is that such a matter

matter for a young woman of her years to be blam'd for ?

Put. Alas, good heart, it is against her will full fore.

Vas. I durst be sworn, all his madness is, for that she will not confess whose 'tis, which he will know ; and when he doth know it, I am so well acquainted with his humour, that he will forget all strait ; well, I could wish she would in plain terms tell all, for that's the way indeed.

Put. Do you think so ?

Vas. Fo, I know it ; provided that he did not win her to it by force ; he was once in a 'mind, that you could tell, and meant to have wrung it out of you, but I somewhat pacified him from that ; yet sure you know a great deal.

Put. Heaven forgive us all, I know a little, Vasques.

Vas. Why should you not ? who else should ? upon my conscience she loves you dearly, and you would not betray her to any affliction for the world.

Put. Not for all the world, by my faith and troth, Vasques.

Vas. 'Twere pity of your life if you should ; but in this you should both relieve her present discomforts, pacify my lord, and gain yourself everlasting love and preferment.

Put. Dost think so, Vasques ?

Vas. Nay, I know it ; sure it was some near and intire friend.

Put. 'Twas a dear friend indeed ; but—

Vas. But what ? fear not to name him ; my life between you and danger ; faith I think it was no base fellow.

Put. Thou wilt stand between me and harm ?

Vas. U'ds pity, what else ? you shall be rewarded too, trust me.

Put. 'Twas even no worse than her own brother.

Vas. Her brother Giovanni, I warrant you ?

Put. Even he, Vasques, as brave a gentleman as ever kiss'd fair lady ; O they love most perfectly.

Vas. A brave gentleman indeed ; why therein I commend

mend her choice——better and better——you are sure 'twas he?

Put. Sure; and you shall see he will not be long from her too.

Vas. He were to blame if he would: but may I believe thee?

Put. Believe me! why, dost think I am a Turk or a Jew? no, Vasques, I have known their dealings too long to belie them now.

Vas. Where are you? there, within, sirs?

Enter Bandetti.

Put. How now, what are these?

Vas. You shall know presently;

Come, sirs, take me this old, damnable hagg, Gag her instantly, and put out her eyes, quickly, quickly.

Put. Vasques! Vasques!

Vas. Gag her, I say; 'sfoot, do you suffer her to prate? what do you fumble about? let me come to her. I'll help your old gums, you toad-bellied bitch! sirs, carry her closely into the coal-house, and put out her eyes instantly; if she roars, slit her nose; do you hear, be speedy and sure. Why this is excellent, and above expectation. [*Exeunt with Putana.*

Her own brother? O horrible! to what a height of liberty in damnation hath the devil train'd our age! her brother! well, there is yet but a beginning; I must to my lord, and tutor him better in his points of vengeance; now I see how a smooth tale goes beyond a smooth tail; but soft——what thing comes next? [*Enter Giov.* Giovanni, as I could wish; my belief is strengthen'd, 'Tis as firm as winter and summer.

Gio. Where's my sister?

Vas. Troubled with a new sickness, my lord, she is somewhat ill.

Gio. Took too much of the flesh, I believe.

Vas. Troth, sir, and you, I think, have even hit it, But my virtuous lady.

Gio. Where is she?

Vas.

Vas. In her chamber; please you visit her; she is alone. Your liberality hath doubly made me your servant, and shall ever——[*Exit Giovanni. Enter Soranzo.* Sir, I am made a man, I have plied my cue with cunning and success, I beseech you let us be private.

Sor. My lady's brother's come, now he'll know all.

Vas. Let him know it, I have made some of them fast enough,

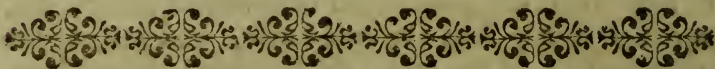
How have you dealt with my lady?

Sor. Gently, as thou hast counsell'd; O my soul Runs circular in sorrow for revenge.

But, *Vasques*, thou shalt know——

Vas. Nay, I will know no more; for now comes your turn to know; I would not talk so openly with you: let my young master take time enough, and go at pleasure; he is sold to death, and the devil shall not ransom him. Sir, I beseech you, your privacy.

Sor. No conquest can gain glory of my fear. [*Exit.*



Actus quintus.

Enter Anabella above.

Anna. PLeasures farewell! and all ye thriftless minutes

Wherein false joys have spun a weary life,
To these my fortunes now I take my leave.
Thou precious time, that swiftly rid'st in post
Over the world, to finish up the race
Of my last fate; here stay thy restless course,
And bear to ages that are yet unborn,
A wretched woeful woman's tragedy.
My conscience now stands up against my lust
With depositions character'd in guilt, [*Enter Friar*]
And tells me I am lost: now I confess,

Beauty

Beauty that clothes the out-side of the face,
Is curf'd if it be not cloath'd with grace.
Here like a turtle (mew'd up in a cage)
Unmated, I converse with air and walls,
And descant on my vile unhappiness.
O Giovanni, that hast had the spoil
Of thine own virtues, and my modest fame.
Wouldst thou hadst been less subject to those stars
That luckless reign'd at my nativity!
O would the scourge due to my black offence
Might pass from thee, that I alone might feel
The torment of an uncontroled flame!

Fr. What is this I hear?

Anna. That man, that blessed friar,
Who join'd in ceremonial knot my hand
To him whose wife I now am; told me oft,
I trode the path to death, and shew'd me how.
But they who sleep in lethargies of lust,
Hug their confusion, making heaven unjust,
And so did I.

Fr. Here's music to the soul!

Anna. Forgive me, my good genius, and this once
Be helpful to my ends: let some good man
Pass this way, to whose trust I may commit
This paper, double lin'd with tears and blood:
Which being granted, here I sadly vow
Repentance, and a leaving of that life
I long have liv'd in.

Fr. Lady, heaven hath heard you,
And hath by providence ordain'd, that I
Should be his minister for your behoof.

Anna. Ha, what are you?

Fr. Your brother's friend, the friar;
Glad in my soul that I have liv'd to hear
This free confession 'twixt your peace and you,
What would you, or to whom? fear not to speak.

Anna. Is heaven so bountiful? then I have found
More favour than I hop'd; here, holy man—

[Throws a Letter]

Commend me to my brother, give him that,

That

That letter ; bid him read it and repent.
 Tell him that I (imprison'd in my chamber,
 Barr'd of all company, even of my guardian,
 Who gives me cause of much suspect) have time
 To blush at what hath past : bid him be wise,
 And not believe the friendship of my lord ;
 I fear much more than I can speak : good father,
 The place is dangerous, and spies are busy,
 I must break off——you'll do it.

Fr. Be sure I will ;
 And fly with speed——my blessing ever rest
 With thee, my daughter, live to die more blest.

[*Exit. Friar.*]

Anna. Thanks to the heavens, who have prolong'd
 my breath
 To this good use : now I can welcome death.

[*Exit Annabella.*]

Enter Soranzo and Vasques.

Vas. Am I to be believ'd now ?
 First, marry a strumpet that cast herself away upon you
 but to laugh at your horns ? to feast on your disgrace,
 riot in your vexations, cuckold you in your bride-bed,
 waste your estate upon panders and bawds ?

Sor. No more, I say, no more.

Vas. A cuckold is a goodly tame beast, my lord.

Sor. I am resolv'd ; urge not another word ;
 My thoughts are great, and all as resolute
 As thunder ; in mean time I'll cause our lady
 To deck herself in all her bridal robes ;
 Kiss her, and fold her gently in my arms ;
 Begone ; yet hear you, are the Bandetti ready
 To wait in ambush ?

Vas. Good sir, Trouble not yourself about other bu-
 siness than your own resolution ; remember that time
 lost cannot be recall'd.

Sor. With all the cunning words thou canst, invite
 The states of Parma to my birth-day's feast ;
 Hasten to my brother rival and his father,

Intreat

Intreat them gently, bid them not to fail ;
Be speedy and return.

Vas. Let not your pity betray you, till my coming
back,

Think upon incest and cuckoldry.

Sor. Revenge is all th' ambition I aspire,
To that I'll climb or fall ; my blood's on fire. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Giovanni.

Gio. Busy opinion is an idle fool,
That, as a school-rod keeps a child in awe,
Frights th' unexperienc'd temper of the mind :
So did it me ; who, ere my precious sister
Was married, thought all taste of love would die
In such a contract ; but I find no change
Of pleasure in this formal law of sports.

She is still one to me, and every kiss
As sweet and as delicious as the first
I reap'd ; when yet the privilege of youth
Intitl'd her a Virgin. O the glory
Of two united hearts like hers and mine !
Let poring book-men dream of other worlds ;
My world, and all of happiness is here,
And I'd not change it for the best to come.

A life of pleasure is Elysium. [*Enter Friar.*

Father, you enter on the jubile
Of my retir'd delights ; now I can tell you,
The hell you oft have prompted, is nought else
But slavish and fond superstitious fear ;
And I could prove it too——

Fr. Thy blindness flays thee,
Look there, 'tis writ to thee. [*Gives the Letter.*

Gio. From whom ?

Fr. Unrip the seals and see :
The blood's yet seething hot, that will anon
Be frozen harder than congealed coral.
Why d'ye change colour, son ?

Gio. 'Fore heaven you make
Some petty devil factor 'twixt my love

And

And your religion-masked forceries.

Where had you this!

Fr. Thy conscience, youth, is fear'd,
Else thou would'st stoop to warning.

Gio. 'Tis her hand,

I know't; and 'tis all written in her blood.

She writes I know not what; death? I'll not fear

An armed Thunderbolt aim'd at my heart.

She writes we are discovered, pox on dreams

Of low faint-hearted cowardise! discovered?

'The devil we are! which way is't possible?

Are we grown traitors to our own delights?

Confusion take such dotage! 'tis but forg'd;

This is your peevish chattering, weak old man!

Now, sir, what news bring you?

Enter Vasques.

Vas. My lord, according to his yearly custom, keeping this day a feast in honour of his birth-day, by me invites you thither. Your worthy father, with the pope's reverend nuncio, and other magnifico's of Parma, have promis'd their presence, will't please you to be of the number?

Gio. Yes, tell them I dare come.

Vas. Dare come?

Gio. So I said; and tell him more, I will come.

Vas. These words are strange to me.

Gio. Say I will come.

Vas. You will not miss?

Gio. Yet more, I'll come; sir, are you answer'd?

Vas. So I'll say — my service to you. [Exit *Vas.*

Fr. You will not go, I trust.

Gio. Not go; for what?

Fr. O do not go! this feast (I'll 'gage my life)

Is but a plot to train you to your ruin.

Be rul'd, you sha'not go.

Gio. Not go? stood death

Threatning his armies of confounding plagues,

With hosts of dangers hot as blazing stars,

I would be there: Not go? yes, and resolve

To strike as deep in slaughter as they all.
For I will go.

Fr. Go where thou wilt, I see
The wildness of thy fate draws to an end,
To a bad fearful end; I must not stay
To know thy fall; back to Bononia I
With speed will haste, and shun this coming blow.
Parma farewell, would I had never known thee,
Or ought of thine. Well, young man, since no prayer
Can make thee safe, I leave thee to despair.

[*Exit Friar.*]

Gio. Despair, or tortures of a thousand hells,
All's one to me; I have set up my rest.
Now, now, work serious thoughts on baneful plots,
Be all a man, my soul; let not the curse
Of old prescription rend me from the gall
Of courage, which inrols a glorious death.
If I must totter like a well-grown oak,
Some under-shrubs shall in my weighty fall
Be crush'd to splits: with me they all shall perish. [*Exit.*]

Enter Soranzo, Vasques, and Bandetti.

Sor. You will not fail, or shrink in the attempt?

Vas. I will undertake for their parts; be sure, my
masters, to be bloody enough, and as unmerciful, as if
you were preying upon a rich booty on the very moun-
tains of Liguria; for your pardons trust to my lord;
but for your reward you shall trust none but your own
pockets.

Ban. omnes. We'll make a murder.

Sor. Here's gold, here's more; want nothing, what
you do is noble, and an act of brave revenge.
I'll make you rich, Bandetti, and all free.

Omnes. Liberty! liberty!

Vas. Hold, take every man a vizard; when you are
withdrawn, keep as much silence as you can possibly;
you know the watch-word, till which be spoken, move
not; but when you hear that, rush in like a stormy
flood; I need not instruct you in your own profession.

Omnes. No, no, no.

Vas.

Vas. In then, your ends are profit and preferment—
away. [*Exit Bandetti.*]

Sor. The guests will all come, *Vasques*?

Vas. Yes, sir;

And now let me a little edge your resolution;
You see nothing is unready to this great work, but a
great mind in you: call to your remembrance your dis-
graces, your loss of honour, *Hippolita's* blood, and arm
your courage in your own wrongs, so shall you best right
those wrongs in vengeance, which you may truly call
your own.

Sor. 'Tis well; the less I speak, the more I burn,
And blood shall quench that flame.

Vas. Now you begin to turn Italian; this beside,
when my young incest-monger comes, he will be sharp set
on his old bit: give him time enough, let him have
your chamber and bed at liberty; let my hot hare have
law e'er he be hunted to his death, that if it be possible,
he post to hell in the very act of his damnation.

Enter Giovanni.

Sor. It shall be so; and see as we would wish,
He comes himself first; welcome my much-lov'd bro-
ther,

Now I perceive you honour me; you're welcome,
But where's my father?

Gio. With the other states,
Attending on the nuncio of the pope
To wait upon him hither. How's my sister?

Sor. Like a good housewife, scarcely ready yet.
You're best walk to her chamber.

Gio. If you will.

Sor. I must expect my honourable friends;
Good brother, get her forth.

Gio. You are busy, sir.

[*Exit Giovanni.*]

Vas. Even as the great devil himself would have it,
let him go and glut himself in his own destruction; hark,
the nuncio is at hand; good sir, be ready to receive
him.

Enter

Flourish. Enter cardinal, Florio, Donado, Richardetto,
and attendants.

Sor. Most reverend lord, this grace hath made me
proud,

That you vouchsafe my house; I ever rest
Your humble servant for this noble favour.

Car. You are our friend, my lord, his holiness
Shall understand how zealously you honour
St. Peter's vicar in his substitute.

Our special love to you.

Sor. Signiors, to you
My welcome, and my ever best of thanks
For this so memorable courtesy.

Pleaseth your grace to walk near?

Car. My lord, we come
To celebrate your feast with civil mirth,
As ancient custom teacheth: we will go.

Sor. Attend his grace there, signiors keep your way.
[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Gio-vanni and Annabella lying on a bed.

Gio. What, chang'd so soon? hath your new sprightly
lord

Found out a trick in night-games more than we
Could know in our simplicity? ha! is't so?
Or does the fit come on you, to prove treacherous
To your past vows and oaths?

Anna. Why should you jest
At my Calamity, without all sense
Of the approaching dangers you are in?

Gio. What danger's half so great as thy revolt?
Thou art a faithless sister, else thou know'st,
Malice, or any treachery beside
Would stoop to my bent brows; why, I hold fate
Clasp'd in my fist, and could command the course
Of time's eternal motion; hadst thou been
One thought more steady than an ebbing sea.
And what? you'll now be honest, that's resolv'd?

Anna. Brother, dear brother, know what I have been,
And know that now there's but a dining time
'Twixt us and our confusion: let's not waste

These

These precious hours in vain and uselefs speech.
 Alas, these gay attires were not put on
 But to some end ; this sudden solemn feast
 Was not ordain'd to riot in expence ;
 I that have now been chamber'd here alone,
 Bar'd of my guardian, or of any else,
 Am not for nothing at an instant freed
 To fresh access. Be not deceiv'd, my brother,
 This banquet is an harbinger of death
 To you and me ; resolve yourself it is,
 And be prepar'd to welcome it.

Gio. Well then,

The schoolmen teach that all this globe of earth
 Shall be consum'd to ashes in a minute.

Anna. So I have read too.

Gio. But 'twere somewhat strange
 To see the waters burn ; could I believe
 This might be true, I could believe as well
 There might be hell or heaven.

Anna. That's most certain.

Gio. A dream, a dream ; else in this other world
 We should know one another.

Anna. So we shall.

Gio. Have you heard so ?

Anna. For certain.

Gio. But do you think,
 That I shall see you there ?
 You look on me,
 May we kiss one another ?
 Prate or laugh,
 Or do as we do here ?

Anna. I know not that ;
 But, good brother, for the present, how do you mean
 To free yourself from danger ? some way think
 How to escape ; I'm sure the guests are come.

Gio. Look up, look here ; what see you in my face ?

Anna. Distraction and a troubled conscience.

Gio. Death and a swift repining wrath——yet look,
 What see you in mine eyes ?

Anna. Methinks you weep.

Gio. I do indeed ; these are the funeral tears
Shed on your grave, these furrowed up my cheeks
When first I lov'd and knew not how to woo.
Fair Annabella, should I here repeat
The story of my life, we might lose time.
Be record all the spirits of the air,
And all things else that are, that day and night,
Early and late, the tribute which my heart
Hath paid to Annabella's sacred love,
Hath been these tears, which are her mourners now ;
Never till now did nature do her best,
To shew a matchless beauty to the world,
Which in an instant, ere it scarce was seen,
The jealous destinies requir'd again.
Pray, Annabella, pray ; since we must part.
Go thou, white in thy soul, to fill a Throne
Of innocence and sanctity in heaven.
Pray, pray, my sister.

Anna. Then I see your drift,
Ye blessed angels, guard me !

Gio. So say I.
Kiss me ; if ever after times should hear
Of our fast-knit affections, though perhaps
The laws of conscience and of civil use
May justly blame us, yet when they but know
Our loves, that love will wipe away that rigour,
Which would in other incests be abhor'd.
Give me your hand ; how sweetly life doth run
In these well-colour'd veins ! how constantly
These pulse do promise health ! but I could chide
With nature for this cunning flattery,
Kiss me again———forgive me.

Anna. With my heart.

Gio. Farewel.

Anna. Will you be gone ?

Gio. Be dark, bright sun,
And make this mid-day night, that thy guilt rays
May not behold a deed, will turn their splendor
More footy, than the poets feign their Styx !
One other kiss, my sister.

Anna. What means this?

Gio. To save thy fame, and kill thee in a kiss. [*Stabs her.*
Thus die, and die by me, and by my hand;
Revenge is mine; honour doth love command.

Anna. Oh brother, by your hand!

Gio. When thou art dead
I'll give my reasons for't; for to dispute
With thy, even in thy death, most lovely beauty,
Would make me stagger to perform this act
Which I most glory in.

Anna. Forgive him, heaven—and me my sins! fare-
wel.

Brother unkind, unkind—mercy, great heaven—oh—
oh. [*Dies.*

Gio. She's dead, alas good soul! the hapless fruit
That in her womb receiv'd its life from me,
Hath had from me a cradle and a grave.
I must not dally, this sad marriage-bed
In all her best, bore her alive and dead.
Soranzo, thou hast mis'd thy aim in this,
I have prevented now thy reaching plots,
And kill'd a love, for whose each drop of blood
I would have pawn'd my heart. Fair Annabella,
How over-glorious art thou in thy wounds,
Triumphing over infamy and hate!
Shrink not, couragious hand, stand up my heart,
And boldly act my last, and greater part.

[*Exit with the body.*

A Banquet. Enter Cardinal, Florio, Donado, Soranzo,
Richardetto, Vasques, and attendants. They take their
places.

Vas. Remember, sir, what you have to do; be wise
and resolute.

Sor. Enough—my heart is fix'd, pleaseth your grace
To taste these coarse confections. Tho' the use
Of such set entertainments more consists
In custom, than in cause; yet, reverend sir,
I am still made your servant by your presence.

Car. And we your friend.

Sor. But where's my brother Giovanni?

Enter Giovanni, with a heart upon his dagger.

Gio. Here, here, Soranzo; trim'd in reeking blood,
That triumphs over death; proud in the spoil
Of love and vengeance, fate or all the powers
That guide the motions of immortal souls
Could not prevent me.

Car. What means this?

Flo. Son Giovanni?

Sor. Shall I be forestal'd?

Gio. Be not amaz'd: if your misgiving hearts
Shrink at an idle fight; what bloodless fear
Of coward passion would have seiz'd your senses,
Had you beheld the rape of life and beauty
Which I have acted? my sister, oh my sister!

Flo. Ha! what of her?

Gio. The glory of my deed
Darkned the mid-day sun, made noon as night.
You came to feast, my lords, with dainty fare;
I came to feast too, but I dig'd for food
In a much richer mine than gold or stone
Of any value balanc'd; 'tis a heart,
A heart, my lords, in which is mine intomb'd.
Look well upon't; do you know't?

Vas. What strange riddle's this?

Gio. 'Tis Annabella's heart, 'tis; why do you startle?
I vow 'tis hers. This dagger's point plow'd up
Her fruitful womb, and left to me the fame
Of a most glorious executioner.

Flo. Why, madman, art thyself?

Gio. Yes, father, and that times to come may know,
How as my fate I honoured my revenge,
Lift, father, to your ears I will yield up
How much I have deserv'd to be your son.

Flo. What is't thou say'st?

Gio. Nine moons have had their changes,
Since I first throughly view'd and truly lov'd
Your daughter and my sister.

Flo. How! alas my lords, he's a frantic madman!

Gio. Father, no;

For nine month's space, in secret I enjoy'd
Sweet Annabella's sheets; nine months I liv'd
A happy monarch of her heart and her.
Soranzo, thou know'st this; thy paler cheek
Bears the confounding print of thy disgrace,
For her too fruitful womb too soon bewray'd
The happy passage of our stol'n delights,
And made her mother to a child unborn.

Car. Incestuous villain!

Flo. Oh, his rage belies him!

Gio. It does not, 'tis the oracle of truth;
I vow it is so!

Sor. I shall burst with fury!

Bring the strumpet forth!

Vas. I shall, sir.

[Exit Vasques.]

Gio. Do, sir; have you all no faith
To credit yet my triumphs? here I swear
By all that you call sacred, by the love
I bore my Annabella whilst she liv'd,
These hands have from her bosom rip'd this heart.
Is't true or no, sir?

[Enter Vasques.]

Vas. 'Tis most strangely true.

Flo. Curfed man—have I liv'd to—

[Dies.]

Car. Hold up, Florio,

Monster of children! see what thou hast done,
Broke thy old father's heart; is none of you
Dares venture on him?

Gio. Let 'em; oh my father,
How well his death becomes him in his griefs!
Why this was done with courage; now survives
None of our house but I, guilty the blood
Of a fair sister and a hapless father.

Sor. Inhuman scorn of men, hast thou a thought
T' outlive thy murders?

Gio. Yes, I tell thee yes;
For in my fists I bear the twists of life.
Soranzo, see this heart which was thy wife's,

Thus

Thus I exchange it royally for thine,
And thus and thus, now brave revenge is mine.

Vas. I cannot hold any longer; you, fir, are you
grown insolent in your butcheries? have at you. [*Fight.*

Gio. Come, I am arm'd to meet thee.

Vas. No! will it not be yet? if this will not, an-
other shall.

Not yet? I shall fit you anon—Vengeance.

Enter Bandetti.

Gio. Welcome, come more of you whate'er you be,
I dare your worst——

Oh I can stand no longer, feeble arms
Have you so soon lost strength.

Vas. Now you are welcome, fir,
Away, my masters, all is done,
Shift for your selves, your reward is your own.
Shift for yourselves.

Ban. Away, away. [*Exeunt Bandetti.*

Vas. How d'ye, my lord, see you this? how is't?

Sor. Dead; but in death well pleased, that I have liv'd
To see my wrongs reveng'd on that black devil.

O Vasques, to thy bosom let me give
My last of breath, let not that lecher live—oh! [*Dies.*

Vas. The reward of peace and rest be with him,
My ever dearest lord and master.

Gio. Whose hand gave me this wound?

Vas. Mine, fir; I was your first man, have you
enough?

Gio. I thank thee, thou hast done for me but what I
would have else done on my self; art sure thy lord is
dead?

Vas. Oh impudent slave, as sure as I am sure to see
thee die.

Car. Think on thy life and end, and call for mercy.

Gio. Mercy? why, I have found it in this justice.

Car. Strive yet to cry to heaven.

Gio. Oh I bleed fast!

Death, thou art a guest long look'd for, I embrace

Thee and thy wounds. Oh my last minute comes.
Where'er I go, let me enjoy this grace,
Freely to view my Annabella's face. [Dies.

Do. Strange miracle of justice !

Car. Raise up the city, we shall be murdered all.

Vas. You need not fear, you shall not ; this strange task being ended, I have paid the duty to the son, which I have vowed to the father.

Car. Speak, wretched villain, what incarnate feind Hath led thee on to this ?

Vas. Honesty, and pity of my master's wrongs ; for know, my lord, I am by birth a Spaniard, brought forth my country in my youth by lord Soranzo's father ; whom whilst he lived, I serv'd faithfully ; since whose death I have been to this man, as I was to him ; what I have done was duty, and I repent nothing, but that the loss of my life had not ransom'd his.

Car. Say, fellow, know'st thou any yet unnam'd Of council in this incest ?

Vas. Yes, an old woman, sometime guardian to this murder'd lady.

Car. And what's become of her ?

Vas. Within this room she is, whose eyes after her confession I caus'd to be put out, but kept alive, to confirm what from *Giovanni's* own mouth you have heard : now, my lord, what I have done, you may judge of, and let your own wisdom be a judge in your own reason.

Car. Peace ; first this woman, chief in these effects, My sentence is, that forthwith she be ta'en Cut of the city, for example's sake, There to be burnt to ashes.

Do. 'Tis most just.

Car. Be it your charge, Donado, see it done.

Do. I shall.

Vas. What for me ? if death, 'tis welcome, I have been honest to the son, as I was to the father.

Car. Fellow, for thee ; since what thou did'st was done Not for thyself, being no Italian, We banish thee for ever, to depart

Within

Within three days ; in this we do dispense
With grounds of reason, not of thine offence.

Vas. 'Tis well ; this conquest is mine, and I rejoice
that a Spaniard outwent an Italian in revenge. [*Ex. Vas.*

Car. Take up these slaughter'd bodies, see them buried,
And all the gold and jewels, or whatsoever,
Confiscate by the canons of the church,
We seize upon to the Pope's proper use.

Rich. Your grace's pardon, thus long I liv'd disguis'd
To see the effect of pride and lust at once
Brought both to shameful ends.

Car. What, Richardetto, whom we thought for dead ?

Do. Sir, was it you——

Rich. Your friend.

Car. We shall have time
To talk at large of all, but never yet
Incest and murder have so strangely met.
Of one so young, so rich in nature's store,
Who could not say, 'Tis pity she's a Whore ? [*Exeunt.*

F I N I S.



Faint, illegible text, possibly bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.

J. I. V. V.





G R I M,

The COLLIER of *Croydon* :

O R,

The DEVIL and his DAM,

W I T H

The DEVIL and St. DUNSTAN.

By J. T.





I Can give no account of this play, or its Author, but that it was printed in 1662, with two others, by unknown authors, as curiosities, in a small volume, intitled, *Gratiæ Theatrales, or A choice Ternary of English Plays.*

Dramatis



Dramatis Personæ.

ST. *Dunstan*, abbot of Glassenbury.

Morgan, earl of London.

Lacy, earl of Kent.

Honorea, Morgan's daughter.

Marian, her waiting-maid.

Nan, Marian's maid.

Musgrave, a young gentleman.

Captain *Clinton*.

Miles Forrest, a gentleman.

Ralph Harvy, an apothecary.

Grim, the collier of Croydon.

Parson *Short-hose*.

Clack, a miller.

Joan, a country maid.

Pluto.

Minos.

Æacus.

Rhadamanthus.

Belphegor.

Abercock, or *Robin Goodfellow*.

Malbecco, his ghost, officers, attendants, &c.

} Devils.

The Scene, ENGLAND.



PROLOGUE.

YOu're welcome : but our plot I dare not tell ye,
For fear I fright a lady with great belly :
Or should a scold be 'mong you, I dare say,
She'd make more work, than the devil, in the play.
Heard you not never how an actor's wife,
Whom he, fond fool, lov'd dearly as his life,
Coming in's way did chance to get a Jape,
As he was tired in his devil's shape.
And how equivocal a generation
Was then begot, and brought forth thereupon ?
Let it not fright you ; this I dare to say,
Here is no lecherous devil in our play.
He will not rumple Peg, nor Joan, nor Nan,
But has enough at home to do with Marian ;
Whom he so little pleases, she in scorn
Does teach his devilship to wind the horn.
But if your children cry when Robin comes,
You may to still them buy here pears or plumbs.
Then, sir, you quiet all, who are come in,
St. Dunstan will soon enter and begin.



G R I M,

The COLLIER of *Croydon* :

Actus primus, Scena prima.

A place being provided for the devils consistory, enter St. Dunstan with his beads, book, and crozier-staff, &c.

St. Dunst.



ENVY that always waits on
virtue's train,
And tears the graves of quiet
sleeping souls,
Hath brought me, after many
hundred years,

To shew myself again upon the earth.
Know then (who list) that I am English born,
My name is Dunstan ; whilst I liv'd with men,
Chief primate of the holy English church :

I was begotten in West Saxony :
 My father's name was Heorston, my mother's Cinifred.
 Endowed with my merit's legacy,
 I flourish'd in the reign of seven great kings ;
 The first was Adelstane, whose niece Elfreda,
 Malicious tongues reported, I defiled :
 Next him came Edmond, then Edred, and Edwin :
 And after him reign'd Edgar, a great prince,
 But full of many crimes, which I restrain'd :
 Edward his son, and lastly Egelred.
 With all these kings was I in high esteem,
 And kept both them, and all the land in awe ;
 And, had I liv'd, the Danes had never boasted
 Their then beginning conquest of this land ;
 Yet some accuse me for a conjurer,
 By reason of those many miracles
 Which heaven for holy life endowed me with.
 But whoso looks into the golden legend,
 (That sacred register of holy saints)
 Shall find me by the pope canoniz'd,
 And happily the cause of this report
 Might rise by reason of a vision,
 Which I beheld in great king Edgar's days,
 Being that time abbot of Glassenbury,
 Which (for it was a matter of some worth)
 I did make known to few, until this day :
 But now I purpose that the world shall see
 How much those slanderers have wronged me ;
 Nor will I trouble you with courts and kings,
 Or drive a feigned battle out of breath ;
 Or keep a coil myself upon the stage ;
 But think you see me in my secret cell,
 Arm'd with my tortas, bidding of my beads.
 But on a sudden I'm o'ercome with sleep !
 If ought ensue, watch you, for Dunstan dreams.

*He layeth him down to sleep ; lightning and thunder ; the
 curtains drawn on a sudden ; Pluto, Minos, Æacus,
 Rhadamanthus, set in counsel ; before them Malbecco's
 ghost guarded with furies.*

Pluto. You ever dreaded judges of black hell,
 Grim Minos, Æacus, and Rhadamant,
 Lords of Cocytus, Styx, and Phlegiton,
 Princes of darkness, Pluto's ministers,
 Know that the greatness of his present cause
 Hath made ourself in person sit as judge,
 To hear the arraignment of Malbecco's ghost;
 Stand forth, thou ghastly pattern of despair,
 And to this powerful synod tell thy tale,
 That we may hear if thou canst justly say
 Thou wert not author of thy own decay.

Malb. Infernal Jove, great prince of Tartary,
 With humble reverence poor Malbecco speaks,
 Still trembling with the fatal memory
 Of his so late concluded tragedy.
 I was (with thanks to your great bounty) bred
 A wealthy lord, whilst that I liv'd on earth;
 And so might have continu'd to this day,
 Had not that plague of mankind fall'n on me:
 For I (poor man) join'd woe unto my name,
 By choosing out a woman for my wife.
 A wife! a curse ordained for the world.
 Fair Helena! fair she was indeed,
 But foully stain'd with inward wickedness.
 I kept her bravely, and I lov'd her dear;
 But that dear love did cost my life, and all.
 To reckon up a thousand of her pranks,
 Her pride, her wastful spending, her unkindness,
 Her false dissembling, seeming sanctity,
 Her scolding, pouting, prating, meddling,
 And twenty hundred more of the same stamp,
 Were but to reap an endless catalogue
 Of what the world is plagu'd with every day.
 But for the main of that I have to tell,
 It chanced thus: late in a rainy night
 A crew of gallants came unto my house,
 And (will I, nill I) would forsooth be lodg'd;
 I brought them in, and made them all good cheer,
 (Such as I had in store) and lodg'd them soft:
 Amongst them one, ycleped Paridell,

(The falsest thief that ever trod on ground)
 Rob'd me, and with him stole away my wife.
 I (for I lov'd her dear) pursu'd the thief ;
 And after many days in travel spent,
 Found her amongst a crew of satyrs wild,
 Kissing, and colling all the live-long night :
 I spake her fair, and pray'd her to return ;
 But she in scorn commands me to be gone,
 And glad I was to fly, to save my life ;
 But when I backward came unto my house,
 I find it spoil'd, and all my treasure gone ;
 Desprate and mad, I ran, I knew not whither,
 Calling and crying out on heaven and fate ;
 Till seeing none to pity my distress,
 I threw myself down headlong on a rock,
 And so concluded all my ills at once.
 Now, judge you, justice benchers, if my wife
 Were not the instrument to end my life.

Pluto. Can it be possible (you lords of hell)
 Malbecco's tale of women should be true ?
 Is marriage now become so great a curse,
 That whilome was the comfort of the world ?

Minos. Women, it seems, have lost their native shame,
 As no man better may complain than I,
 Though not of any whom I made my wife,
 But of my daughter who procur'd my fall.

Æacus. 'Tis strange what complaints are brought us every day

Of men made miserable by marriage ;
 So that amongst a thousand, scarcely ten
 Have not some grievous actions 'gainst their wives.

Rhad. My lord, if Rhadamant might counsel you,
 Your grace should send some one into the world,
 That might make proof if it be true or no.

Pluto. And wisely hast thou counsell'd Rhadamant,
 Call in Belphagor to me presently.

[*One of the furies goes for Belphagor.*]

He is the fittest that I know in hell
 To undertake a task of such import,
 For he is patient, mild, and pitiful :

Humours but ill agreeing with our kingdom.

[*Enter Belphagor.*]

And here he comes ; Belphagor, so it is,
 We in our awful fynod have decreed,
 (Upon occasions to ourselves best known)
 'That thou from hence shall go into the world,
 And take upon thee the shape of a man ;
 In which estate thou shalt be married :
 Choose thee a wife that best may please thyself,
 And live with her a twelvemonth and a day ;
 Thou shalt be subject unto human chance
 So far as common wit cannot relieve thee ;
 Thou shalt of us receive ten thousand pounds,
 Sufficient stock to use for thy increase :
 But whatsoever happens in that time,
 Look not from us for succour or relief ;
 This shalt thou do, and when the time's expired,
 Bring word to us what thou hast seen and done.

Bel. With all my heart, my lord, I am content,
 So I may have my servant Akercock
 To wait upon me as if he were my man,
 That he may witness likewise what is done.

Pluto. We are contented, he shall go with thee.

Minos. But what mean time decrees your majesty
 Of poor Malbecco ?

Pluto. He shall rest with us
 Until Belphagor do return again,
 And as he finds, so will we give his doom.
 Come let us go and set our spyal forth,
 Who for a time must make experiment,
 If hell be not on earth, as well as here.

[*Exeunt.*]

[*It thunders and lightens ; the devils go forth ; Dunstan rising, runneth about the stage, laying about him with his staff.*]

St. Dunst. Satan avaunt ! thou art man's enemy,
 Thou shalt not live amongst us so unseen,
 So to betray us to the prince of darkness :
 Satan avaunt ! I do conjure thee hence.
 What dream'st thou, Dunstan ? yea I dream'd indeed.
 Must then the devil come into the world ?

Such

Such is belike the infernal king's decree ;
 Well, be it so ; for Dunstan is content.
 Mark well the process of the devil's disguise,
 Who happily may learn you to be wise.
 Women beware ; and make your bargains well,
 The devil, to chuse a wife, is come from hell. [Exit.

Actus primus, Scena secunda.

Enter Morgan earl of London, Lacy earl of Kent, with Miles Forrest.

Mor. MY lord of Kent, your honour knows my mind,
 That ever has, and still does honour you,
 Accounting it my daughter's happiness,
 (Amidst her other infelicities)
 'That you vouchsafe to love her as you do :
 How gladly I would grant your lordship's suit
 The heavens can witness, which, with ruthless ears
 Have often heard my yet unpitied plaints ;
 And could I find some means for her recovery,
 None but yourself should have her to your wife.

Lacy. My lord of London, now long time it is
 Since Lacy first was suitor to your daughter,
 The fairest Honorea ; in whose eyes
 Honour itself in love's sweet bosom lies :
 What shall we say, or seem to strive with heaven,
 Who speechless sent her first into the world ?
 In vain it is for us to think to loose
 That which by nature's self we see is bound :
 Her beauty, with her other virtues join'd,
 Are gifts sufficient, tho' she want a tongue ;
 And some will count it virtue in a woman
 Still to be bound to unoffending silence ;
 Tho' I could wish with half of all my lands,
 That she could speak : but since it may not be,
 'Twere vain to imprison beauty with her speech.

For. Have you not heard, my lords, the wondrous
fame

Of holy Dunstan, abbot of Glassenbury ?
What miracles he hath atchieved of late ;
And how the rood of Dovercot did speak,
Confirming his opinion to be true ;
And how the holy consistory fell,
With all the monks that were assembled there,
Saving one beam whereon this Dunstan fate ;
And other more such miracles as these.
They say he is of such religious life,
'That angels often use to talk with him,
And tell to him the secrets of the heavens.
No question, if your honours would but try,
He could procure my lady for to speak.

Mor. Believe me, Forrest, thou hast well advised,
For I have heard of late much talk of him.

Lacy. Is not that Dunstan he, who check'd the king
About his privy dealing with the nun,
And made him to do penance for the fault ?

Mor. The same is he, for whom I streight will send,
Miles Forrest shall in post to Glassenbury,
And gently pray the abbot for my sake
To come to London ; sure I hope the heavens
Have ordain'd Dunstan to do Morgan good.

Lacy. Let us dispatch him thither presently ;
For I myself will stay for his return,
And see some end or other ere I go.

Mor. Come then, lord Lacy ; Forrest, come away.

[*Exeunt.*]

Actus primus, Scena tertia.

Enter Belpagor attired like a physician ; Akercock, his man, in a tawny coat.

Bel. **N**OW is Belpagor, an incarnate devil,
Come to the earth to seek him out a dame :
Hell be my speed ! and so, I hope, it will.
In lovely London are we here arrived.
Whereas I hear the earl hath a fair daughter
So full of virtue, and soft modesty,
That yet she never gave a man foul word.

Ak. Marry, indeed, they say she cannot speak.

Bel. For this cause have I taken this disguise,
And will profess me a physician,
Come up on purpose for to cure the lady ;
Marry, no way shall bind me but herself ;
And she I do intend shall be my wife.

Ak. But, master, tell me one thing by the way,
Do you not mean that I shall marry too ?

Bel. No, Akercock, thou shalt be still unwed ;
For if they be as bad as is reported,
One wife will be enough to tire us both.

Ak. O, then you mean that I shall now and then
Have, as it were, a course at base with her.

Bel. Not so, not so ; that's one of marriage plagues,
Which I must seek to shun amongst the rest,
And live in sweet contentment with my wife ;
That when I back again return to hell
All wömen may be bound to reverence me,
For saving of their credits, as I will.

But who comes here ?

[*Enter capt. Clinton.*

Clin. This needs must tickle Musgrave to the quick,
And stretch his heart-strings farther by an inch,
That Lacy must be married to his love ;
And by that match my market is near mar'd,

For Mariana, whom I most affect ;
 But I must cast about by some device
 To help myself, and to prevent the earl.

Bel. This fellow fitly comes to meet with me,
 Who seems to be acquainted with the earl.
 Good fortune guide you, sir.

Clint. As much to you.

Bel. Might I intreat a favour at your hands?

Cli. What's that ?

Bel. I am a stranger here in England, sir ;
 Brought from my native home, upon report
 That the earl's daughter wants the use of speech ;
 I have been practised in such cures ere now,
 And willingly would try my skill on her.
 Let me request you so to favour me,
 As to direct me to her father's house.

Cli. With all my heart, and welcome shall you be
 To that good earl, who mourns his daughter's want ;
 But they have for a holy abbot sent,
 Who can, men say, do many miracles,
 In hope that he will work this wond'rous cure.

Bel. Whate'er he be, I know 'tis past his skill ;
 Nor any in the world, besides myself,
 Did ever found the depth of that device.

Enter Musgrave.

Clin. Musgrave, well met ; I needs must speak with
 you.

Musg. I came to seek you.

Clin. Tarry you a while.

Shall I intreat you, sir, to walk before
 With this same gentleman ? I'll overtake you.

[*Exeunt Bel. & Aker.*

This is the news ; the earl of Kent is come,
 And in all haste the marriage must be made.
 Your lady weeps, and knows not what to do ;
 But hopes that you will work some means or other
 To stop the cross proceedings of the earl.

Musg. Alas, poor Clinton, what can Musgrave do ?

Unless

Unless I should by stealth convey her thence ;
On which a thousand dangers do depend.

Clin. Well, to be brief, because I cannot stay,
Thus stands the case, if you will promise me,
To work your cozen Marian to be mine ;
I'll so devise that you shall purchase her ;
And therefore tell me if you like the match ?

Musg. With all my heart, sir, yea and thank you
too.

Clin. Then say no more, but leave the rest to me,
For I have plotted how it shall be done ;
I must go follow yon fair gentleman,
On whom I build my hopes. *Musgrave, adieu.*

Musg. *Clinton, farewell ; I'll wish thee good success.*

[*Exeunt.*]



Actus secundus, Scena prima.

*Enter Morgan, Lacy, Dunstan, Forrest, Honorea,
Marian.*

Mor. **T**HOU holy man, to whom the higher powers
Have given the gift of cures beyond conceit,
Welcome thou art unto earl Morgan's house ;
The house of sorrow yet, unless by thee
Our joys may spring anew ; which, if they do,
Reward and praise shall both attend on thee.

Lacy. And we will ever reverence thy name,
Making the chronicles to speak thy praise ;
So Honorea may but have her speech.

Dunst. My lords, you know the hallowed gift of
tongues
Comes from the self-same power that gives us breath ;
He binds and looseth them at his dispose ;
And in his name will Dunstan undertake
To work this cure upon fair Honorea.

Hang there, my harp, my solitary muse,
Companion of my contemplation.

[*He hangs his harp on the wall.*]

And, lady, kneel with me upon the earth,
That both our prayers may ascend to heaven.

[*They kneel down; then enters Clinton, with Belpagor, terming himself Castiliano, and Akercock, as Robin Goodfellow.*]

Clin. So shall you do the lady a good turn,
And bind both him and me to you for ever.

Bel. I have determin'd what I mean to do.

Clin. Here be the earls, and with them is the friar.

Bel. What is he praying?

Cli. So methinks he is;

But I'll disturb him. By your leave, my lords,
Here is a stranger from beyond the seas
Will undertake to cure your lordship's daughter.

Mor. The holy abbot is about the cure.

Bel. Yea, but, my lord, he'll never finish it.

Mor. How canst thou tell? what countryman art thou?

Bel. I am by birth, my lord, a Spaniard born,
And by descent came of a noble house;
Though for the love I bear to secret arts,
I never car'd to seek for vain estate,
Yet by my skill I have increas'd my wealth.
My name Castiliano, and my birth
No baser than the best blood of Castile.
Hearing your daughter's strange infirmity,
Join'd with such matchless beauty and rare virtue,
I cross'd the seas on purpose for her good.

Dunst. Fond man, presuming on thy weaker skill,
That think'st by art to over-rule the heavens;
Thou know'st not what it is thou undertak'st.
No, no, my lord, your daughter must be cur'd
By fasting, prayer, and religious works;
Myself for her will sing a solemn mass,
And give her three sips of the holy chalice,
And turn my beads with aves and with creeds;
And thus, my lord, your daughter must be help'd.

Cas.

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Caf. Zounds, what a prating keeps the bald-pate friar?
My lord, my lord, here's church-work for an age!
Tush, I will cure her in a minute's space,
That she shall speak as plain as you or I.

[*Dunstan's harp sounds on the wall.*]

For. Hark, hark, my lord, the holy abbot's harp
Sounds by itself so hanging on the wall!

Dunst. Unhallowed man, that scorn'st the sacred
read,

Hark how the testimony of my truth
Sounds heavenly music with an angel's hand,
To testify Dunstan's integrity,
And prove thy active boast of no effect.

Caf. Tush, sir, that music was to welcome me!
The harp hath got another master now;
I warrant you, 'twill never tune you more.

Dunst. Who should be master of my harp but I?

Caf. Try then what service it will do for you.

[*He tries to play, but cannot.*]

Dunst. Thou art some forcerer or necromancer,
Who by thy spells dost hold these holy strings.

Caf. Cannot your holiness unbind the bonds?
Then, I perceive, my skill is most of force:
You see, my lord, the abbot is but weak;
I am the man must do your daughter good.

Mor. What wilt thou ask for to work thy cure?

Caf. That without which I will not do the cure;
Herself to be my wife, for which intent
I came from Spain; then if she shall be mine,
Say so, or keep her else for ever dumb.

Mor. The earl of Kent, mine honourable friend,
Hath to my daughter been a suitor long;
And much it would displease both her and him
To be prevented of their wished love:
Ask what thou wilt beside, and I will grant it.

Caf. Alas, my lord, what should the crazy earl
Do with so young a virgin as your daughter?
I dare stand to her choice 'twixt him and me.

Lacy. And I will pawn mine earldom with my love,
And lose them both, if I lose Honorea.

Caf.

Caf. A match, my lords, we'll stand unto the choice.

Mor. I am contented, if the earl be pleased.

Lacy. I were not worthy of her did I doubt.

Caf. Then there it goes; fetch me a bowl of wine,
This is the match, my lord, before I work;
If she refuse the earl, she must be mine.

Mor. It is.

[*One brings him a cup of wine, he strains the juice of the herb into it.*]

Caf. Now shall your lordships see a Spaniard's skill,
Who from the plains of new America
Can find out sacred simples of esteem
To bind, and unbind nature's strongest powers:
This herb, which mortal men have seldom found,
Can I with ease procure me when I list;
And by this juice shall *Honorea* speak;
Here, lady, drink the freedom of thy heart,
And may it teach thee long to call me love. [*She drinks.*]
Now lovely *Honorea*, thou art free,
Let thy celestial voice make choice of me.

Hon. Base alien! mercenary fugitive!
Presumptuous Spaniard! that with shameless pride
Dar'st ask an English lady for thy wife,
I scorn my slave should honour thee so much;
And for myself, I like myself the worse
That thou dar'st hope the gaining of my love.
Go, get thee gone, the shame of my esteem,
And seek some drudge that may be like thyself!
But as for you, good earl of Kent,
Methinks your lordship, being of these years,
Should be past dreaming of a second wife.
Fy, fy, my lord! 'tis lust in doting age;
I will not patronize so foul a sin.
An old man dote on youth! 'tis monstrous;
Go home, go home, and rest your weary head;
'T were pity such a brow should learn to bud.
And lastly unto you, my lord, and father,
Your love to me is too much overseen,
That in your care and counsel should devise,
To tie your daughter's choice to two such grooms.

You may elect for me, but I'll dispose
 And fit myself far better than both those ;
 And so I will conclude ; you, as you please.

[*Exit Honorea in a chaise.*]

Rob. Call you this making of a woman speak ?
 I think they all wish she were dumb again.

Cast. How now, my lord, what are you in a muse ?

Lacy. I would to God her tongue were tied again.

Cast. Ay marry, fir, but that's another thing,
 The devil cannot tie a woman's tongue ;
 I would the friar could do that with his beads.
 But 'tis no matter, you, my lord, have promis'd,
 If she refuse the earl, she should be mine.

Mor. Win her, and wear her, man, with all my heart !

Cast. Oh ! I'll haunt her, till I make her stoop ;
 Come, come, my lord, this was to try her voice,
 Let's in and court her ; one of us shall speed.

Rob. Happy man be his dole that misseth her, say I.

Dunst. My weaker senses cannot apprehend
 The means this stranger us'd to make her speak ;
 There is some secret mystery therein,
 Conceal'd from Dunstan, which the heavens reveal,
 That I may scourge this bold blaspheming man,
 Who holds religious works of little worth.

[*Exeunt ; manent Clinton and Forrest.*]

For. Now, captain Clinton, what think you of me ?

Clin. Methinks, as yet, the jest holds pretty well ;
 The one hath taught her to deny himself,
 The other woo'd so long he cannot speed,

For. This news will please young Musgrave:

Clin. Marry will it,
 And I will hasten to acquaint him with them,
 Come let's away.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter parson Skorthouse, and Grim the collier.

Grim. No, Mr. Parson, grief hath made my heart
 and me a pair of balance, as heavy as lead ; every
 night I dream I am a town top, and that I am whipt
 up and down with the scourge-stick of love, and the
 metal of affection ; and when I work, I find myself

stark naked, and as cold as a stone; now judge how I am tumbled and tost; poor Grim the collier hath wish'd himself burnt up amongst his coals.

Short. O Grim, be wise, dream not of love!

Thy sorrows cannot fancy move:
If Jug love thee, love her again;
If not, thy kindness then refrain.

Grim. I am not skill'd in your rhyming, Mr. Parson; but that which is bred in the flesh will never come out of the bone; I have seen as much as another man; my travel should teach me; there's never a day in the week but I carry coals from Croydon to London; and now when I rise in the morning to harness my horses, and load my cart, methinks I have a taylor sowing stitches in my heart: when I am driving my cart, my heart that wanders one way, my eyes they leer another, my feet they lead me I know not whither, but now and then into a slough over head and ears; so that poor Grim, that before was over shoes in love, is now over head and ears in dirt and mire.

Short. Well, Grim, my counsel shall suffice
To help thee, but in any wise
Be rul'd by me, and thou shalt see,
As thou lov'st her, she shall love thee.

Grim. A lard! but do you think that will be so? I should laugh till I tickle to see that day, and forswear sleep all the next night after; oh Mr. Parson, I am so halter'd in affection, that I may tell you in secret, here's no body else hears me, I take no care how I fill my sacks; every time I come to London my Coals are found faulty; I have been five times pilloried, my coals given to the poor, and my sacks burnt before my face. It were a shame to speak this; but truth will come to light; O *Joan!* thou hast thrown the coal-dust of thy love into my eyes, and stricken me quite blind.

Short. Now afore God the Collier chuseth well;
For beauty, Jug, doth bear away the bell:
And I love her; then Collier thou must miss,
For parson Shorthose vows, Jug shall be his.

But hear'st thou, Grim, I have that in my head,
 'To plot that how thou shalt the maiden wed.

Grim. But are you sure you have that in your head?
 O for a hammer to knock that out! One blow at your
 pate would lay all open to me, and make me as wise
 as you.

Short. Think'st thou I do so often look
 For nothing on my learned book,
 As that I cannot work the feat?
 I warrant I'll the miller cheat;
 And make Jug thine, in spite of him:
 Will this content thee, neighbour Grim?

Grim. Content me! ay, and so highly, that if you
 do this feat for me, you hire me to you as one hireth
 an ox or an ass: to use, to ride, to spur, or any thing;
 yours to demand, miserable Grim! Joan's handmaid!
 for so I have called myself, ever since last May-day,
 when she gave me her hand to kiss.

Short. Well, let's away; and in all haste,
 About it ere the day be past;
 And ever after, if thou hast her.
 Acknowledge me to be thy master.

Grim. I wool, sir; come, let's away, the best drink in
 Croydon's yours; I have it for you, even a dozen of
 jugs, to Jug's health. [Exit both.]

Enter earl Morgan, earl Lacy, Mariana.

Morg. My lord of Kent, the latter motion
 Doth bind me to you in a higher degree
 Than all those many favours gone before;
 And now the issue of my help relies
 Only on Mariana's gentleness,
 Who, if she will, in such a common good,
 Put to her helping hand, the match is made.

Lacy. You need not make a doubt of Marian,
 Whose love unto her lady were enough,
 Besides her cozen's and her own consent,
 To move her to a greater thing than this.

Mar. My lords, if ought there be in Marian,
 That may or pleasure you, or profit her,

Ye shall not need to doubt of my consent.

Mor. Gramercy, Marian; and indeed the thing is, in itself, a matter of no moment, If it be weigh'd aright; and therefore this, Thou know'st the bargain 'twixt me and the doctor, Concerning marriage with my only daughter, Whom I determin'd that my lord of Kent Should have espoused; but I see her mind Is only set upon thy cousin Musgrave, And in her marriage to use constraint Were bootless; therefore thus we have devis'd, Lord Lacy is content to loose his part, And to resign his title to young Musgrave. But now the doctor will not yield his right; Thus we determine to beguile his hopes; Thou shalt this night be brought unto his bed, Instead of her, and he shall marry thee; Musgrave shall have my daughter, she her will, And so shall all things sort to our content.

Lacy. And this thou shalt be sure of, Marian, The doctor's wealth will keep thee royally; Besides, thou shalt be ever near thy friends, That will not see thee wrong'd by any man. Say then wilt thou resolve to marry him?

Mar. My lords, you know I am but young; The doctor's fit for one of riper years; Yet, in regard of Honorea's good, My cousin's profit, and all your contents, I yield myself to be the doctor's wife.

Mor. 'Tis kindly spoken, gentle Marian,

[*Enter Castiliano.*

But here the doctor comes.

Lacy. Then I'll away,
Lest he suspect ought by my being here. [Exit.]

Mor. Do, and let me alone to close with him.

Cast. May he ne'er speak that makes a woman speak!
She talks now sure for all the time that's past.
Her tongue is like a scare-crow in a tree,
That clatters still with every puff of wind.
I have so haunted her from place to place,

About the hall, from thence into the parlor,
Up to the chamber, down into the garden ;
And still she rails, and chafes, and scolds,
As if it were the sessions day in hell.

Yet will I haunt her with an open mouth,
And never leave her till I force her love me.

Mor. Now, master doctor ; what, a match or no ?

Cast. A match, quoth you ? I think the devil himself
Cannot match her ; for if he could, I should.

Mor. Well, be content ; 'tis I must work the mean,
To make her yield whether she will or no.

My lord of Kent is gone hence in a chafe,

And now I purpose that she shall be yours ;

Yet to herself unknown ; for she shall think

That Musgrave is the man, but it shall be you,

Seem you still discontented, and no more.

Go, Mariana, call thy mistress hither.

Now when she comes, dissemble what you know,

And go away, as if you car'd not for her ;

So will she the sooner be brought into it.

[*Exit Mariana.*]

Cast. My lord, I thank you for your honest care ;

And, as I may, will study to requite it.

[*Enter Honorea and Mariana.*]

But here your daughter comes : no, no, my lord,

'Tis not for favour I regard, nor her,

Your promise 'tis I challenge, which I'll have ;

It was my bargain. No man else should have her ;

Not that I love her, but I'll not be wrong'd

By any one, my lord, and so I leave you. [*Exit Cast.*]

Mor. He's passing cunning to deceive himself,

But all the better for the after sport.

Hon. Sir, did you send for me ?

Mor. Honorea, for thee.

And this it is, howe'er unworthily

I have bestowed my love so long upon thee,

That wilt so manifestly contradict me ;

Yet, that thou may'st perceive how I esteem thee,

I make thyself the guardian of thy love,

That thine own fancy may make choice for thee ;

I have

I have persuaded with my lord of Kent,
 To leave to love thee. Now the peevish doctor
 Swears, that his int'rest he will ne'er resign;
 Therefore we must by policy deceive him.
 He shall suppose he lieth this night with thee;
 But Mariana shall supply thy room;
 And thou with Musgrave, in another chamber,
 Shalt secretly be lodg'd: when this is done,
 'Twill be too late to call that back again;
 So shalt thou have thy mind, and he a wife.

Hon. But wilt thou, Mariana, yield to this?

Mar. For your sake, lady, I will undertake it.

Hon. Gramercy, Marian; and my noble father,
 Now I acknowledge that indeed you love me.

Mor. Well, no more words, but be you both pre-
 par'd:

The night draweth on; and I have sent in secret
 For Musgrave, that he may be brought unseen,
 To hide suspicion from their jealous eyes.

Hon. I warrant you; come, Marian, let us go.

[*Exeunt Hon. & Mar.*]

Mor. And then my lord of Kent shall be my son.
 Should I go wed my daughter to a boy?

No, no, young girls must have their wills restrain'd;
 For if the rule be theirs, all runs to nought. [*Exit.*]

Enter Clack the miller, with Joan.

Clack. Be not, Jug, as a man would say, finer than
 five-pence; or more proud than a peacock; that is, to
 seem to scorn to call in at Clack's mill, as you pass over
 the bridge. There be as good wenches as you be glad
 to pay me toll.

Joan. Like enough, Clack; I had as live they as I,
 and a great deal rather too. You that take toll of so
 many maids, shall never toll me after you. Oh god,
 what a dangerous thing it is but to peep once into love!
 I was never so haunted with my harvest-work as I am
 with love's passions.

Clack. Ay but, Joan, bear old proverbs in your
 memory, soft and fair; now, fir, if you make too much

haste to fall foul, ay, and that upon a foul one too, there fades the flower of all Croydon. Tell me but this; is not Clack the miller as good a name as Grim the collier?

Joan. Alas, I know no difference in names; To make a maid, or choose, or to refuse.

Clack. You were best to say no, nor in men neither. Well, I'll be sworn I have; but I have no reason to tell you so much, that care so litt'e for me; yet hark.

Clack speaketh in her ear. Enter Grim, parson Shorthose.

Grim. O, Mr. parson, there he stands like a scarecrow, to drive me away from her that sticks as close to my heart as my shirt to my back, or my hose to my heel. O, Mr. parson Shorthose, Grim is but a man as another man is. Colliers have but lives as other men have. All is gone, if she go from me; Grim is no body without her. My heart is in my mouth; my mouth is in my hand; my hand threatens vengeance against the miller; as it were a beadle with a whip in his hand, triumphing o'er a beggar's back.

Short. Be silent, Grim; stand close, and see; So shall we know how all things be.

Grim. In wisdom I am appeas'd, but in anger I broil as it were a rasher upon the coals.

Joan. I'll not despise the trades ye either have; Yet Grim, the collier, may, if he be wise, Live even as merry as the day is long; For, in my judgment, in his mean estate Consists as much content, as in more wealth.

Grim. O, Mr. parson, write down this sweet saying of her in Grim's commendations. She hath made my heart leap like a hobby-horse! O, Joan, this speech of thine will I carry with me even to my grave.

Short. Be silent then.

Clack. Well then, I perceive you mean to lead your life in a coalpit, like one of the devil's drudges; and have your face look like the outward side of an old iron pot, or a blacking box.

Grim,

Grim. He calleth my trade into question, I cannot forbear him.

Short. Nay, then you spoil all, neighbour Grim; I warrant you she will answer him.

Joan. What I intend I am not bound to shew
To thee, nor any other but my mother,
To whom in duty I submit myself;
Yet this I tell thee, though my birth be mean,
My honest virtuous life shall help to mend it;
And if I marry any in all this life,
He shall say boldly, he hath an honest wife.

Grim. O that it were my fortune to light upon her, on condition my horses were dead, and my cart broken, and I bound to carry coals as long as I live from Croydon to London on my bare shoulders! Mr. Parson, the flesh is frail; he shall tempt her no longer; she is but weak, and he is the stronger; I'll upon him. Miller, thou art my neighbour; and therein charity holds my hands; but methinks you, having a water-gap of your own, you may do as other millers do, grind your grist at home, knock your coggs into your own mill; you shall not cogg with her. She doth discry thee; and I defy thee, to a mortal fight; and so, miller, good night. And now, sweet Joan, be it openly known thou art my own.

Clack. Well, Grim, since thou art so collier like cholerick—

Grim. Miller, I will not be mealy mouth'd.

Clack. I'll give thee the fewer words now, because the next time we meet I'll pay thee all in dry blows. Carry coals at a collier's hands! if I do, let my mill be drown'd up in water, and I hang'd in the roof.

Joan. And if thou lov'st me, Grim, forbear him now.

Grim. If I love thee! dost thou doubt of that? nay, rip me up, and look into my heart, and thou shalt see thy own face pictured there as plainly as in the proudest looking-glass in all Croydon; if I love thee! then tears gush out, and shew my love.

Clack. What, Mr. Parson, are you there? you re-

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member you promis'd to win Joan for my own wearing?
Short. I warrant thee, Clack; but now begone; leave me to work that here alone.

Clack. Well, farewell, Mr. *Shorthose*; be true when you are trusted. [Exit *Clack.*

Short. She shall be neither his nor thine,
 For I intend to make her mine.

Grim. If I love thee, Joan! Those very words are a purgation to me. You shall see desperation in my face, and death marching in my very countenance: If I love!

Short. What, Grim, hath grief drown'd thee at last?
 Are all thy joys overcast?

Is Joan in place, and thou so sad!

Her presence, man, should make thee glad.

Joan. Good Mr. parson, 'twas no fault of mine;
 He takes occasion where there none was given.

I will not blab unto the world, my love

I owe to him, and shall do whilst I live.

[*Aside.*

Crim. Well, Joan, without all ifs or ands, e-perfese, a-perfese, or tittle-tattles in the world, I do love thee; and so much, that in thy absence I cry when I see thee, and rejoice with my very heart when I cannot behold thee.

Short. No doubt, no doubt, thou lov'st her well,
 But listen now to what I tell,

Since ye are both so well agreed,

I wish you make more haste than speed.

To morrow is Holy-rood day,

When all a nutting take their way;

Within the wood a close doth stand,

Incompass'd round on either hand

With trees and bushes; there will I

Dispatch your marriage presently.

Grim. O, Mr. Parson, your devising pate hath blest'd me for ever; Joan, we'll have that so; the shorter the work, the sweeter.

Joan. And if my mother give but her consent,
 My absence shall in no case hinder it.

Grim. She! quotha, she is mine already; we'll to her presently. Mr. Parson, 'tis a match; we'll meet you.

Now,

Now, miller, do I go beyond you ; I have stripp'd him of the wench, as a cook would strip an eel out of her skin, or a pudding out of the case thereof ; now I talk of a pudding, O 'tis my only food, I am an old dog at it ; come, Joan, let us away, I'll pudding you.

Short. Well, if my fortune luckily ensue,
As you shall cozen him, I'll cozen you. [Exeunt.]

Enter Castiliano at one door with Mariana, Earl Lacy at another door with Honorea.

Cast. Come, lovely Honorea, bright as day,
As came Alcmena from her sacred bed,
With Jupiter, shap'd like Amphitrión ;
So show my love.

Hon. My love ! whom have we here ? Sweet Musgrave ! but alas I am betray'd !

Cast. Thou art my love ?

Lacy. No, mine !

Hon. Nor yours, nor yours ;

But Musgrave's love : O, Musgrave, where art thou ?

Lacy. Be not displeas'd, my dear ; give me thy hand.

Hon. Thy hand, false Earl ! nor hand nor heart of mine :

Could'st thou thus cunningly deceive my hopes ?
And could my father give consent thereto ?

Well, neither he, nor thou, shalt force my love.

Cast. 'Tis I, fair Honorea, am thy love :

Forfake the worthless earl, give me thy hand.

Mar. Whose hand would you have, sir ? this hand is mine,

And mine is yours ; then keep you to your own :

Yet are you mine, sir, and I mean to keep you.

What, do you think to shake me off so soon ?

No, gentle husband, now 'tis too late ;

You should have look'd before you came to bed.

Enter Robin Goodfellow with his master's gown.

Rob. Many good morrows to my gentle master,
And my new mistress, God give you both joy ;
What say you to your gown, sir, this cold morning ?

Cast. Robin, I am undone, and cast away!

Rob. How, master, cast away upon a wife?

Cast. Yea, Robin, cast away upon a wife.

Rob. Cast her away then, master, can you not?

Mar. No, fir, he cannot, nor he shall not do it.

Rob. Why, how know you? I am fure you are not she.

Mar. Yes, fir, I am your mistress, as it falls.

Rob. As it falls, quoth ye, marry a foul fall is it.

Mar. Base rascal, dost thou say that I am foul?

Rob. No; it was foul play for him to fall upon you.

Mar. How know you that he fell? were you so nigh?

[*She giveth Robin a box on the ear.*]

Rob. Mafs, it should seem it was he that fell if any; For you, methinks, are of a mounting nature: What, at my ears at first! a good beginning.

Lacy. My dear delight, why dost thou stain thy cheeks,

Those rosy beds, with this unseemly dew?
Shake off those tears, that now untimely fall;
And smile on me, that am thy summer's joy.

Hon. Hapless am I to lose so sweet a prison,
Thus to obtain a weary liberty.

Happy had I been so to have remain'd,
Of which estate I ne'er should have complain'd.

Rob. Whoop, whoo! more marriages! and all of a fort; happy are they, I see, that live without them; if this be the beginning, what will be the ending?

Enter to them earl Morgan and Dunstan.

Mor. Look, *Dunstan*, where they be; displeas'd, no doubt:

Try if thou canst work reconciliation.

Cast. My lord, I challenge you of breach of promise, And claim your daughter here to be my wife.

Lacy. Your claim is nought, fir; she is mine already.

Hon. Your claim is nought, fir; I am none of yours.

Mar. Your claim is here, fir; Marian is yours.

What, husband, newly married, and inconstant!

'Greed we so well together all this night,

And

And must we now fall out? for shame, for shame!
 A man of your years, and be so unstay'd!
 Come come away, there may no other be;
 I will have you, therefore you shall have me.

Rob. This is the bravest country in the world,
 Where men get wives whether they will or no;
 I trow e'er long some wench will challenge me.

Cast. Oh! is not this a goodly consequence;
 I must have her, because she will have me?

Dunst. Ladies and gentlemen, hear Dunstan speak.
 Marriage, no doubt, is ordain'd by providence;
 Is sacred; not to be, by vain affect,
 Turn'd to the idle humours of mens brains:
 Besides, for you, my lady Honorea,
 Your duty binds you to obey your father,
 Who better knows what fits you than yourself;
 And 'twere, in you, great folly to neglect
 The earl's great love, whereof you are unworthy,
 Should you but seem offended with the match;
 Therefore submit yourself to make amends;
 For 'tis your fault; so may you all be friends.

Mar. And, daughter, you must think what I have
 done
 Was for your good, to wed you to the earl,
 Who will maintain and love you royally:
 For what had Musgrave but his idle shape?
 A shadow, to the substance you must build on.

Rob. She will build substances on him I trow,
 Who keeps a shrew against her will, had better let her
 go.

Mar. Madam, conceal your grief, and seem content;
 For, as it is, you must be rul'd per force;
 Dissemble till convenient time may serve
 To think on this despite and Musgrave's love.

Lacy. Tell me, my dear, wilt thou at length be
 pleas'd?

Hai. As good be pleas'd, my lord, as not be eas'd;
 Yet though my former love did move me much,
 Think not amiss, the same love may be yours.

Cast. What! is it a match? nay then, since you agree,

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I cannot mend myself, for ought I see ;
 And therefore 'tis as good to be content.
 Come, lady, 'tis your lot to be my dame.
 Lordings, adieu ; God send you all good speed ;
 Some have their wives for pleasure, some for need.

Lacy. Adieu, Castiliano, we are friends ?

Cast. Yes, yes, my lord, there is no remedy.

Rob. No remedy, my masters, for a wife.

A note for young beginners, mark it well. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Forrest, captain Clinton, Harvey.

For. Now, gallants, what imagine you of this ?
 Our noses are all slit ; for Mariana,
 The Spanish doctor hath her to his wife ;
 And Musgrave's hopes are dead for Honorea,
 For she is married to the earl of Kent :
 'Twill be good sport to see them when they rise,
 If so they be not gotten up already.

Clin. I say the devil go with them all for me ;
 The Spanish doctor marry Marian !
 I think that slave was born to cross me still ;
 Had it not been last day before the earl,
 Upon my conscience I had crack'd his crown,
 When first he ask'd the lady for his wife ;
 Now he hath got her too, whom I desir'd.
 Why, he'll away with her e'er long to Spain,
 And keep her there to dispossess our hopes.

For. No, I can comfort you for that suppose ;
 For yesterday he hir'd a dwelling-house,
 And here he means to tarry all this year,
 So long at least, whate'er he doth hereafter.

Clin. A sudden plat-form comes into my mind,
 And this it is : Miles Forrest, thou and I
 Are partly well acquainted with the doctor.
 Ralph Harvey shall along with us to him ;
 Him we'll prefer for his apothecary :
 Now, sir, when Ralph and he are once acquainted,
 His wife may often come unto his house,
 Either to see his garden, or such like ;
 For, doubt not, women will have means enough,

If they be willing, as I hope she will ;
 There may we meet her, and let each one plead ;
 He that speeds best, why let him carry it.

For. I needs must laugh, to think how all we three,
 In the contriving of this feat, agree ;
 But, having got her, every man will strive
 How each may other of her love deprive.

Clin. Tut, Forrest, love admits these friendly strifes ;
 But say, how like you of my late device ?

For. Surpassing well, but let's about it streight ;
 Lest he, before our coming, be provided.

Clin. Agreed.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Musgrave and Mariana.

Musg. Tush, cousin, tell not me ; but this device
 Was long ago concluded 'twixt you two !
 Which divers reasons move me to imagine,
 And therefore these are toys to blind my eyes ;
 To make me think she only loved me,
 And yet is married to another man.

Mar. Why, cousin Musgrave, are your eyes so blind,
 You cannot see the truth of that report ?
 Did you not know, my lord, was always bent,
 Whatever came, to wed her to the earl ?
 And have you not, besides, heard the device
 He us'd to marry her against her will ?
 Betray'd, poor soul, unto earl Lacy's bed,
 She thought she held young Musgrave in her arms !
 Her morning tears might testify her thoughts ;
 Yet thou shalt see she loves thee more than him,
 And thou shalt taste the sweets of her delights.
 Mean time my house shall be thy mansion,
 And thy abode, for thither will she come :
 Use thou that opportunity, and try
 Whether she loved thee, or did but dissemble.

Musg. If she continue kind to me hereafter,
 I shall imagine well of her and you.

Enter

Enter Castiliano.

Cast. Now, dame, in talk, what gentleman is this?

Mar. My cousin Musgrave, husband, comes to see you.

Cast. Musgrave, now on my faith heartily welcome :
Give me thy hand, my cousin, and my friend,
My partner in the loss of Honorea ;
We two must needs be friends, our fortune's like :
Marry, yet I am richer by a shrew.

Mar. 'Tis better to be a shrew, sir, than a sheep ;
You have no cause, I hope, yet to complain.

Cast. No, dame ; for yet you know 'tis honey moon ;
What, we have scarcely settled our acquaintance.

Musg. I doubt not, cousin, but ye shall agree ;
For she is mild enough if she be pleas'd.

Cast. So is the devil, they say ; yea, cousin, yea,
My dear and I, I doubt not, shall agree.

Enter Robin.

Rob. Sir, here be two or three gentlemen at the door
would gladly speak a word with your worship.

[*Enter Clinton, Forrest, Harvey.*

They need no bidding, methinks ; they can come alone.

Clin. God save you, signior Castiliano.

Cast. O captain, come sta ? welcome, all my friends !

For. Sir, we are come to bid God give you joy,
And see your house.

Mar. Welcome, gentlemen :

'Tis kindly done to come to see us here.

Rob. This kindness makes me fear my master's head :
Such hot-spurs must have game, how'er they get it.

Clin. We have a suit to you, Castiliano.

Cast. What is it, sir ? if it lies in me, 'tis done.

Clin. Nay, but a trifle, sir ; and that is,
This same young man, by trade apothecary,
Is willing to retain unto your cures.

Cast. Marry with all my heart, and welcome too !
What may I call your name, my honest friend ?

Har. Ralph Harvey, sir ; your neighbour here hard by.

The

The golden lion is my dwelling-place,
Where what you please shall be with care perform'd.

Cast. Gramercies, Harvey! welcome, all my friends!
Let's in, and hanfel our new mansion-house
With a carousing round of Spanish wine.
Come, cousin Musgrave, you shall be my guest;
My dame, I trow, will welcome you herself.

Mar. No, boy, lord Lacy's wife shall welcome thee.

Rob. So now the game begins, here's some cheer to-
ward;

I must be skinker then, let me alone;
They all shall want, e'er Robin shall have none.

[*Exeunt omnes nisi Clin. & Har.*]

Clin. Sirrah, Ralph Harvey, now the entry is made,
Thou only hast access without suspect.
Be not forgetful of thy agent here,
Remember Clinton was the man that did it.

Har. Why, captain, now you talk in jealousy.
Do not misconstrue my true-meaning heart.

Clin. Ralph, I believe thee, and rely on thee.
Do not too long absent thee from the doctor.
Go in, carouze, and taint his Spanish brain;
I'll follow, and my Marian's health maintain.

Har. Captain, you well advise me; I'll go in,
And for myself my love-suits I'll begin. [Exeunt.]



Actus tertius, Scena prima.

Enter Robin Goodfellow with his head broken.

Rob. **T**HE devil himself take all such dames for me!
Zounds, I had rather be in hell than here;
Nay, let him be his own man if he list,
Robin means not to stay to be us'd thus.
The very first day, in her angry spleen,

Her

Her nimble hand began to greet my ears
 With such unkind salutes as I ne'er felt.
 And since that time there hath not pass'd an hour,
 Wherein she hath not either rail'd upon me,
 Or laid her anger's load upon my limbs.
 Even now (for no occasion in the world,
 But as it pleas'd her ladyship to take it)
 She gat me up a staff, and breaks my head.
 But I'll no longer serve so curs'd a dame,
 I'll run as far first as my legs will bear me.
 What shall I do? To hell I dare not go,
 Until my master's twelve months be expir'd;
 And here to stay with mistress Marian,
 Better to be so long in purgatory.
 Now, farewell, master! but, shrewd dame, fare-ill!
 I'll leave you, though the devil is with you still.

Exit Robin.

Enter Mariana alone chafing.

Mar. My heart still pants within; I am so chaf't!
 The rascal slave my man, that sneaking rogue
 Had like to have undone us all for ever!
 My cousin Musgrave is with Honorea,
 Set in an arbour in the summer garden;
 And he, forsooth, must needs go in for herbs,
 And told me further, that his master bid him;
 But I laid hold upon my youngker's pate,
 And made the blood run down about his ears.
 I trow he shall ask me leave ere he go.
 Now is my cousin master of his love,
 The lady at one time reveng'd and pleas'd:
 So speed they all, that marry maids perforce.

[Enter Castiliano.]

But here my husband comes.

Cast. What, dame, alone?

Mar. Yes, sir, this once, for want of company.

Cast. Why, where's my lady, and my cousin Musgrave?

Mar. You may go look them both for ought I know.

Cast. What, are you angry, dame?

Ma.

Ma. Yea, so it seems.

Cast. What is the cause, I prithee?

Mar. Why would you know?

Cast. That I might ease it, if it lay in me.

Mar. O, but it belongs not to your trade.

Cast. You know not that.

Mar. I know you love to prate, and so I leave you.

Exit Mar.

Cast. Well, go thy way; oft have I raked hell

To get a wife, yet never found her like:

Why this it is to marry with a shrew.

Yet, if it be, as I presume it is,

There's but one thing offends both her and me,

And I am glad if that be it offends her.

'Tis so, no doubt; I read it in her brow.

Lord Lacy shall, with all my heart, enjoy

Fair Honorea, Marian is mine;

Who, though she be a shrew, yet is she honest:

So is not Honorea; for even now,

Walking within my garden all alone,

She came with Musgrave, stealing closely by,

And follows him that seeks to fly from her.

I spy'd this all unseen, and left them there;

But sure my dame hath some conceit thereof,

And therefore she is thus angry, honest soul!

Well, I'll strait hence unto my lord of Kent,

And warn him watch his wife from these close meetings.

Well, Marian, thou liv'st yet free from blame;

Let ladies go, thou art the devil's dame. [*Exit Cast.*]

Enter the devil like Musgrave, with Honorea.

Musg. No, lady, let thy modest virtuous life

Be always joined with thy comely shape,

For lust eclipseth nature's ornament.

Hon. Young heady boy, think'st thou thou shalt recal

Thy long-made love, which thou so oft hast sworn?

Making my maiden thoughts to doat on thee.

Musg. With patience hear me, and if what I say

Shall jump with reason, then you'll pardon me.

The time hath been when my soul's liberty

Vow'd

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Vow'd servitude unto that heavenly face,
 Whilst both had equal liberty of choice:
 But since the holy bond of marriage
 Hath left me single, you a wedded wife,
 Let me not be the third, unlawfully
 To do earl Lacy so foul injury.
 But now at last—

Hon. I would that last
 Might be thy last, thou monster of all men!

Musg. Hear me with patience.

Hon. Cease, I'll hear no more;
 'Tis my affection, and not reason speaks;
 Then Musgrave turn the hardness of thy heart,
 And now at least incline thy love to mine.

Musg. Nay, now I see thou wilt not be reclaim'd.
 Go and bestow this hot love on the earl;
 Let not these loose affects thus scandalize
 Your fair report. Go home and learn to live
 As chaste as Lucrece, madam; so I leave you.

[*She pulleth him back.*]

Hon. O stay a little while, and hear my tongue
 Speak my heart's words, which cannot chuse but tell
 thee,

I hate the earl, only because I love thee.

[*Exit Musgrave.*]

Musgrave, return! hear, Honorea speaks!
 Disdain hath left him wings to fly from me,
 Sweet love lend me thy wings to overtake him;
 For I can stay him with kind dalliance!
 All this is but the blindness of my fancy;
 Recal thyself: let not thy honour bleed
 With the foul wounds of infamy and shame.
 My proper home shall call me home again,
 Where my dear lord bewails as much as I.
 His too much love to her that loves not him.
 Let none hereafter fix her maiden love
 Too firm on any, lest she feel with me
 Musgrave's revolt, and his inconstancy.

[*Exit.*]

Enter

Enter Forrest, with Marian.

For. Tut, I'll remember thee, and streight return :
But here's the doctor.

Mar. Where? Forrest, farewell !
I would not have him see me for a world.

For. Why? he is not here, well, now I see you fear
him.

Mar. Marry beshrew thee for thy false alarm !
I fear him? no, I neither fear nor love him.

For. But where's my lady? She is gone home before,
And I must follow after; Marian, farewell.

Mar. I shall expect your coming.

For. Presently; and hearest, thou Marian? nay, it
shall be so. [*He whispers in her ear.*]

Mar. O lord, sir, you are wed I warrant you;
We'll laugh, be merry, and it may be kifs;
But if you look for more, you aim amifs.

For. Go to, go to! we'll talk of this anon. *Ex. For.*

Mar. Well, go thy way, for the true hearted'st man
That livest, and as full of honesty;
And yet as wanton as a pretty lamb.
He'll come again, for he hath lov'd me long,
And so have many more besides himself:
But I was coy and proud, as maids are wont,
Meaning to match beyond my mean estate;
Yet I have favour'd youths, and youthful sports,
Altho' I durst not venture on the main;
But now it will not be so soon espy'd;
Maids cannot, but a wife a fault may hide. [*Enter Nan.*]
What, Nan!

Nan. Anon, forsooth.

Mar. Come hither, maid!
Here, take my keys, and fetch the galley-pot;
Bring a fair napkin, and some fruit dishes;
Dispatch, and make all ready presently;
Miles Forrest will come streight to drink with me.

Nan. I will forsooth. [*Exit Nan.*]

Mar. Why am I young but to enjoy my years?
Why am I fair, but that I should be lov'd?

And

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And why should I be lov'd, and not love others?
 Tut, she is a fool that her affection smothers :
 'Twas not for love I was the doctor's wife,
 Nor did he love me when he first was mine ;
 Tush, tush, this wife is but an idle name !
 I purpose now to try another game.
 Art thou return'd so soon ? O 'tis well done.

[*Enter Nan with the banquet.*]

And hear'st thou, Nan ; when Forrest shall return,
 If any happen to enquire for me,
 Whether't be captain Clinton, or Ralph Harvey,
 Call presently, and say thy master's come ;
 So I'll send Forrest o'er the garden pale.

Nan. I will, forsooth.

Mar. Mean time stay thou and make our banquet ready.
 I'll to my closet, and be here again,
 Before Miles Forrest shall come visit me. *Ex. Mar.*

Nan. I wonder what my mistress is about ;
 Somewhat she would not have my master know ;
 Whate'er it be, 'tis nothing unto me ;
 She is my good mistress ; and I'll keep her counsel.
 I have oft seen her kiss behind his back ;
 And laugh, and toy, when he did little think it :
 O what a winking eye the wanton hath
 'To cozen him, even when he looks upon her !
 But what have I to do with what she doth ?
 I'll taste her jonkets, since I am alone ;
 That which is good for them, cannot hurt me.
 Ay, marry, this is sweet ! a cup of wine
 Will not be hurtful for digestion.

Enter Castiliano.

Cast. I would I had been wiser once to day,
 I went on purpose to my lord of Kent,
 To give him some good counsel for his wife,
 And he, poor heart, no sooner heard my news,
 But turns me up his whites, and falls flat down :
 There I was fain to rub and chafe his veins,
 And much ado we had to get him live ;
 But for all that he is extremely sick,

And

And I am come in all the haste I may
 For cordials to keep the earl alive :
 But how now, what a banquet ? What means this ?

Nan. Alas, my master is come home himself.

Mistress, mistress ! my master is come home !

[He stops her mouth.]

Cast. Peace, you young strumpet, or I'll stop your
 speech :

Come hither, maid ! tell me, and tell me true,
 What means this banquet ? what's your mistress doing ?
 Why can't thou out, when as thou saw'st me coming ?
 Tell me, or else I'll hang thee by the heels,
 And whip thee naked : come on, what's the matter ?

Nan. Forsooth, I cannot tell.

Cast. Can you not tell ? come on, I'll make you tell me.

Nan. O master ; I will tell you.

Cast. Then say on.

Nan. Nothing, in truth, forsooth, but that she means
 To have a gentleman come drink with her.

Cast. What gentleman ?

Nan. Forsooth, 'tis Mr. Forrest, as I think.

Cast. Forrest ! nay then I know how the game goeth ;
 Whoever loseth, I am sure to win
 By their great kindness ; tho't be but the horns :

[Enter Forrest at one door, Marian at another.]

But here comes he and she ; come hither maid,
 Upon thy life give not a word, a look,
 That she may know ought of my being here ;
 Stand still, and do what'er she bids thee do.
 Go, get thee gone, but if thou dost betray me,
 I'll cut thy throat, look to it, for I will do it ;
 I'll stand here close to see the end of this ;
 And see what rakes she keeps when I'm abroad.

Mar. 'Tis kindly done, Miles, to return so soon,
 And so I take it. Nan, is our banquet ready ?
 Welcome, my love ! I see you'll keep your word.

Nan. 'Twere better for you both he had not kept it.

For. Yea, Mariana, else I were unworthy ;
 I did but bring my lady to the door,

And

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And there I left her full of melancholy,
And discontented.

Mar. Why, 'twas kindly done.
Come, come sit down, and let us laugh a while :
Maid, fill some wine.

Nan. Alas, my breech makes buttons,
And so would theirs, knew they as much as I.
He may change the sweet-meats, and put
Purging comfits in the dishes.

Mar. Here's to my lady, and my cousin Musgrave.

For. I pray remember gentle master doctor,
And good earl Lacy too among the rest.

Cast. O, sir, we find you kind ! we thank you for it ;
The time may come when we may cry you quit.

Nan. Master, shall I steal you a cup of wine ?

Cast. Away, you baggage ; hold your peace, you
wretch:

For. But I had rather walk into your orchard,
And see your gallery, so much commended ;
To view the workmanship he brought from Spain,
Wherein's describ'd the banquet of the gods.

Mar. Ay, there's one piece exceeding lively done ;
Where Mars and Venus ly within a net,
Inclos'd by Vulcan, and he looking on.

Cast. Better and better yet ; 'twill mend anon.

Mar. Another of Diana with her nymphs,
Bathing their naked bodies in the streams,
Where fond Acteon, for his eyes offence,
Is turn'd into a hart's shape, horns and all ;
And this the doctor hangs right o'er his bed.

For. Those horns may fall and light upon his head.

Cast. And if they do, worse luck ; what remedy ?

For. Nay, Marian, we'll not leave these sights unseen,
And then we'll see your orchard and your fruit ;
For now there hangs queen apples on the trees,
And one of them are worth a score of these.

Mar. Well, you shall see them, lest you lose your
longing. [*Exeunt Marian and Forrest.*

Cast. Nay, if ye fall a longing for green fruit,
Child-bearing is not far off, I am sure !

Why this is excellent ; I feel the buds :
 My Head groweth hard, my horns will shortly spring.
 Now who may lead the cuckold's dance but I,
 That am become the head man of the parish ?
 O ! this it is to have an honest wife,
 Of whom so much I boasted once to day.
 Come hither, minks ! you know your mistress's mind,
 And you keep secret all her villainies ;
 Tell me, you were best, where was this plot devised ?
 How did these villains know I was abroad ?

Nan. Indeed, forsooth, I knew not when it was ;
 My mistress call'd me from my work of late,
 And bad me lay a napkin ; so I did,
 And made this banquet ready : but in truth
 I knew not what she did intend to do.

Cast. No, no, you did not watch against I came,
 To give her warning to dispatch her knaves ?
 You cry'd not out, when as you saw me come ?
 All this is nothing, but I'll trounce you all.

Nan. In truth, good master !

Enter Marian, Forrest.

Cast. Peace, stay ! they come,
 Whimper not ; and you do, I'll use you worse.
 Behold that wicked strumpet with that knave,
 O that I had a pistol for their sakes,
 That at one shot I might dispatch them both !
 But I must stand close yet, and see the rest.

Mar. How lik'st thou, Miles, my orchard, and my house.

For. Well, thou art seated to thy heart's content,
 A pleasant orchard, and a house well furnish'd ;
 There nothing wants ; but in the gallery
 The painter shews his art exceedingly.

Mar. Yet is there one thing goeth beyond all these ;
 Contented life, that giveth the heart his ease ;
 And that I want.

[*One knocketh at the door.*

For. Sweet love, adieu.

[*Exit Forrest.*

Mar. Farewell, sweetheart. Who is that at the door ?

Clin. A Friend.

[*Enter Clinton.*

Mar. Come near : what, captain, is it you ?

Clin. Even I, fair Marian, watching carefully

The blessed step of opportunity.

Mar. Good, good! how fortune gluts me with excess!
Still they that have enough shall meet with more.

Clin. But where's the doctor?

Mar. Ministring abroad
Physic to some sick patients he retains.

Clin. Let him abroad, I'll minister at home
Such physic shall content my Marian.

Cast. O monstrous! now the world must see my shame;
This head must bear whatever likes my dame:

Mar. I have no malady requires a cure.

Clin. Why, then must I assume a sick man's part,
And all my sickness lieth at my heart;

'Tis the heart-burning that torments me so!

Mar. There is no cure for fire but to be quench'd.

Clin. Thou hast prescrib'd a sovereign remedy.

Cast. O who the devil made her a physician?

Clin. Let's not obscure, what love doth manifest;
Nor let a stranger's bed make thee seem strange
To him that ever lov'd and-honour'd thee.

Mar. A captain made a captive by loose love,
And gadding fancy; fie, 'twere monstrous shame
That Cupid's bow should blemish Mars's name;
Take up thy arms, recal thy drooping thoughts;
And lead thy troops into the spacious fields.

Cast. She counsels others well, if she would take it.

Clin. Thou counsell'est the blind to lead the blind;
Can I lead them that cannot guide myself?
Thou, Marian, must release my captive heart.

Mar. With all my heart, I grant thee free release.

Clin. Thou art obscure too much: but tell me, love,
Shall I obtain my long-desired love?

Mar. Captain, there is yet somewhat in thy mind
Thou would'st reveal, but wantest utterance;
Thou better knowest to front the braving foe,
Than plead love-suits.

Clin. I grant, 'tis even so;
Extremity of passions still are dumb,
No tongue can tell love's chief perfections:

Persuade thyself my love-sick thoughts are thine;
Thou only may'st those drooping thoughts refine.

Mar. Since at my hands thou seek'st a remedy,
I'll ease thy grief, and cure thy malady;
No drug the doctor hath shall be too dear;
His antidote shall fly to do thee good;
Come in, and let thy eye make choice for thee,
That thou may'st know how dear thou art to me.

[*Exeunt Clinton, Marian.*]

Cast. Is this obedience? now the devil go with them!
And yet I dare not; oh she's mankind grown!
O miserable men that must live so,
And damned strumpets, authors of this woe!

[*Enter Clinton, Marian.*]

But peace! be still! they come! O shameless shame!
Well may the world call thee the devil's dame.

Mar. Captain, thy skill hath pleased me so well,
That I have vow'd my service to Bellona.

Cast. Her service to Bellona! turn'd stark ruffian!
She'll be call'd Caveliero Marian.

Clin. And I will train thee up in feats of arms,
And teach thee all the orders of the field;
That whilst we, like to Mars and Venus, jest,
The doctor's head may get a gallant crest.

Cast. I can no longer linger my disgrace,
Nor hide my shame from their detested sight.
How now, thou whore, dishonour to my bed!
Disdain to womanhood, shame of thy sex!
Insatiate monster! corrosive of my soul!
What makes this captain revelling in my house?
My house! nay, in my bed! you'll prove a soldier!
Follow Bellona, turn a martialist!
I'll try if thou hast learn'd to ward my blows.

Mar. Why, how now, man! is this your madding
month?

What, sir, will you forbid me in good fort,
To entertain my friends?

Cast. Your friends, you whore!
They are no friends of mine, nor come they here:
Clinton avaunt, my house is for no such.

Mar. Alas, good fir, are you grown so suspicious,
 Thus on no proofs to nourish jealousy?
 I cannot kiss a man, but you'll be angry.
 In spite of you, or whose else faith nay,
 My friends are welcome as they come this way,
 If thou mislike it, mend it as you may:
 What do you think to pin up Marian,
 As you were wont to do your Spanish girls?
 No, fir, I'll be half mistress of myself;
 The other half is yours, if you deserve it.

Clin. What madness mov'd thee be displeas'd with me,
 That always us'd thee with so kind regard?
 Did I not at thy first arrival here
 Conduct thee to the earl of London's house?

Mar. Did I not, being unsolicited,
 Bestow my first pure maiden-love on thee?

Clin. Did I not grace thee there in all the court,
 And bear thee out against the daring abbot?

Mar. Did I forsake many young gallant courtiers,
 Enamoured with thy aged gravity?
 Who now being weary of me, would't disgrace me?

Cast. If there be any conscience left on earth,
 How can I but believe these protestations?

Clin. Have I not always been thy nearest friend?

Mar. Have I not always been thy dearest wife?

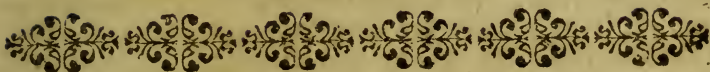
Clin. How much will all the world in this condemn thee?

Mar. At first I little fear'd what now I find,
 And grieve too late.

Cast. Content thee, gentle dame;
 The nature of our countrymen is such,
 That if we see another kiss our wives,
 We cannot brook it: but I will be pleas'd;
 For, will I, nill I, so methinks I must.
 And, gentle captain, be not you offended;
 I was too hot at first, but now repent it:
 I prithee, gentle dame, forgive me this;
 And drown all jealousy in this sweet kiss.

Clin. This shews your wisdom; on, I'll follow you.

Mar. Well, doctor, henceforth never reake it scorn
 At my sweet Clinton's hands to take the horn. [*Exeunt.*



Actus quartus, Scena prima.

Enter Robin Goodfellow, in a suit of leather close to his body; his face and hands colour'd russet colour, with a flail.

Rob. **T**HE doctor's self would scarce know Robin
now :

Curs'd Marian may go seek another man,
For I intend to dwell no longer with her ;
Since that the bastinado drove me thence.
These silken girls are all too fine for me :
My master shall report of those in hell,
Whilst I go range amongst the country-maids,
'To see if home-spun lasses milder be
Than my curs'd dame, and Lacy's wanton wife.
Thus therefore will I live betwixt two shapes ;
When as I list in this transform'd disguise,
I'll fright the country people as they pass ;
And sometimes turn me to some other form,
And so delude them with fantastic shews.
But woe betide the silly dairy-maids,
For I shall fleet their cream-bowls night by night ;
And slice the bacon flitches as they hang.
Well, here in Croydon, will I first begin
'To frolic it among the country lobs :
This day, they say, is call'd Holyrood day,
And all the youth are now a nutting gone.
Here are a crew of yonkers in this wood,
Well fortified, for each lad hath got his lass.
Marry, indeed, there is a tricksey girl,
That three or four would fain be doing with ;
But that a wily priest among the rest
Intends to bear her shere away from all.

The miller, and my brother Grim the collier,
Appointed here to scuffle for her love.

I am on Grim's side ; for long time ago
The devil call'd the collier like to like :

[Enter Grim, Clack, Parson Shorthose, Joan with a
bag of nuts.

But here the miller and the collier come,
With parson Mack-bate, and their tricksey girl.

Grim. Parson, persuade me no more, I come, Jug,
to your custody ; Jug, hold the nut-bag.

Clack. Nay, I will give you nuts to crack.

Grim. Crack in thy throat and hauster too.

Short. Neighbours, I wish you both agree :
Let me be judge, be rul'd by me.

Grim. Mr. Parson, remember what Puzziles saith,
Ne accesseris ad consilio, &c. I tell you I found this writ-
ten in the bottom of one of my empty sacks : never
persuade men that be execrable. I have vowed it,
and I will perform it. The quarrel is great, and I have
taken it upon my own shoulders.

Clack. Ay, that thou shalt e'er I have done ; for I
will lay it on, i'faith.

Grim. If you lay it in, I must bear it out, this is all.
If you strike, I must stand to any thing ; although it
be the biggest blow that you can lay upon me.

Joan. Ye both have oftentimes sworn that ye love
me ;

Let me over-rule you in this angry mood :
Neighbours and old acquaintance, and fall out !

Rob. Why, that is because thou wilt not let them
fall in ?

Grim. I say, my heart bleedeth when thou speaketh,
and therefore do not provoke me. Yet, miller, as I am
monstrous angry, so I have a wonderful great mind to
be repeas'd ; let's think what harm cometh by this
same fighting : if we should hurt one another, how can
we help it ? Again, Clack ; do but here forswear Joan's
company, and I'll be thine instead of her, to use in all
your businesses from Croydon to London ; your's, Gil-
bert

bert Grim, the chief collier for the king's majesty's own mouth.

Clack. O, Grim, do I smell you? I'll make you forswear her before we two part; and therefore come on to this geere. Collier, I will lay on load, and when it is done, let who will take it off again.

Joan. Yet once more hear me speak; leave off for shame,

If not for love; and let not others laugh
To see your follies; let me over-rule you.

Short. Ay, let them fight, I care not, I
Mean time away with Joan will fly;
And whilst they two are at it here,
We two will sport ourselves elsewhere.

Rob. There's a stone priest, he loveth a wench! Indeed,
He careth not, though both of them do bleed;
But Robin Goodfellow will conjure you,
And mar your match, and bang you soundly too.
I like this country-girl's condition well;
She's faithful, and a lover but to one;
Robin stands here to right both Grim and her.

Grim. Master Parson, look you to my love; miller,
here I stand with my heart and my hand in sweet Jug's
right, with thee to fight.

Clack. Come, let us to it then.

*[They fight, Robin beateth the miller with a flail,
and felleth him.]*

Rob. Now, miller, miller, dustipoul,
I'll clapper-claw your jobbernoul.

Short. Come, Jug, let's leave these senseless blocks,
Giving each other blows and knocks.

Joan. I love my Grim too well to leave him so.

Short. You shall not chuse, come let's away.

*[Shorthose pulleth Jug after him, Robin beateth the
priest with his flail.]*

Rob. Nay then, sir priest, I'll make you stay.

Clack. Nay, this is nothing, Grim; we'll not part so.
I thought to have borne it off with my back-sword ward,
and I receiv'd it upon my bare custard. *[They fight again.]*

296 GRIM, *the Collier of Croydon.*

Rob. What, miller, are you up agin?
Nay, then my flail shall never lin,
Until I force one of us twain
Betake him to his heels amain.

[*Robin beats the miller again.*]

Clack. Hold thy hands, Grim; thou hast murder'd
me!

Grim. Thou lyeſt, it is in my own offence I do it;
get thee gone then; I had rather have thy room than
thy company.

Clack. Marry, with all my heart. O! the collier
playeth the devil with me.

Rob. No, it is the devil playeth the collier with
thee.

Short. My bones are fore; I prithee, Joan,
Let's quickly from this place be gone.
Nay, come away, I love thee ſo,
Without thee I will never go.

Rob. What, prieſt, ſtill at your lechery?

[*Robin beats the prieſt.*]

I'll thresh you for your knavery;
If any ask who beat thee ſo,
Tell them 'twas Robin Goodfellow.

[*Shorthoſe runneth away.*]

Grim. Oh, miller, art thou gone? I am glad of it.
I ſmelt my own infirmity every ſtroke I ſtruck at him.
Now, Joan, I dare boldly ſwear thou art my own; for
I have won thee in the plain field. Now maſter parſon
ſhall even ſtrike it up; two or three words of his mouth
will make her gammer Grim, all the days of her life
after.

Rob. Here is two well-favoured ſlaves!
Grim and I may curſe all good faces,
And not hurt our own.

Joan. What, my love, how doſt thou?

Grim. Even as a conqueror may do: Jug, for thy
ſake I have made the miller a poor cripple all the days
of his life, good for nothing elſe but to be carried into
the ſpittle-houſe.

Rob.

Rob. Ay, there is one lye, for thou didst never hurt him.

Joan. I am glad thou 'scapest, my love, and wast not hurt.

Grim. Who, I hurt! Joan, thou knowest me not yet, thou mayest do better hereafter; I gave him five mortal wounds the first five strokes I made at him.

Rob. There are five lyes clapt into one for brevity sake.

Grim. And presently, upon the fifth blow, I made a dangerous thrust at him, and violently overthrew him, horse and foot, and there he lay.

Rob. Nay, there you lye; the collier is excellent To be companion to the devil himself.

Grim. But where's master parson?

Joan. He was well bang'd, and knew not who it was did it,

And would have had me gone away with him.

Here lieth his nut-bag, and the miller's too;

They had no leisure to take them away.

Grim. The better for us, Joan; there is good crack-ing work; it will increase household stuff. Come, let's after the parson; we will comfort him, and he shall couple us. I'll have Pounceby the painter, score upon our painted cloth at home all the whole story of our going a nutting this Holyrood day; and he shall paint me up triumphing over the miller.

[*Exeunt Grim and Joan.*]

Rob. So let the collier now go boast at home

How he hath beat the miller from his love;

I like this modest country maid so well,

That I believe I must report in hell

Better of women than my master can:

Well, till my time's expir'd, I'll keep this quarter,

And night by night attend their merry meetings.

[*Exit Robin.*]

Enter Dunstan with earl Lacy sick.

Dunst. Let not your sickness add more feebleness
Unto your weaken'd age, but give me leave

298 GRIM, *the Collier of Croydon.*

To cure thy vain suspicious malady ;
 Thy eyes shall witness how thou art deceiv'd,
 Misprizing thy fair lady's chastity ;
 For whilst we two stand closely here unseen,
 We shall espy them presently approach.

Lacy. O shew me this, thou blessed man of God,
 And thou shalt then make young my wither'd age.

Dunst. Mark the beginning, for here Musgrave cometh.

Enter Musgrave alone.

Musg. O thrice unhappy and unfortunate,
 That having fit occasion profer'd thee
 Of conference with beauteous Honorea,
 Thou overslip'd it, and o'erslip'dst thyself.
 Never since wedlock ty'd her to the earl
 Have I saluted her ; altho' report
 Is blaz'd abroad of her inconstancy ;
 This is her evening walk, and here will I
 Attend her coming forth, and greet her fairly.

Lacy. See, Dunstan, how their youth doth blind our age !

Thou dost deceive thyself ; and bringest me
 To see my proper shame and infamy. [*Enter Honorea.*]
 But here she comes ; my hope, my fear, my love.

Dunst. Here comes the unstain'd honour of thy bed ;
 Thy ears shall hear her virtuous chaste replies,
 And make thy heart confess thou dost her wrong.

Hon. Now modest love hath banish'd wanton thoughts,
 And alter'd me from that I was before ;
 To that chaste life I ought to entertain,
 My heart is tied to that strict form of life,
 That I joy only to be Lacy's wife.

Lacy. God fill thy mind with these chaste virtuous thoughts.

Musg. Oh now I see her, I am half asham'd
 Of so long absence, of neglect of speech ;
 My dearest lady, patroness of beauty,
 Let thy poor servant make his true excuse.

Hon. Musgrave, I easily take your excuse,
 Accusing my fond self for what is past.

Musg.

Musg. Long time we wanted opportunity ;
But now the forelock of well-wishing time
Hath blest'd us both, that here without suspect
We may renew the tenor of our loves.

Lacy. O Dunstan, how she smiles to hear him speak !

Hon. No, child of fortune and inconstancy,
Thou shalt not train me, or induce my love
To loose desires, or dishonoured thoughts ;
'Tis God's own work that struck a deep remorse
Into my tainted heart for my past folly.

Musg. O thou confound'st me ! speak as thou wert
wont !

Like love herself, my lovely Honorea !

Hon. Why how now, Musgrave, what esteem'st thou
me !

That thou provok'st me, that first deny'd me :
I will not yield you reasons why I may not,
More than your own ; you told me why you would not.

Musg. By heavens, by thee, my saint, my happiness !
No torture shall controul my heart in this,
To teach my tongue deny to call thee love.

Hon. Well, in regard that in my maiden-days
I lov'd thee well, now let me counsel thee ;
Reclaim these idle humours ; know thyself ;
Remember me ; and think upon my lord ;
And let these thoughts bring forth those chaste effects,
Which may declare thy change unto the world ;
And this assure thee, whilst I breathe this air,
Earl Lacy's honour I will ne'er impair. [*Exit Honorea.*]

Dunst. Now your eyes see that which your heart be-
liev'd not.

Lacy. 'Tis a miracle beyond the reach
Of my capacity ! I could weep for joy,
Would but my tears express how much I love her !
Men may surmise amiss in jealousy,
Of those that live in untouch'd honesty.

Musg. Is she departed ? and do I conceive
This height of grief, and do no violence
Unto myself ? Said she, I deny'd her ?
Far be it from my heart to think that thought !

300 GRIM, *the Collier of Croydon.*

All ye that, as I do, have felt this smart,
Ye know how burthensome 'tis at my heart.

Hereafter never will I prosecute
This former motion, my unlawful suit ;
But since she is earl Lacy's virtuous wife,
I'll live a private, pensive, single life. [Exit Musg.

Dunst. God doth dispose all at his blessed will ;
And he hath chang'd their minds from bad to good,
That we which see't may learn to mend ourselves.

Lacy. I'll reconcile myself to Musgrave's love ;
I will recant my false suspicion,
And humbly make my true submission. [Exeunt.

Enter Marian chafing.

Mar. Say'st thou, thou'lt make the house too hot for
me ?

I'll soon abroad, and cool me in the air.

I'll teach him never scorn to drink his health
Whom I do love : he thinks to overcrow me
With words and blows, but he is in the wrong.
Begin he when he dares ! oh, he's too hot
And angry, to live long with Marian.

But I'll not long be subject to his rage ;
Here 'tis shall rid him of his hateful life,
And bless me with the stile of widowhood :
'Twas Harvey's work to temper it so well ;
The strongest poison that he could devise. [Enter Clint.]
I have been too long subject to the slave ;
But now I'll cast off that detested yoke.

Clint. Musgrave, I see is reconcil'd to th' earl,
For now I met him walking with lord Lacy ;
Sure this is Marian's plot, and there she stands.
What, love, alone !

Mar. Ay, captain, much disturb'd
About the frantic doctor's jealousy ;
Who, though he seem'd content when thou wast there,
He after fell reviling thee and me ;
Rob'd me of all my jewels, locks his plate
In his own trunk ; and lets me only live
To bear the idle title of his wife.

Clint.

Clin. Fair Marian, by a soldier's loyal faith,
If my employment any way may help
To set thee free from this captivity,
Use me in any sort ; command my sword :
I'll do't as soon as thou shalt speak the word.

Mar. Now, by my true love, which I wish to thee,
I conjure thee with resolution
To slay that monster ! Do not fail to do it !
For if thou dost, I would I had not spoke it.

Clin. Now try me ; and, when next we hap to meet,
The doctor lies stone dead at Clinton's feet.

Mar. Nay, now I see thou lov'st me.

Clin. Say no more ;
If thou dost loath him, he shall die therefore.

Mar. To morrow morning will he early rise
To see earl Lacy ; meet him in the cloyster,
And make that place revenge his sanctuary :
This night will I break open all the trunks ;
Rifle his caskets, rob him of his gold ;
And all the doctor's treasure shall be thine ;
If thou miscarry, yet this drink shall do it.

Enter Castiliano.

Cast. My wife's impatience hath left me alone,
And made my servant run I know not whither.

Mar. Peace ! here is our eye-fore. Clinton, leave us
now.

Clin. Nay, now occasion smiles, and I will do it.

[*Clinton draweth his sword.*]

Mar. Put up thy sword, be it thy morning's work ;
Farewel to night, but fail me not to morrow.

Clin. Farewel, my love ! No rest shall close these eyes,
Until the morning peep ; and then he dies. [*Exit Clint.*]

Cast. Now I remember, I have quite out-run
My time prefix'd to dwell upon the earth ;
Yet Abercock is absent : where is he ?
Oh, I am glad I am so well near rid
Of my earth's plague, and my lascivious dame.

Mar. Hath he discover'd my intendment,

That

That he presageth his ensuing death?
I must break off these fearful meditations.

Cast. How shall I give my verdict up to Pluto
Of all these accidents?

Mar. Why how now, man!

Cast. What, my dear dame, my reconciled spouse!
Upon my soul my love to thee is more
Now at this present than 'twas e'er before.

Mar. He hath descry'd me sure, he footheth me so!

Cast. I love thee now, because I now must leave thee;
This was the day of my nativity,
And therefore, sweet wife, let us revel it.

Mar. Nay, I have little cause to joy at all.

Cast. Thou cross'est still my mirth with discontents!
If ever heretofore I have displeas'd thee,
Sweet dame, I crave thy pardon now for all;
This is my birth-day, girl, I must rejoice,
Ask what thou wilt, and I will give it thee.

Mar. Should I but ask to lead a quiet life,
You hardly would grant this unto your wife;
Much less a thing that were of more import.

Cast. Ask any thing, and try if I'll deny thee.

Mar. Oh, my poor Musgrave, how hast thou been
wronged,
And my fair lady!

Cast. Use no preambles,
But tell me plainly.

Mar. Nay, remember them,
And join their slander to that love you owe me,
And then old Lacy's jealousy.

Cast. What then?

Mar. Nay, now I see you will not understand me.

Cast. Thou art too dark; speak plainly, and 'tis done.

Mar. Then doom the earl, and bless poor Musgrave's
eyes

With Honorea's love; for this in thy hands lies.

Cast. How should I doom him?

Mar. How else, but to death?

Cast. As if his life or death lay in my hands!

Mar. He is thy patient, is he not?

Cast.

Cast. He is.

Mar. Then in thy hands lie both his life and death.
Sweet love, let Marian beg it at thy hands!
Why should the grey beard live to cross us all?
Nay, now I see thee frown; thou wilt not do it.

Cast. Fie, fie, dame, you are too suspicious.
Here's my hand; that thou may'st know I love thee,
I'll poison him this night before I sleep.

Mar. Thou dost but flatter me.

Cast. Tush, I have sworn it.

Mar. And wilt thou do it?

Cast. He is sure to die.

Mar. I'll kiss thy lips for speaking that kind word:
But do it, and I'll hang about thy neck,
And curl thy hair, and sleep betwixt thy arms,
And teach thee pleasures which thou never knew'st.

Cast. Promise no more, and trouble me no more,
The longer I stay here, he lives the longer;
I must go to him now, and now I'll do it:
Go home, and hasten supper 'gainst I come;
We will carouze to his departing soul.

Mar. I will, dear husband; but, remember me;
When thou hast poison'd him, I'll poison thee.

[*Exit Marian.*]

Cast. O wonderful, how women can dissemble!
Now she can kiss me, hang about my neck,
And sooth me with smooth smiles and lewd intreaties.
Well, I have promis'd her to kill the earl;
And yet, I hope, ye will not think I'll do it.
Yet I will sound the depth of their device,
And see the issue of their bloody drift;
I'll give the earl, unknown to any man,
A sleepy potion, which shall make him seem
As if he were stark dead, for certain hours:
But in my absence no man shall report,
That for my dame's sake I did any hurt.

[*Exit.*]



ACTUS quintus.

Enter Grim with Joan.

Grim. **N**AY, but Joan, have a care! bear a brain for all at once. 'Tis not one hour's pleasure that I suspect more than your mother's good countenance. If she be asleep, we may be bold under correction; if she be awake, I may go my ways, and nobody ask me, Grim, whither goest thou? Nay, I tell you, I am so well beloved in our town, that not the worst dog in the street will hurt my little finger.

Joan. Why speak you this? You need not fear my mother,

For she was fast asleep four hours ago.

Grim. Is she sure? did you hear her snort in her dead sleep; why then, Joan, I have an hour's mirth for thee.

Joan. And I a mess of cream for thee.

Grim. Why, there is one for another then; fetch it, *Joan*; we will eat, and kiss, and be as merry as your cricket. [*Exit Joan for the cream.*] Art thou gone for it? Well, go thy ways for the kindest lass that ever poor collier met withal! I mean for to make short work with her, and marry her presently. I'll single her out, i'faith, till I make her bear double, and give the world to understand we will have a young Grim between us.

Enter Joan with the cream.

Joan. Look here, my love, 'tis sweeten'd for thy mouth.

Grim. You have put none of your love-powder in it, to make me enamourable of you; have you, Joan? I have a simple pate, to expect you! [*One knocketh at the door*] Joan, hark, my brains beat, my head works, and my mind giveth me, some lovers of yours come sneak-

ing hither now; I like it not, 'tis suspicious. [*One knocketh again*]

Joan. You need not fear it; for there is none alive shall bear the least part of my heart from thee.

Grim. Say'st thou so? hold there still, and whoe'er he be, open door to him.

She openeth the door; enter Shorthose and Robin after him.

Joan. What, Mr. Parson, are you come so late? You are welcome; here's none but Grim and I.

Short. Joan, I'll no more a nutting go. I was so beaten to and fro; And yet who it was I do not know.

Grim. What, Mr. Parson, are you come so late, to say evening song to your parishioners? I have heard of your knavery, I give you a fair warning; touch her no lower than her girdle, and no higher than her chin; I keep her lips and her hips for my own use; I do, and so, welcome.

Rob. This two hours have I dogg'd the parson round About all Croydon, doubting some such thing.

Short. No, Grim, I here forswear to touch Thy Joan, or any other such; Love hath been so cudgell'd out of me, I'll go no more to wood with thee.

Rob. 'Twas Robin beat this holy mind into him; I think more cudgelling would make him more honest.

Grim. You speak like an honest man, and a good parson! and that is more; here's Joan's benevolation for us, a mess of cream and so forth. Here is your place, Mr. Parson, stand on the t'other side of the table, Joan. Eat hard to night, that thou may marry us the better to morrow.

Rob. What is my brother Grim so good a fellow?

[*They fall to the cream.*]

I love a mess of cream as well as they;
I think it were best I stept in and made one:
Ho, ho, ho, my masters! No good fellowship!
Is Robin Goodfellow a bug-bear grown,

[*Robin falleth to eat.*]

That

That he is not worthy to be bid sit down ?

Grim. O Lord save us ! sure he is some country-devil, he hath got a ruffet coat upon his face.

Short. Now, *benedicite!* who is this ?

I take him for some fiend I wifs ;

Oh for some holy-water here

Of this same place this sp'rit to clear !

Rob. Nay fear not, Grim, come fall unto your cream ;

Tut, I am thy friend, why dost not come and eat ?

Grim. I, fir ! truly, master devil, I am well here, I thank you.

Rob. I'll have thee come, I say ; why tremblest thou ?

Grim. No, fir, not I ; 'tis a palsy I have still ;

Truly, fir, I have no great acquaintance with you.

Rob. Thou shalt have better, man, ere I depart.

Grim. I will not, and if I can choose.

Rob. Nay, come away ; and bring your love with you.

Grim. Joan ! you were best go to him, Joan.

Rob. What shall I fetch the man ? The cream is sweet.

Grim. No, fir, I am coming ; much good do't you : I had need of a long spoon, now I go to eat with the devil.

Rob. The parson's penance shall be thus to fast :
Come tell me, Grim, dost thou not know me, man ?

Grim. No, truly, fir ; I am a poor man, fetcheth my living but of the fire ; your worship may be a gentleman devil, for ought I know.

Rob. Some men call me Robin Goodfellow.

Grim. O lord ! fir, Mr. Robert Goodfellow, you are very welcome, fir !

Rob. This half year have I liv'd about this town,
Helping poor servants to dispatch their work,
To brew and bake, and other husbandry ;
Tut, fear not, maid ; if Grim be merry,
I will make up the match between ye.

Grim. There will be a match in the devil's name !

Rob. Well, now the night is almost spent,
Since your affections all are bent
To marriage, and to constant love ;
Grim, Robin doth thy choice approve ;

And

And there's the priest shall marry you ;
 Go to it, and make no more ado :
 Sirrah, fir priest, go get you gone,
 And join both her and him anon ;
 But ne'er hereafter let me take you
 With wanton love-tricks : lest I make you
 Example to all stone-priests ever,
 To deal with other men's loves never.

Short. Valeté vos, and God blefs me,
 And rid me from his company.
 Come, Grim, I'll join you hand in hand,
 In sacred wedlock's holy band ;
 I will no more a nutting go,
 That journey caused all this woe.

Grim. Come, let's to hand in hand quickly ! Mr. Robert, you were ever one of the honestest merry devils that ever I saw.

Joan. Sweet Grim, and if thou lovest me, let's away !

Grim. Nay, now, Joan, I spy a hole in your coat ! if you cannot endure the devil, you'll never love the collier. Why, we two are sworn brothers. You shall see me talk with him even as familiarly as if I should parbreak my mind and my whole stomach upon thee.

Joan. I prithee do not, Grim.

Grim. Who, not I ? O lord, Mr. Robert Goodfellow, I have a poor cottage at home, whither Joan and I will jog as merrily ! We will make you no stranger if you come thither. You shall be used as devilishly as you would wish, i'faith. There is never a time my cart cometh from London, but the collier bringeth a goose in his sack ; and that with the giblets thereof, is at your service.

Rob. This is more kindness, Grim, than I expected.

Grim. Nay, fir, if you come home, you shall find it true, I warrant you. All my whole family shall be at your devilship's pleasure, except my poor Joan here, and she is my own proper night-geer.

Rob. Gramercies, but away in haste ;
 The night is almost spent and past.

Grim. God be with you, fir ; I'll make as much haste
 about

308 GRIM, *the Collier of Croydon.*

about it as may be ; for and that were once done, I would begin a new piece of work with you, Joan.

[*Exeunt all but Robin.*]

Rob. Now, joy betide this merry morn,
And keep Grim's forehead from the horn !
For Robin bids his last adieu,
To Grim, and all the rest of you.

[*Exit Robin.*]

Enter Clinton alone.

Clin. Bright Lucifer, go couch thee in the clouds,
And let this morning prove as dark as night !
That I unseen may bring to happy end
The doctor's murder, which I do intend.
'Tis early yet, he is not so soon stirring ;
But stir he ne'er so soon, so soon he dies :
I'll walk along before the palace gate ;
Then shall I know how near it is to day,
He shall have no means to escape away. [*Exit Clinton.*]

Enter Castiliano.

Cast. My Trunk's broke open, and my jewels gone !
My gold and treasure stoln ! my house dispoil'd
Of all my furniture, and nothing left !
No, not my wife ; for she is stoln away :
But she hath pepper'd me, I feel it work—
My teeth are loosen'd, and my belly swell'd ;
My entrails burn with such distemper'd heat,
That well I know my dame hath poison'd me ;
When she spoke fairest, then she did this act.
When I have spoken all I can imagine,
I cannot utter half that she intends ;
She makes as little poisoning of a man,
As to carrouse ; I feel that this is true : [*Enter Clinton.*]
Nay now, I know too much of womankind,
Zouns, here's the captain ! what should he make here
With his sword drawn ? there's yet more villainy.

Clin. The morning is far spent, but yet he comes not !
I wonder Marian sends him not abroad !
Well, doctor, linger time, and linger life !
For long thou shalt not breathe upon the earth.

Cast.

Cast. No, no, I will not live amongst ye long,
Is it for me thou wait'st, thou bloody wretch ?
Here poison hath prevented thee in murder.

[*Enter earl Morgan, St. Dunstan, with Honorea fainting,
and Mariana.*]

Now here be they, suppose earl Lacy dead !
See, how his lady grieveth for that she wisheth !

Dunst. My lord of London, by his sudden death,
And all the signs before his late departure,
'Tis very probable that he is poison'd.

Mar. Do you but doubt it ! credit me, my lord,
I heard him say, that drink should be his last ;
I heard my husband speak it, and he did it.

Cast. There is my old friend, she always speaks for
me ;

Oh shameless creature, was't not thy device ?

Mor. Let not extremity of grief o'erwhelm thee,
My dearest Honorea ! for his death shall be
Surely reveng'd with all severity
Upon the doctor, and that suddenly.

Clin. What fortune's this, that all these come this
way

To hinder me, and save thy life to day ?

Hon. My gracious lord, this doleful accident
Hath rob'd me of my joy ; and, royal earl,
Though in thy life thou didst suspect my love,
My grief and tears suspicions shall remove.

Mar. Madam, to you, and to your father's love,
I owe as much and more than my own life.
Had I ten husbands should agree to do it,
My gracious lord, you presently should know it.

Cast. Ay, there's a girl : think you I did not well
To live with such a wife, to come from hell.

Mar. Look, look, my lord, there stands the murderer !

Cast. How am I round beset on every side !
First, that same captain here stands to kill me ;
My dame she hath already poisoned me ;
Earl Morgan he doth threaten present death ;
The countess Honorea, in revenge
Of Lacy, is extremely incens'd against me :

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All threatens, none shall do it, for my date
Is now expired, and I must back to hell.
And now, my servant, wheresoe'er thou be,
Come quickly, Akercock, and follow me.
Lordings, adieu, and my curs'd wife farewell,
If me ye seek, come follow me to hell.

[*The ground opens, and he falls down into it.*

Mor. The earth that opened, now is clos'd again.

Dunst. It is God's judgment for his grievous sins.

Clin. Was there a quagmire, that he sunk so soon?

Hon. O miracle! now may we justly say,
Heavens have reveng'd my husband's death this day.

Mor. Alas, poor Marian! we have wrong'd thee much
To cause thee match thyself to any such.

Mar. Nay, let him go, and sink into the ground;
For such as he are better lost than found:
Now, Honorea, we are freed from blame,
And both enrich'd with happy widows names.

Enter earl Lacy with Forrest, Musgrave.

Lacy. O lead me quickly to that mourning train,
Which weep for me, who am reviv'd again.

Hon. Marian, I shed some tears of perfect grief.

[*She falleth into a swoon.*

Mor. Do not my eyes deceive me? liveth my son?

Lacy. My lord and father! both alive and well
Recover'd of my weakness; where's my wife?

Mar. Here is my lady, your beloved wife;
Half dead to hear of your untimely end.

Lacy. Look on me, Honorea; see thy lord:
I am not dead, but live to love thee still.

Dunst. 'Tis God disposeth all things as he will;
He raiseth those the wicked wish to fall.

Clin. Zounds, I still watch on this inclosed ground;
For if he rise again, I'll murder him.

Hon. My lord, my tongue's not able to report
Those joys my heart conceives to see thee live.

Dunst. Give God the glory; he recovered thee,
And wrought this judgment on that cursed man,
That set debate and strife among ye all.

Mor. My lord, our eyes have seen a miracle,
Which after ages ever shall admire.

The Spanish doctor, standing here before us,
Is sunk into the bowels of the earth,
Ending his vile life by a vile death.

Lacy. But, gentle Marian, I bewail thy loss,
That wert maid, wife, and widow; all so soon.

Mar. 'Tis your recovery that joys me more
Than grief can touch me for the doctor's death.
He never lov'd me whilst he liv'd with me,
Therefore the less I mourn his tragedy.

Mor. Henceforth we'll strictlier look to strangers lives,
How they shall marry any English wives:
Now all men shall record this fatal day;
Lacy revived, the doctor sunk in clay.

[*The trumpets sound, exeunt omnes nisi Dunstan.*]

Dunst. Now is earl Lacy's house fill'd full of joy,
He and his lady wholly reconcil'd,
Their jars all ended: those that were like men
Transformed, turn'd unto their shapes again;
And, gentlemen, before we make an end,
A little longer yet your patience lend,
That in your friendly censures you may see
What the infernal synod do decree,
And after judge, if we deserve to name
This play of ours, *The devil and his dame.* [Exit.

It thunders and lighteneth. Enter Pluto, Minos, Æacus, Rhadamanthus, with Fury bringing in Malbecco's ghost.

Pluto. Minos, is this the day he should return,
And bring us tidings of his twelvemonth spent?

[*Enter Belpagor like a devil, with horns on his head, and Akercock.*]

Minos. It is, great king, and here Belpagor comes.

Pluto. His visage is more ghastly than't was wont.
What ornaments are those upon his head?

Bel. Hell, I salute thee! now I feel myself
Rid of a thousand torments. O vile earth,
Worse for us devils than hell itself for men!

Dread Pluto, hear thy subject's just complaint

[*Belphagor kneeleth to Pluto.*]

Proceeding from the anguish of my soul!

O never send me more into the earth!

For there dwells dread and horror more than here.

Pluto. Stand forth, Belphagor, and report the truth
Of all things have betide thee in the world.

Bel. When first, great king, I came into the earth,
I chose a wife both young and beautiful,

The only daughter to a noble earl:

But when the night came that I should her bed,

I found another laid there in her stead;

And in the morning when I found the change,

Though I deny'd her, I was forc'd to take her.

With her I liv'd in such a mild estate,

Us'd her still kindly, lov'd her tenderly;

Which she requited with such light regard,

So loose demeanour, and dishonest life,

That she was each man's whore that was my wife.

No hours but gallants flock'd unto my house,

Such as she fancied for her loathsome lust;

With whom, before my face, she did not spare

To play the strumpet: Yea, and more than this,

She made my house a stew for all resorts,

Herself a bawd to others filthiness;

Which, if I once began but to reprove,

Oh, then her tongue was worse than all the rest!

No ears with patience would endure to bear her,

Nor would she ever cease till I submit;

And then she would speak me fair, but wish me dead.

A hundred drifts she laid to cut me off,

Still drawing me to dangers of my life;

And now my twelvemonth being near expir'd,

She poisoned me; and least that means should fail,

She entic'd a captain to have murdered me.

In brief, whatever tongue can tell of ill,

All that may well be spoken of my dame.

Ak. Poor Akercock was fain to fly her sight;

For never an hour, but she laid on me;

Her tongue and fist walked all so nimbly.

Pluto. Doth then, Belphagor, this report of thine
Against all women hold in general ?

Bel. Not so, great prince ; for as 'mongst other crea-
tures,

Under that sex are mingled good and bad.
There are some women virtuous, chaste and true ;
And to all those the devil will give their due :
But, oh my dame ! born for a scourge to man,
For no mortality would endure that,
Which she a thousand times hath offered me.

Pluto. But what new shapes are those upon thy head ?

Bel. These are the ancient arms of cuckoldry,
And these my dame hath kindly left to me ;
For which Belphagor shall be here derided,
Unless your great infernal majesty
Do solemnly proclaim, no devil shall scorn
Hereafter still to wear the goodly horn.

Pluto. This for thy service I will grant thee freely ;
All devils shall, as thou dost, like horns wear,
And none shall scorn Belphagor's arms to bear.
And now, Malbecco, hear thy latest doom ;
Since that thy first reports are justified
By after proofs, and womens looseness known,
One plague more will I send upon the earth ;
Thou shalt assume a light and fiery shape,
And so for ever live within the world ;
Dive into womens thoughts, into mens hearts ;
Raise up false rumours, and suspicious fears ;
Put strange inventions into each man's mind ;
And for these actions they shall always call thee
By no name else but fearful jealousy.
Go, jealousy, be gone, thou hast thy charge ;
Go, range about the world that is so large.
And now, for joy Belphagor is return'd,
The furies shall their tortures cast away,
And all hell o'er we'll make it holy-day.

[*It thundereth and lighteneth ; exeunt omnes.*]

F I N I S.



MICROCOSMUS:

A

MORAL MASK.

By THOMAS NABBS.

Debent et prodesse, et delectare poetæ.





MR. Thomas Nabbs was an author who liv'd in the reign of Charles I. and of some consideration, as Langbaine observes; because whatever he wrote was his own, he borrowed from no body. I was willing to have one specimen of the masks which were so frequent in the reigns of James and Charles I. and pitched upon this on account of the fine plan (setting aside some faults) on which it is written. He wrote, besides this mask, Hannibal and Scipio, and the Unfortunate Mother, tragedies; the Bride, Covent-Garden, and Tottenham-Court, comedies; Spring's Glory, vindicating love by temperance, against the tenet, Sine Cerere et Baccho friget Venus: moraliz'd in a mask. With other poems, elegies, &c. printed in 1638.

Dramatis



Dramatis Personæ.

- N**ature, a fair woman in a white robe wrought with birds, beasts, fruits, flowers, clouds, stars, &c. on her head a wreath of flowers interwoven with stars.
- Janus**, a man with two faces, signifying providence, in a yellow robe, wrought with snakes, as he is *deus anni*: on his head a crown. He is Nature's husband.
- Fire**, a fierce countenanc'd young man, in a flame-colour'd robe, wrought with gleams of fire. His hair red, and on his head a crown of flames. His creature a vulcan.
- Air**, a young man of a variable countenance, in a blue robe, wrought with divers colour'd clouds. His hair blue, and on his head a wreath of clouds. His creature a giant or filvan.
- Water**, a woman in a sea-green robe wrought with waves. Her hair a sea-green, and on her head a wreath of sedge bound about with waves. Her creature a Syren.
- Earth**, a young woman of a sad countenance, in a grass-green robe, wrought with sundry fruits and flowers. Her hair black, and on her head a chaplet of flowers. Her creature a pigmy.
- Love**, a Cupid in a flame colour'd habit; bow and quiver, a crown of flaming hearts, &c.
- Physander**, a perfect grown man, in a long white robe, and on his head a garland of white lillies and roses mix'd. His name *ἀπο τῆς φύσεως ἢ τῆ ἀνδρός*.
- Choler**, a fencer. His clothes red.
- Blood**, a dancer, in a watchet colour'd suit.
- Pblegm**, a physician, an old man, his doublet white and black, trunk hose.

Dramatis Personæ.

Melancholy, a musician. His complexion, hair and clothes, black : a lute in his hand. He is likewise an amonist.

Bellemina, a lovely woman, in a long white robe : on her head a wreath of white flowers. She signifies the soul.

Bonus Genius, an angel in a like white robe ; wings and wreath white.

Malus Genius, a devil in a black robe ; hair, wreath and wings, black.

The five Senses. *Seeing*, a chambermaid. *Hearing*, the usher of the hall. *Smelling*, a huntsman or gardner.

Tasting, a cook. *Touching*, a gentleman-usher.

Sensuality, a wanton woman, richly habited, but lasciviously dress'd, &c.

Temperance, a lovely woman, of a modest countenance : her garments plain, but decent, &c.

A philosopher,

An Eremite,

A ploughman,

A shepherd,

} All properly habited.

Three Furies, as they are commonly fancied.

Fear, the crier of the court, with a tipstaff.

Conscience, the judge of the court.

Hope and Despair, an advocate and a lawyer.

The other three Virtues, as they are frequently express'd by painters.

The Heroes, in bright antique habits, &c.

The Front, of a workmanship proper to the fancy of the rest, adorn'd with brass figures of angels and devils, with several inscriptions : the title in an eicutcheon supported by an angel and a devil. Within the arch a continuing perspective of ruins, which is drawn still before the other scenes, whilst they are varied.

The Inscriptions.

Hinc gloria.

Hinc pœna.

Appetitus boni.

Appetitus mali.



MICROCOSMUS:

A

MORAL MASK.

Actus primus.

After a confused noise, and musick out of tune, Nature enters as amaz'd at it.

WHAT horror wakes me! and disturbs
the peace
I fate inthron'd in? shall dissention ruin
Eternal acts? Hath the great deity
Made me his instrument, and shall my
power
Be slighted so by their rebellious difference?
Cease mutiny, or be your own destructions.
Accurs'd confusion, that neglects the form
Nature prescribes. I rather would preserve ye;
That in distinguish'd order ye might shew
The glory of my work; each in his sphere

Subscribing to my better government.
 But my commands are uselefs. Their deaf wills
 Persist to act their own and my sad ills.

To her Janus.

Where's my delight! whence is this sad dejection?
 How amaz'd Nature stands! Have our embraces
 Brought forth a race of elemental forms
 That live in simple bodies, to be made
 Pregnant for other births, and will she now
 Neglect their teeming? I would be a grandfather,
 And see my issue multiply,

Nature. O husband!

Our union hath been vain; our off-spring proves
 A rebel to our peace, and nature's laws.
 Light fire descends to earth, beneath whose weight
 He groans to be deliver'd, till with struggling
 He lifts earth up, in whose represson, air
 Contracts his forces to extinguish fire.
 Again, fire from this mutinous assault
 Doubles his strength; when strait ambitious water
 Climbing his seat consumes herself in flames.
 Thus fire, air, water, earth, each would be all,
 And are made neither; but a confus'd mass,
 And indigested chaos.

Janus. Am I Janus,

(The figure of eternal providence)
 And shall this disobedience scape the stroke
 Of my sever'st correction? Fire I shall lash you,
 And make your nimble pyramids skip upward.
 I'll chain earth to her centre. Air had best
 Confine himself to his three regions,
 Or else I'll disinherit him. If water
 Exceed her bounds——

*To them the four elements, with their several ἀρχαίαι
 φαντασίαι, (which Paracelsus calleth homines spirituales)
 playing on antique instruments out of tune.*

Nat. See; the dissentious come,
 Maz'd in the errors of their own confusion:

As if their dissolution should precede
 Their yet not perfect being. How my griefs
 Press down the organs of my utterance,
 And choak words in their passage! Speak, good Janus.

Jan. Ye disobedient children of that love
 That join'd us to produce ye——

Fire. Stop, good father,
 Our wills are deaf to counsel.

Air. Or to threats.

Set both your brows with wrinkles, and put on
 Th'austereft anger, we'll be aw'd' by none
 But our own wills.

Wat. I'll quench my brother's flames,
 Or burn myself into him. My cold moisture
 Shall not be ty'd t'embrace as cold a sister,
 And not ascend above them.

Earth. I'll be active
 As air or fire. Else with my ponderous weight
 I'll press their climbing heads beneath my centre;
 And by inversion bury them within me,
 Till earthquakes shatter all, and final ruin
 Dilate their passage.

Fire. Are we not one birth?
 Why then should there be a precedency,
 And not an equal power of all first qualities?
 Be not you partial parents, we'll obey
 The government of nature.

Air. Otherwise
 With our own strength we'll prosecute this war
 Till ruin stops it.

Jan. Stubborn boys, I'll yoke ye
 In such a bondage.

Nat. Gentle husband, try
 Persuasion's strength: perhaps 'twill better work
 Upon the temper of their fiercer nature.
 I am your mother; let me reconcile ye:
 That in your peace I may preserve the order
 Of my intended work. Should fire forsake
 His lofty mansion, and infect his flames
 With grosser weight, it would benumb his activeness,

And make his motion dull. Were my pure air
 Pent in his sister's entrails, her foul veins
 Would soon infect him. What creation meant
 In your diversities, your rash ambitions
 Must not pervert. Since providence hath made ye
 The means for many ends, dispute not them,
 Nor your own thought-defects: each is supply'd
 With a perfection, and an equal worth
 Distinguish'd in proportion; but the excellence
 Of your own attributes cannot appear,
 Whilst you disturb the distribution
 Of them to other forms, which from your mixtures
 Must enter different bodies of the first,
 Second, third, fourth, fifth composition.
 Vapours and exhalations, meteors, vegetables,
 And minerals, animals, and lastly, man,
 Call'd so from concord, for he doth contain
 A harmony of parts, and in them figure
 His end of being. Let not then your wills
 Persist in this rebellious mutiny,
 And hinder high intendments. Pray agree,
 And leave the reason of such acts to me.

Fire. Vain oratory. Think you us so easy
 To be o'ercome by words! swell high my rage,
 And with licentious fury break the ties
 Of these too weak commands.

Air. Let's on to fight,
 Whilst the yet discord of the untun'd spheres
 Adds courage, and delights our warlike ears.

*The four elements and their creatures dance a confused dance
 to their own antique music: in which they seem to fight
 with one another; and so go forth confusedly.*

Nat. What shall we do? The universal fabrick
 Will be everted, if this war continue:
 Let's sue to love; his power may be prevailing.

To them Love.

Love. See, Love appears at thy request,
 Thou cause of motion and of rest.

Thou

Thou greater power's great substitute,
 Whose will and acts none must dispute.
 Thou that form'st the best of things
 From thought-impossibles, and brings
 Contrary matters to produce
 Another difference, than the use
 Of a mere quality in one,
 Can work unto perfection.

Thou that thy secrets dost unlock
 To propagate a lasting stock ;
 And multiply, that th' issue might
 Be little less than infinite.

Thou mother of all that is found
 Within this universal round,
 What is thy will with love ?

Nat. Oh, gentle power,
 Thou that art nature's soul, and the beginning
 Of every human thing ; that giv'st them laws,
 And to thyself art law. Figure of peace ;
 That to thy godhead's attribute annex'd
 The quiet order of the world's vast frame,
 To have its form and being from thy rule ;
 Which must be now imperious, or its ruin
 Will prevent time. The mutinous elements
 Have rais'd rebellion, and disjointed quite
 The order of their fabric. The pure heavens,
 Whose motion should be harmony, roll cross,
 And bend their axletree, till both the poles
 Do kiss each other's ends. Then rectify,
 Great love, this dire confusion.

Love. Strait I'll do it :
 Can love deny if nature woo it ?
 The heavens first in tune I'll set ;
 And from their music soon beget
 A charm, of power to make light fire
 Skip to his sphere, and earth retire
 To her parch'd den. The subtle air
 I'll calm from mists, and make it fair ;
 And water, with her curl'd waves, sweep
 The bounded channels of the deep,

That order may succeed, and things
 Grow perfect from their lasting springs.
 Move right, ye spheres, in concord found,
 And with your music fill this round.

Whilst the following song is singing, the first scene appears, being a sphere in which the four elements are figured, and about it they sit embracing one another.

The SONG.

*Hence confusion and dissention,
 Be no more new forms prevention,
 Crossing still
 A mother's will,
 And nature's great intention.
 Concord is the soul of being ;
 Nothing's better than agreeing.*

CHORUS.

*Then let embraces crown this time's beginning,
 Love's power is winning.
 And when he throws the darts that arm his hands,
 Who can resist his great commands ?*

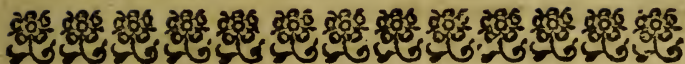
Nat. Nature must pay Love thanks for this great work
 Of reconciliation. May the peace
 Be lasting as yourselves, and no ambition
 Move a new war ; but from your loving mixtures
 New generation follow.

Love. Spheres again
 Your brazen trebles higher strain ;
 And lusty moving sounds advance
 To make us active whilst we dance.

The DANCE.

*Now to the other work : our art
 Shall make all perfect e'er we part.*

[They return into the scene, and it closeth.



ACTUS secundus.

Physander led in by Janus.

Jan. COME forth, thou son of earth, and view the
day

That glories in the presence of thy beauty.

Phys. What am I? my imperfect sense is yet
Unapprehensive, and the intellect
My mother hath inspir'd, doth not instruct me
To know myself.

Jan. Look up, thou master-piece
Of nature's workmanship, thou little world;
Thou that excell'st in form, that comprehends
All the perfections which her curious hand
Design'd and finish'd: that when other creatures
Behold the earth, and with dejected eyes
Look downwards on't, hast an erected figure
To see the stars, and contemplate their beings,
Celestial causes, and their influence,
Whence great effects ensue; thou that hast speech
To be thy thought's interpreter, expect
A farther act of love to crown thy life,
By joining thee to an immortal wife.

[*Exit.*

Phys. Receive my thanks, great power. I yet am
'maz'd,
And wander in a labyrinth of thoughts,
That throng confusedly together, striving
Who should first issue, till their multitude
Choaks up the passage. Oh ye powers that made me
To be a king, and to have sovereignty
Annex'd unto my difference, send me quickly
The glorious guide that may remove this darkness.

To him the four complexions.

Phys. Ha! what are these?

Chol. You may go look. Yet, if you ask me mildly, perhaps I'll answer you.

Blood. We are sent to be your servants.

Phys. By whom?

Blood. Our parents the four elements.

Phys. Your names?

Chol. My name is Cholera. I was begot by Fire on Nature's cook-maid, in the time of a festival. I was dry-nurs'd by a lean butter-wife, and bred up in Mars's fencing-school; where I learn'd a mystery that consists in lying, distance and direction; pace, space and place; time, motion and action; progression, reversion and traversion; blows, thrusts, falses, doubles, slips and wards; closings, gripes and wrestlings; fights guardant, open, variable and close. Then have we our stocata's, imbrocata's, mandrita's, punta's, and punta's reversa's; our stramisons, passata's, carricada's, amazza's and incartata's.

Phys. And what's all this?

Chol. Terms in our dialect to puzzle desperate ignorance.

Phys. What's yours?

Blood. My name is Blood. Air was my father, and my mother a light-heel'd madam that kept a vaulting-school at the sign of Virgo. As she was one day practising a high trick, she lost her hold, and fell down into my father's regions; where, had not he, kind man, stop't her about the middle, she had brake her neck against a rock of ice that hung beneath her, and Blood had not been as he is, a dancer, sir.

Phys. What art skill'd in?

Blood. Garbs and postures of the body. Here's an honour for a lord; a back-fall for a lady, and a high rising is best in an active gallant. But *pardonne moi, monsieur*, it do strain *a de back too muss*. Here's a traverse for a nimble lawyer. A hop and skip shall raise the son of a cobbler well underlay'd with pieces to the government of a province, till over-much ambitious cutting wears him to his last. A turn above ground for a mercurial pick-pocket, and an easy passage to destruction

struction for him that danceth after infected wantonness.
Cum multis aliis.

Phys. And what's your name?

Phlegm. Phlegm mine, sir. Water was my mother, and she made me a physician. I was nurs'd by Apollo's herb-wife, that dwells at the sign of the crab, and she taught me to go backwards.

Phys. And what can you do?

Phlegm. Live by the inspection of excrements, and draw *aurum palpabile* out of them. Kill any one *cum privilegio artis*. I am Venus' midwife, and trusted with many secrets, which I never reveal but to my apothecary when we meet at Libra, to share and settle our correspondence. Your physician will serve you at your death, sir.

Phys. Now your name?

Melan. I am called Melancholy. I was begotten on the earth after a great drought in the time of barrenness; who breeding me up hardly, enabled me the better for this hungry profession. I would feign be in love; but having no other mistress, I am enforc'd to love mine own humour.

Phys. All these are humours, and must be my servants. What a vast bounty have the heavens given me? But I must labour to preserve them regular, And not exceeding their proportions

[*Blood skipping about justles Cholera.*
Of substance or of quality, for then
'They will be masters. Disagreeing!

Chol. He hath stir'd me, sir, and I will be angry.

Blood. Then Phlegm must cool you.

Chol. Phlegm's a fool.

Melan. Or a physician.

Phlegm. Cholera, you must be taken down.

Chol. I'll soon be up again. Provoke me no more: I am adust with rage, and will make you an odd number.

Phys. Come, this agrees not with a servant's duty, You must subscribe to order. Phlegm shall be My substitute to moderate these jarrings.

And if hereafter any one transgress
 But in the least dissention that disturbs
 The quiet of my state, he shall correct it ;
 Nor spare himself. For in a government
 Th' offence is greatest in the instrument
 That hath the power to punish ; and in laws
 The author's trespass makes the foulest cause.
 What admiration works upon my sense !
 I hear and see such objects as would make
 Creation doubtful whether she were perfect
 Without these parts. Into what strange delights
 I'm hurried on the sudden ? ha !

The second scene is here discover'd, being a perspective of clouds, the inmost glorious, where Bellamina sits betwixt Love and Nature ; behind her the Bonus and Malus Genius.

Nat. Look hither,

Thou comfort of my love, that gave thee being
 To figure greater power. See, Love hath brought
 Thy wish, a spouse of 's own immortal race,
 Clad in the glory of her innocence.
 Do not defile her, yet she's virgin white,
 And join'd unto thee, that thou mayst enjoy
 Knowledge and virtue, not thy sensual pleasures ;
 For being link'd unto thee, she is made
 As sensible of thy corrupted passions,
 As thou of mortal griefs. Let her direct
 Thy powers of appetite. She'll shew thee heaven,
 And the reward of good ; and if thou miss
 The path she guides thee in, thou wilt enforce her
 To share thy ruin, and pervert the ends
 Of her eternity. Which, if thou tread
 By her directions, she communicates,
 And makes thee like herself. She must be chang'd
 According to thy disposition.
 Then let my counsel be so deep impress'd
 The prosecution of it may make thee bless'd.

Whilst the following song is singing, they descend from the scene, and present Bellamina to Physander.

Love. Fairest of all earthly things,
Mount thy thoughts upon the wings
Of contemplation, and aspire
To reach at my supernal fire ;
Whose heat shall purge thy spouse and thee
From all dreggs of impurity.
Let no falser love delight
Thy sense-deluded appetite,
To seek out other wantons led,
So heaven at length shall crown thy head.

THE SONG.

*Descend thou fairest of all creatures,
Grac'd with all thy heavenly features,
In whom all perfections shine ;*

For thou art

In every part

Little less than divine.

Take thy bride, and enjoy her,

But not with foul desires annoy her ;

For she is white

And hath no true delight,

But what is given

From the desire of heaven.

CHORUS.

Now join, and each to other happy prove.

That neither may

Be led astray

To seek a stranger love.

Love and Nature return to the scene, and it closeth.

Phys. After my sacrifice of vows and thanks,
Let me embrace with reverence. Oh my life,
And better soul ! joy hath possession taken
Of all my faculties, and gives a welcome
To these delights.

Bel. Do not abuse them then,

For my pure substance will admit no mixture
 With any thing that's earthy, lest it should
 Be so defil'd. Together with myself
 I must bestow on thee two different servants.
 The one is like myself, all innocence ;
 The other's clad in an infernal robe
 Of malice to us, and will tempt thy frailty
 To loose desires, from her black' invention
 Forging aspersions on me to divert
 Thy love ; which I so prize, my blifs or ruin
 Hath sole dependance on it. If she urge
 Those accusations, deaf thy understanding
 To her suggestions, and inform thy reason
 Only from t'other, who best knows my passions,
 Powers and habits : thou wast made for me,
 To be my instrument, and I for thee.

Phys. And when I do forsake thee, or infect
 My looser thoughts with any other object
 Than thy wish'd good, may I be made th' example
 Of imbecillity ; the spoil of time ;
 Mockery of fortune ; image of inconstancy ;
 The scale of envy and calamity.
 And this fair structure (now by these upheld)
 Be buried in its own and their sad ruins.

Chol. I am angry at it. We shall have moral now
 instead of martial discipline. Challenges will be pro-
 claim'd cowardise : and every white-liver'd, silk-skin-
 n'd lady courtier, will answer a man's anger with, if it were
 not for the law and conscience. If no body will pro-
 voke me, I'll quarrel with myself.

Phlegm. Take heed, choler, of a halter.

Chol. Phlegm, thou art a mountebank, and I will
 make thee quake.

Mel. Not so hot, good Choler. I am partaking, and
 as discontented at this match as envy can make me. I
 could hatch a conspiracy to sever them, should cause po-
 sterity attribute all matchiavillianism to Melancholy.

Blood. Blood's prevented, and the expectation of so
 many children begot on several mothers that should doat
 on the quivering of my calves, and the strength of my
 back,

back, is utterly frustrate. No lady of liberty must admire this passage, or that skipping, till her veins swell with my addition. I must no more run here and there to tickle her sense, and fright the green-sickness from her complexion.

Mel. Shall it be a plot?

Chol. Let's kill them presently.

Phlegm. But the means?

Blood. Why, is not Phlegm a physician?

Phys. Come, my kind servants, let your active limbs
Move to delight us, whilst the spheres agree
To guide your measures with their harmony.

A dance, wherein the complexions express themselves in their differences: the two Genii always opposite in the figure, and the Malus Genius stealing many times to Physander, whispers in his ear;

I am disturb'd within; a new desire
Whets appetite of pleasure in some change,
Such as may touch the sense without a scruple
Of wedlock's breach. Hence with these laws of con-
science,

That would set limits to what's infinite.

Two kisses more will cloy me; nought can relish
But variation.

Mal. Gen. Hearken then to me.

Leave this strict bride that curbs licentious will,
And reins it with her temperance. Liberty
Makes delight full and swelling: it must feed
On several objects, else 'twill glut itself
Into a loathing.

Phys. I applaud thy counsel,
And am prepar'd to act it.

Bel. Ha! Physander!

So suddenly forgetful of thy vows,
Before full consummation of those rites
Crown bridegrooms happy?

Bon. Gen. Be not thus misled

By her malicious envy. She but shews thee
The easy path to ruin, whose broad entrance

Painted with falsest pleasures, ends in a point
 Of all the ills attend our misery
 Contracted into one. Though virtue's way
 Be hard and strait to enter, yet the end
 Reacheth to heaven, where her fair hand bestows
 Wreaths of bright stars to crown deserving brows.

Phys. Whisper that still; each accent's musical.
 The mere conceit of it makes me immortal.
 Hence; thy converse is hateful. I'll not tie
 Desire to such embraces. I'll enjoy
 A mistress free and sportive; that can vary
 All shapes of dalliance, and present delight
 Each minute in a several fashion.
 Guide me, I'll follow.

Compl. And we will attend.

[*Exeunt.*

Bel. Wretched Bellamina, that in the instant
 Of thy expected comfort, shouldst be thrown
 Below all misery! O that lustful sense
 Should cause divorce betwixt us! I am lost
 Almost beyond recovery, since my substance
 Must be partaking of his hated ills:
 Such is the fate of wedlock. His content
 In false delights, must be my punishment.

[*Exit with Bonus Genius.*



Actus tertius.

Physander richly habited. Malus Genius, the four complexions.

Phys. I'M bravely fitted; these are fitting ornaments.
 Come, my best prompter, with endeavour's
 wings
 Let's cut the air, and strain our motion,
 'Till we attain this bower of sensuality.
 And let the repetition of her praise

Sweeten

Sweeten my painful longings. My desire
Feels many throws of travail, 'till deliver'd
Of its sweet issue.

Mal. Gen. You must suffer for't.

Pleasures whose means are easy, in the end
Do lose themselves. Things only are esteem'd
And valu'd by their acquisition.

Should you win her delights without some pains,
They would not relish. Whilst your expectation
Labours with the event, prepare yourself
To court it bravely. She's high-spirited ;
And will not stoop to every common bait
That catcheth easy wantonness.

Phys. What's the best ?

Chol. A rough foldier's phrase ; a strong back, and a
brawny limb ; bait her with these, she'll bite home.
If she be coy, kick her in the breech, and cry, fare-
wel : after a few dissembling tears she'll yield with the
greater appetite. If she refus'd me, I'd kill her.

Blood. Could you but dance, sir, and shew yourself
active before her, it were impossible for her to hold out
'till the discovery of one knave 'mongst many officers.
Dancing is the most taking : if a man rise well, his mi-
strefs cannot chuse but fall.

Pbleg. Court her with solid language, and such discourse
as may relish of aged experience. Express your thoughts
such, and your actions such, as she may conceive judg-
ment to be entail'd upon you. If she be virtuous, that
wins upon her soul, and let your physician alone with
her body : If she be wanton, Phlegm can administer
provocatives.

Melan. Might I advise you, sir, a passionate courtship
were more powerful. Let a sigh be the period of every
amorous sentence. Sing her some pathetic madrigal, full
of cromatic flats ; 'twill sharpen her. I would have all
lovers begin and end their prick-song with *lachrymæ*, till
they have wept themselves as dry as I am.

Phys. The air, methinks, begins upon a sudden
To be perfum'd, as if Arabian winds
Scatter'd their spices loosely on the face

Of some rich earth, fruitful with aromates.
 Music breathes forth the soul of harmony.
 How eagerly my senses catch these objects!

[*Music.*][*To them the five Senses.*]

But what are these?

Mal. Gen. Servants to Sensuality,
 That wait her will, and with a diligence
 Becoming duty do prepare her pleasures.
 They're sent to entertain you.

Phys. What their names,
 And offices?

Seeing. Seeing mine, sir. I am my lady's chambermaid, and the daughter of a glass-maker. A piece of brittle ware, and apt to be crack'd. I have been often cemented together, but could never hold above a month. Through me, sir, you may see my lady's secrets, and mine own are at your service when you shall command their revelation.

Hear. My name's Hearing. I am usher of the hall, and the trumpet that proclaims dinner ready, with gentlemen, and yeomen. When my lady removes to her city privacy (for she keeps open house in the country) I am the foreman at her gate, with an instrument of correction for the offensive beggars. If you love noise, sir, my wife and myself are at your service.

Phys. Pray, sir, your name?

Smel. Mine is Smelling. I am my lady's huntsman, and keep some lesser beagles for her chamber use, to excuse the freeness of her necessity's eruptions. I play the gardner likewise, and attend her always when she goes to pluck a rose. My mistress Cloaca had a very stinking breath, before Misackmos perfum'd her, and she is now grown less common, than when her imperfections lay open. When you will use me, sir, you shall always have me under your nose.

Phys. And what's yours?

Tast. Tasting mine, sir. I am my lady's cook, and king of the kitchen; where I rule the roast, command imperiously, and am a very tyrant in my office. My subjects being all soldiers are daily encounter'd by most fierce

fierce stomachs, and never return but maim'd and dismember'd. Brawn, beef, and pork are always muster'd in the van, and bring up veal, mutton, minc'd-pye, goose, turkey, duck, and so forth. I have a sort of cowardly custards, born in the city, but bred up at court, that quake for fear; yet are as valiant in suffering as the rest, and are all overcome, even by the women, with much noise. I then send forth a fresh supply of rabbits, pheasant, kid, partridge, quail, lark, plover, teal, tarts, &c. with a French troop of pulpatoons, mackaroons, kickshaws, grand and excellent. The battle ended, I survey the field; and those whom I find untouch'd, I place in garison in my larder: the rest endure a new and fierce assault by the valiant serving men. I then repair my broken army, see their overthrow at supper, drink myself drunk, go to bed, and my that day's fury's over. I'll be your servant, sir, in spite of your teeth.

Phys. Now yours?

Touch. Touching, mine. I am my lady's gentleman-usher, and kill spiders for her monkey. I am always her foreman in publick, and sometimes in private; which makes way for me to her favour in reversion, if she survive two or three defective husbands, and her yet uncloy'd appetite can pretend an expectation of issue. Mean time a handful of eringoes, and a little tickling, weds me and the waiting women in her closet with more vows and protestations than a wanting gallant makes when he borrows money. We will conduct my lady to her bower, where she prepares to entertain you. [Exit.

Phys. Methinks I am transform'd into a happiness
Cannot be figur'd. If before enjoying
The expectation can beget such bliss,
What will possession?

Pblegm. Shall I question, you, sir cook?

Taste. Questionless a cook can answer a physician.

Pblegm. What physical observations have you in your sauces, and condiments? Shall I instruct you?

Taste. I thank you, sir. My method is to dress pheasant, partridge and coney for lords, but their ladies many times make the sauce. The waiting women are fed
with

with wagtails. I prepare tongues for lawyers : most commonly woodcocks for aldermens heirs, and puddings for costive citizens ; whose wives must have flesh of a court-dressing, or their bellies will never be full. Your projectors feed upon calves-brains, and your students upon innocent mutton.

Chol. I hope, sir, our after familiarity will be the often taking down of Choler's stomach. We should agree well ; we both love fire.

Taste. And Choler shall not want his brawn, whilst cookery and winter feasts last. I must in and look to my roast, of which at dinner you shall most plentifully taste. [Exit.

Phys. I am inflam'd. My appetite begins
To burn with hot desires ; and if protraction
Delay their satisfying, they'll consume
Themselves and me.

Mal. Gen. She comes : these sounds forerun her.

During the following song, the third scene is discover'd, being a pleasant arbour, with perspectives behind it, of a magnifiquè building : in the midst thereof Sensuality sits.

The SONG.

*Flow, flow delight,
And pleasures swell to height ;
Drown every eye with joyful tears,
And fill the ears
With sounds harmonious as the spheres.
Let every sense be ravish'd quite,
With a large fulness of delight.*

Chorus.

*Join all ye instruments of pleasure ;
And from th' abundance of your treasure
Chuse out one t'enrich this bower,
And make thee mistress of this paramour.*

Phys. Elysium sure is here, and that eternity
I lately dream'd of.

Sens. Let mine eyes first gaze

Upon

Upon his figure. 'Tis a heavenly creature,
 And worthy my embraces, I have yet
 Convers'd with earthy shapes, the baser issue
 Of that gross element, but here's a form
 Mingled with fire, that moves the soul of sense,
 And kindles passion in me. What was she
 Durst aim to prepossess herself of him
 My mouth can only challenge? Welcome, fir.
 If my expressions suit not entertainment
 Of such a guest, creation must be blam'd
 That gave none other; for whate'er in nature
 Is found that can affect you, here 'tis stor'd;
 And shall be all exhausted to declare
 How much I love you.

Phyf. You enthrone me, lady,
 In happiness, above the difference
 Of that my birth can boast. You make me perfect;
 And every touch of this delicious hand,
 Cheek, lip, immortalize me.

Sens. Ope' my treasury,
 And let it waste to emptiness. Wil't please
 Thine eyes? We'll mount a chariot made of diamonds,
 Whose light's reflexion shall create a day
 In the Cimmerian valleys. From some height
 We will survey the earth, and where weak beams
 Cannot extend themselves, we'll have an optic
 Shall show us in an instant all the hemisphere.
 We'll see the fair Arcadian virgins hunt
 In their Parthenian groves. We'll count the beasts
 Lurk in Hircania's dens; number the pines
 That crown Lycæus.

Phyf. You are the only object
 Mine eyes would gaze at.

Sens. Would thine ears be blest
 With pleasing sounds? The airy choristers
 Shall strain their throats by art, and harmony
 Call down the spheres to make her consort up.

Phyf. Your words are only music.

Sens. For thy smell
 Saba shall be translated where thou goest,

And strew thy path with spices. Panther's skins
Shall be thy couch, and amber pave the floor
Where thy foot treads.

Phyf. This breath's perfume enough
To create a Phœnix,

Senf. Would't delight thy taste?
Then Samian peacocks, and Ambracian kids;
Hens of Numidia, pheasants, phenicopters,
Tartesian lamprays, eels of Benacus,
Cockles of Lucrine, Eleusinian plaife,
Shall fill thy dish, and thousand changes more
To whet new appetite. Shal't drink no wine
But what Falernus or Calabrian Aulon
Yield from their grapes.

Phyf. This kifs is more than nectar.

Senf. Shal't sleep upon a bed of purest down,
Driven from white necks of Cayster's swans,
And Peneus sparrows. With Assyrian silks
I'll clothe thy body.

Phyf. But this touch is softer.
You ravish me with joys beyond expression.

Chol. Why, this is rare. I am not angry.

Blood. I am very joyful: this tickles me.

Phlegm. And makes me young.

Mel. And me merry.

Taste. Now, my licentiate murderer, what say you to a
dish of gluttony, will breed the gout in a lord before a
beggar can break his fast with it? Are not we cooks
good instruments? who, together with an hospital of
sin, cause diseases faster than you can cure them?

Senf. A livelier music, come, sweet heart, we'll dance.

A familiar country dance.

How doth my sweet-heart like it?

I do not with an oeconomic strictness

Observe my servants, and direct their actions:

Pleasure is free.

To them Bellamina in mourning, Bon. Gen.
But what sad object's this?

Bel.

Bel. I come to snatch a husband from thine arms,
Lascivious strumpet ; thou whose looser eyes
Bewitch'd his ill affection, and entic'd
His thoughts with wanton appetite of sense,
From my chaste love. Doth not Phycander see
Ruin hid under every bait of pleasure ;
She lays to catch him ?

Senf. Laugh at her, sweet-heart,
Thou art secure in these embraces.

Bella. Do not
Afflict me thus. Those false dissembling kisses
Wound me to death. Return unto my bosom,
That never shall be warm with others touch.
She's common, and will mix her lustful blood
Even with beasts.

Senf. 'Tis but her envy to me:

Bel. Let not her Syren charms bewitch thee thus
Unto a shipwreck. Every smile of hers
Shadows a rock to split thee : in my arms
Shalt sleep as safe as if the clouds did guard thee.
Am I not fair ? Shoot not mine eyes a fire
As lively ? grow not colours on my cheeks,
Brighter than those that paint her rottenness ;
And will Phycander leave me ? Did I not
Forsake th'etherial palace of my father,
To be thine only ? and a whore to rival me !
Oh misery !

Phyf. Th'art barren of those pleasures
I here enjoy.

Bel. What pleasures ? gilded ones,
'To mock thy sense ; their inside's bitterness.
Return, with me shalt find delights,
As far exceeding these as the great day-star,
His pale cheek'd sister, or night's lesser beauties.
A thousand wing'd intelligences daily
Shall be thy ministers, and from all parts
Inform thee of the world's new accidents.
Shalt from their scanning frame, by my advice,
Rules of prevention ; shalt command all arts,
As hand-maids ; shalt converse with heaven and angels ;

And after all, I'll bring thee to Elyfium.
 Cold there compels no use of rugged furs,
 Nor makes the mountains barren. There's no dog
 To rage and scorch the harvest labourer ;
 Whilst the lascivious landlord wastes th'increase
 In prodigal contrivements, how t'allay
 The furious heat with artificial snows,
 And drinks his wine in ice. Spring's always there,
 And paints the valleys ; whilst a temperate air
 Sweeps their embroider'd face with his curl'd gales,
 And breathes perfumes, no Persian aromats,
 Pontic amomus, or Indian balsam
 Can imitate. There night doth never spread
 Her ebon wings ; but daylight's always there,
 And one blest season crowns th'eternal year.

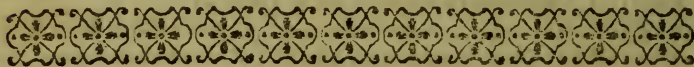
Phyf. I'll hear no more : nor can I be so credulous
 Having possession, to expect such fables.
 Here I am fix'd.

Bel. And I made miserable.

Senf. Let's in to feast, and revel ; and at night
 Shalt be possess'd of a more full delight. [*Exeunt.*

Bel. Thus doth chaste wedlock suffer. Heavenly servant,
 Whisper some powerful counsel in his ear,
 That may reclaim him. If it works, return,
 And bring me comfort, who till then must mourn.

[*Exeant severally.*]



ACTUS quartus.

*Tasting, the four complexions drunk, each having a bottle
 of wine in his hand.*

Taste. **T**HE other health, my boys.

Phlegm. No more health if you love me.

Taste. Indeed health agrees not with your profession.

Chol.

Chol. But we will have more health, and less health ;
or I will make a close stool pan of your physician's noddle.

Taste. Good brother Cholera, be pacified.

Chol. I will not be pacified. He that denies health,
let him think himself dead ere he pronounce it. Cholera's dry.

Mel. So is Melancholy.

Blood. Blood would be heated better.

Phlegm. And Phlegm moistened.

Chol. Blood's a skip-jack, and I will make him caper.

Taste. Nay, brother Cholera, thou art so cross.

Mel. And will she not return ? then may the sun
Stable his horses ever, and no day
Gild the black air with light. If in mine eye
She be not plac'd, what object can delight it ?

Taste. Excellent amorist. Here's to thee, Melancholy.

Mel. What do I see ? blush, gray-ey'd morn, and
spread

Thy purple shame upon the mountain tops :
Or pale thyself with envy, since here comes
A brighter Venus, than the dull-ey'd star
'That lights thee up.

Taste. Very fine ! Melancholy hath been some ne-
glected courtier ; he's perfect in she-flattery. If he mi-
stake me for the idol of his passion, I'll abuse him.

Mel. Oh let me kiss those pair of red twin'd cherries,
That do distil nepenthe.

Taste. Kiss and spare not.

Bite not the cherry-stones and eat, I care not.

Mel. Oh turn not from me ; let me smell the gums,
Which thy rich breath creates.

Taste. As for my gums you'll find
Sweeter here. I have no rotten teeth behind.

Blood. This leg's not right.

Taste. I know it. 'Tis my left.

Blood. Carry your toes wider.

Taste. Take heed that I foot not you.

Blood. Now do your sink pace cleanly.

Taste. My sink pace cleanly ! A cook defies it.

Chol. You lie too open. Guard yourself better, or I shall bang your coat.

Phlegm. 'Tis a dangerous water. Here's an hypostasis argues a very bad stomach.

Taste. Some soldier perhaps that wants his pay.

Phlegm. This sediment betokens a great swelling in the belly.

Taste. 'Tis some chamber-maid sick of a midwife's timpany.

Phlegm. 'Twere good she chang'd air. Remove her into the country, and if she fall again into the green-sickness, she knows the cure. This water argues a great heart-burning.

Taste. 'Tis a lover's that: or some miser's, that drank small beer in the dog-days at his own charges.

Phlegm. The owner of this hath an imposthume in his head, and 'tis near breaking.

Taste. Perhaps 'tis a fencer's, or some shop-keeper's, whose wife sells under-hand by retail.

Phlegm. Let him compound for his light wife, and he may be cur'd without the charity of an hospital.

To them Physander sick.

Phys. How on a sudden my delights are clouded?
As when a surfeit makes the pleasant dish
That caus'd it more distasteful than th' offence
Of any bitter potion. My dull'd senses
Relish no objects. Colours do not take
My film'd eyes. Mine ears are deaf to sounds,
Though by a chorus of those lovely maids,
Which Jove begot on fair Mnemosyne,
Sung to Apollo's harp.

Taste. Is it thereabouts? I'll play the state knave,
and inform presently. [Exit.

Phys. Sicknefs begins
To make this frame her mansion. Fevers burn it,
And shake the weak foundation: then a cold
Chills it again, as if a thousand winters,
Contracted into one, scatter'd their snow
With northern blasts, and froze the very centre.

Palfies disjoint the fabrick : loofen all
 The houfe-supporters, and at length they fall.
 Help me, good fervants.

Phlegm. We cannot help ourfelves.

Chol. Let's kill him, or he'll kill us.

Mel. Phlegm, do thou choak him.

Blood. I'll empty his veins.

Chol. I'll do it. Blood's not worthy the employment.

Blood. Worthier than Choler.

Chol. Thou lieft in thy throat.

Blood. Thou haft inflam'd me.

They fall together by the ears, and Phyfander weakly endeavouring to part them, is himfelf hurt, and they fly.

Phyf. Hold, I command you : how dare you insult
 Upon my weaknefs thus ? Oh I am wounded.

Perfidious villains ! was this treachery

Your duties act ? What fury prompted you

To fuch inhuman violence ? Will no hand

Of art or heaven fupply me with a balm !

Then I muft die, and bury all my glories

Ere they are fully gaz'd at. Why did nature

Produce me for her darling, and not arm

My paffive body with a proof 'gainft thunder ?

[*To him Sensuality, the five Senses.*]

Oh thou in whose embraces I have fleep

And dream'd of heaven, when my waking fenfe

Poffefs'd delights in thee, I feem'd to ride

Commanding pleasure as if ſhe had been

My captive, and her ſpoils enrich'd the triumph ;

Help now to ſave me : or with wonted kiſſes

Make me to loſe the ſenſe of this great pain

My bleeding wounds inflict. Let me expire

Within thy boſom, and I ſhall forget

That death hath any horror.

Senf. This Phyfander !

I know him not. The bloody ſpectacle

Is too offenſive : would it were remov'd.

Taſte. Pleaſe you, I'll carry the calf into my ſlaughter-
 houſe. But I fear he will hardly be dress'd for

your ladyship's tooth : he hath bled too much to be sweet flesh.

Phyf. Not know me, lady ! how am I transform'd !
The sand of many minutes hath not fallen
From time's grey glass, since you vouchsaf'd to call me
Lord of yourself and pleasures.

Senf. Let me have
Another sweet heart : one whose lusty heat
May warm my bosom. Gather all the flowers
Tempe is painted with, and strew his way.
Translate my bower to Turia's rosy banks ;
There, with a chorus of sweet nightingales
Make it continual spring. If the sun's rays
Offend his tender skin, and make it sweat,
Fan him with silken wings of mildest air,
Breath'd by Etesian winds. The briskest nectar
Shall be his drink, and all th' Ambrosian cates
Art can devise for wanton appetite,
Furnish his banquet. As his senses tire,
Vary the object. Let delights be link'd :
So in a circled chain no end we see,
Pleasure is only my eternity.

[*Exeunt.*

Taste. Sick sir, farewell. By that time you are dead I
Will have made you a caudle.

[*Exit.*

Phyf. I sure have dream'd ; all past was but illusion.
Hold out, ye bloodless organs, until I
Have rail'd upon this frumpet, then I'll die.

[*To him the two Genii severally.*]

How my distraction swells my tongue with curses ?
That I could shoot the poison of a basilisk
From my inflam'd eyes, or infect the air
With my last breath to kill her.

Mal. Gen. Ha, ha, he.

Phyf. Who's that can laugh at misery ?

Mal. Gen. 'Tis I

That triumph in thy ruin. I contriv'd it,
And caus'd divorce betwixt thee and thy wife :
Whom now I will torment.

[*Exit.*

Phyf. That wound is deeper
Than all the rest. Calling to mind my ills,

That

That left a chaste wife for the loose embraces
Of sensuality, a painted whore,
Common with beasts. Death, hold thy ashy hand,
Till I am reconcil'd to my Bellamina,
Then strike, and spare not.

Bon. Gen. Fix'd in that resolution,
I'll bring her to thee.

[*Exit.*

Phyf. That's my good Genius.
The horrors of a thousand nights made black
With pitchy tempests, and the moon's defect,
When she's affrighted with the howlings of
Crotonean wolves, and groans of dying mandrakes
Gather'd for charms; the skritch-owl's fatal dirge,
And ghosts disturb'd by furies from their peace,
Are all within me.

To him Bellamina, Bonus Genius.

Bon. Gen. Wounded by the hands
Of his distemper'd servants that are fled.

Bel. Look up, Physander, I am come to help thee!
Not t' afflict: I share thy sufferings.

There's not an anguish but it is inflicted
As equally on me. Why would Physander
Cut wedlock's gordian, and with looser eyes
Doat on a common wanton? What is pleasure
More than a lustful motion in the sense?

The prosecution full of anxious fears,
The end repentance. Though content be call'd

The soul of action, and licentious man
Propounds it as the reason of his life;

Yet if intemperate appetite pursue it,
The pure end's lost, and ruin must attend it.

But I would comfort thee. Do but express
A detestation of thy former follies,

We will be reunited, and enjoy
Eternal pleasures.

Phyf. Can Bellamina
Forgive the injuries that I have done her?
She's milder then, than love, or pity's self.
Let me be banish'd ever to converse

With monsters in a desert: 'tis a punishment
 Too little. Let me be confin'd to dwell
 On the north-pole, where a continual winter
 May bleak me to a statue; or inhabit
 'The Acherusian fens, whose noisome air
 May choak my nostrils with their poisonous fumes,
 Yet linger death unto a thousand ages.

Bel. We'll live, Phycander, and enjoy each other
 In new delights: thou shalt be cur'd by Temperance.
 She's the physician that doth moderate
 Desire with reason, bridling appetite.

Here the fourth scene is suddenly discovered, being a rock, with a spring of water issuing out of it. At the foot thereof a cave; where Temperance sits betwixt a philosopher, an hermite, a plowman and a shepherd. Behind the rock a landskip.

Yonder's her cave, whose plain, yet decent roof
 Shines not with ivory or plates of gold.
 No Tyrian purples cover her low couch,
 Nor are the carv'd supporters artists work
 Bought at the wealth of provinces; she feeds not
 On costly viands, in her gluttony,
 Wasting the spoils of conquest: from a rock
 'That weeps a running chrystal she doth fill
 Her shell cup, and drinks sparingly.

Phyf. She cannot
 Heal my affliction; mercy's self denies
 A time and means, and only black despair
 Whispers th' approach of death.

Bon. Gen. Remove that sin,
 And hope with sorrow. Greatest faults are small,
 When that alone may make amends for all.

Phyf. Might I yet live to practice my resolve
 Of reformation, sooner should the day
 Leave to distinguish night; the sun should choak
 His breathless horses in the western main,
 And rise no more, the gray morn ushering in
 His light approach, than my relapse from thee,
 And goodness cause new miseries. Direct me,

Ye heavenly ministers ; inform my knowledge
 In the strict course that may preserve me happy,
 Whilst yet my sighs suck in th' unwilling air,
 That swells my wasted lungs. Though not in life,
 In death I'll be Bellamina's.

Bel. Physander,

Expire not yet ; thy wounds are not so mortal.
 Help me to bear him yonder ; gently raise
 His weakned body. What can we not endure,
 When pains are lessen'd by the hope of cure ?

Temp. What wretched piece of miserable riot
 Is this that needs the aid of temperance ?
 What caus'd his sickness ?

Bella. Liberty in ills

To please his senses, which have surfeited
 With an excess: and if your art supply not,
 Death will divorce us. Pity then, sweet lady,
 And from your treasure of instructions
 Prescribe a powerful medicine that may quicken
 His cold defects, which more and more increase,
 Less'ning his weakned powers. To a chaste wife
 Preserve, now 'tis reform'd, her husband's life.

Temp. Let the earth be his bed ; this rock his pillow ;
 His curtains heaven ; the murmur of this water,
 Instead of music, charm him into sleep.
 And for the cates which gluttony invents
 To make it call'd an art, confected juice
 Of Pontic nuts, and Idumean palms,
 Candy'd with Ebofian sugar ; lampreys guts
 Fetch'd from Carpathian streights, and such like wan-
 tonness,

Let him eat sparingly of what the earth
 Produceth freely, or is where 'tis barren
 Enforc'd by industry. Then pour this balsam
 Into his wounds, and whilst his senses rest
 Free from their passive working, and endure
 Partial privation of their means and objects,
 His slumbers shall present what more's requir'd
 To make him sound.

Bella. My endless thanks, great power,

Mother of other virtues. Whilst he sleeps,
 My cares shall watch him. Oh thou death-like god,
 That chain'st the senses captive, and dost raise
 Dreams out of humours, whose illusive shadows,
 Yet such as are instructive, sweetly work
 Upon what wakes within, whilst th' other cease ;
 Then sleeps the figure of eternal peace.

They dance, every one in a proper garb, shewing their respect to Temperance ; whilst Physander sleeps betwixt Bellamina and Bonus Genius, that seem to dress his wounds.

Phys. I feel quick sense return, and every organ
 Is active to perform its proper office :
 I am not hurt. What miracle hath heaven
 Wrought on me ?

Bella. Next to heaven, the thanks are due
 To this thy life's restorer. She hath precepts,
 By which thou may'st preserve it to a length,
 And end it happy.

Temp. What thy dreams presented,
 Put strait in act, and with a constancy
 Persever in't. Rewards will only crown
 The end of a well prosecuted good.
 Philosophy, religious solitude,
 And labour wait on temperance : in these
 Desire is bounded ; they instruct the mind's
 And body's actions. 'Tis lascivious ease
 That gives the first beginning to all ills.
 The thoughts being busied on good objects, sin
 Can never find a way to enter in.

Phys. Let me digest my joys ; I only now
 Begin to live : the former was not perfect.

Bella. We'll shortly to my father, who with joy
 Will entertain us.

Temp. I will meet you there ;
 Where ye shall be invested, by the hands
 Of justice, prudence, fortitude and me,
 In the bright robes of immortality.

Phys. My heart's too narrow to contain the joys

This reconciliation fills it with.

Chain me again to misery, and make me
Wretched beyond despair when next I fall.

Let this my resolution be enroll'd

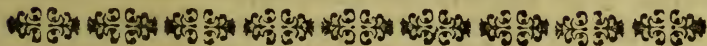
Amongst eternal acts not to be cancell'd.

Then man is happy, and his bliss is full

When he's directed by his better soul.

[*Exeunt.*

*[Temperance with the rest of hers being return'd into
the scene, it closeth.]*



ACTUS quintus.

Malus Genius as discontented.

Mal. Gen. **I**T must not be ; his glory is my shame.
Mischief attempted, if it want success,
Is the contriver's punishment : as darts
Shot at resisting walls, in their return
May light on him that did direct them. Malice
Suggests a new attempt. I'll practise all
That hell can teach me, but I'll work his fall.

*[To the Malus Genius Sensuality, the five senses in
torn and beggar-like habits.]*

Who's here ?

Sens. Into what misery hath riot
Brought my decayed state ? Whilst I had the means
To purchase pleasures, all delights were sold me.
Those gone, necessity and lust then made me
A mercenary prostitute ; and since,
By the gradation of a wanton life,
I'm fall'n to this. Want and a loathsome sickness
Make me reflect ; nor can I but accuse myself
At conscience bar, but not with penitence ;
That's still in opposition with my will,
Now custom hath confirm'd me in all ill.

[*Exeunt.*
Mal.

Mal. Gen. T' accuse Physander, thither will I go,
And if all fail, try what despair can do.

[*To the Malus Genius Physander, Bellamina in their first habits with books in their hands, Bonus Genius, the four complexions.*]

He's here.

Phys. I shall not need your diligence.
Your treachery, altho' forgiv'n, hath made me
Watchful upon you. I have gotten now
A careful guide to manage my affairs ;
Retire. I do embrace thy fellowship,
Prudence, thou virtue of the mind, by which
We do consult of all that's good or evil
Conducing to felicity. Direct
My thoughts and actions by the rule of reason.
Teach me contempt of all inferior vanities.
Pride in a marble portal gilded o'er ;
Assyrian carpets ; chairs of ivory ;
The luxury of a stupendous house ;
Garments perfum'd ; gems valu'd not for use
But needless ornament ; a sumptuous table,
And all the baits of sense. A vulgar eye
Sees not the danger which beneath them lie.

Bella. She's a majestic ruler, and commands
Even with the terror of her awful brow.
As in a throng sedition being rais'd,
Th' ignoble multitude inflam'd with madness,
Firebrands and stones fly ; fury shews them weapons :
'Till spying some grave man honour'd for wisdom,
They strait are silent, and erect their ears,
Whilst he with his sage counsel doth assuage
Their mind's disorder, and appease their rage.
So prudence, when rebellious appetites
Have rais'd temptations, with their batteries
Assaulting reason, she doth interpose,
And keep it safe. Th' attempts of sense are weak,
If their vain forces wisdom deign to break.

Phys. Temperance, to thee I owe my after life ;
Thou that command'st o'er pleasures, hating some,
When thou dispens'st with others ; still directing

All to a sound mean : under thy low roof
I'll eat and sleep, whilst grave philosophy
Instructs my soul in justice. What is she ?

Bella. A habit of the mind by which just things
Perfect their working. Man's the best of creatures,
Enjoying law and justice ; but the worst
If separated from them. 'Tis establish'd
By fear of law, and by religion ;
Distributes due to all.

Phys. That is reward
To virtue, and to vice its punishment.
The thought of it hath horror in't. I fell
From height of goodness in forsaking thee,
And must be punish'd. Why is it delay'd ?
Inflict it strait ; protraction makes it greater.

Bella. Physander is forgiv'n. Reflect not back
On thy past errors, but with sorrow's eyes,
That may be guides to the prevention
Of after ills.

Phys. Distract me not with comforts.
If justice hath no other instrument,
I must and will be just unto myself.
When I have felt a torment that doth equal
'Th' offence for which I suffer it, 'twill confirm me,
Bellamina is satisfy'd.

Bella. She is,
And can expect no greater. Think on fortitude.
Be not dejected by a fear that's grounded
On such a weak foundation. 'Tis not th' appetite
Of things that carry horror makes men valiant ;
But patient bearing of afflictions
That are necessitated.

Phys. Can fortitude
Be without justice ? justice without fortitude
Is perfect in itself. When I am just,
Valour is useful.

Mal. Gen. It begins to work ;
I'll prosecute the rest. What he intends
For good, shall be inverted to my ends.

[Exit:
Phys.

Phyf. Diffuade me not, Bellamina, I cannot
Think the dimensions of thy goodnefs fuch,
That it may be extended to remit
So great an ill without its fatisfaction.
Then will I challenge thy forgivenefs due
When I have fuffer'd punifhment ; I dare not
Owe all unto thy gentlenefs.

Bella. Refift

This black temptation : thy ill Genius whisper'd it.

Phyf. 'Tis taught me here ; juftice inftruits me in't.
Yet when I feel the lafhcs of their fnakes
Hells judges do employ ; when vultures gnaw
My growing liver, and the reftlefs wheel
Hurries my rack'd limbs, for thefe torments are
Lefs than my fault deferves, I'll laugh at all,
And with a fcorn provoke the executioners
Till they are tir'd ; and whilft they take in breath,
Contrive fome yet unheard of pains. Fortitude
Shall teach me to bear all, (their end being juftice)
With more delight, than when I did enjoy
Pleafures with fenfuality.

Bon. Gen. I'll try him.

Hell's malice fometimes doth pretend that good
Which heaven inftruits, to make diftinguifhable
Their feveral acts. But like a ball that bounds
According to the force with which 'twas thrown :
So in affliction's violence, he that's wife,
The more he's caft down will the higher rife. [Exit.

Bella. Prefume not yet, Phyfander: thou art weak.
Fear, fo puftlanimous, is better
Than daring confidence.

Phyf. I will encounter
With a whole hoft of deaths, though each were arm'd
In all th' artillery that ever conquer'd
Mortality ; meet thunder, if but warn'd
That it is coming, and be fix'd unmov'd
T' embrace the fubtle fire, though one ftep
Might guard me in a grove of magic bays
Wall'd with Hyena's fkins. The apprehenfion
Of horror fhall not fright me, though prefented

In the most hideous shape conceit can paint.

[*To them three furies.*

What apparition's this? or are ye furies
Sent to torment me? speak, and satisfy
My growing fears, which like an earthquake, when
Pent air dilates itself with violence,
Do shake my trembling heart.

1 *Fur.* We are the daughters
Of Night and Acheron; our number three,
Answering those three affects that bear them headlong
Into all wickedness. These knotted snakes
Shall sting thy bosom, and infect thy blood
With burning rage, until it hurry thee
Unto some desperate act, and on thyself
Thou be thine own revenger.

Bella. Now, Phisander,
Where is this boasted valour? Fear's express'd
Even in thy silence. Terror of an ill
Is sometimes greater in the expectation,
Than th' ill itself: yet where true fortitude
Guards the mind with resolves, 'tis lessen'd by it,
When it increaseth boldness. Chance may clear
Many of punishment, but none of fear.
Thou art not well instructed; go with me,
I'll teach thee how to shun them.

[*Exeunt.*

2 *Fur.* Hath he 'scap'd us?
And left my vipers hissing for their prey,
Which should have been his heart? then they must feed
Upon mine own.

To them Malus Genius.

Mal. Gen. Now my copartners
In this black fellowship, is it successful?

3 *Fur.* No, reason guards him; frustrates our design.
And we must back to be our own tormentors. [*Ex. Fu.*

Mal. Gen. Will nothing prosper! lend me Erinnis'
adders,
That from their poison my infected envy
May swell until it break, venting a sea
Of mischief to o'erwhelm him. One birth more

My

My malice labours with. If that miscarry,
I'll in contempt of heaven that guards his bride
Eat mine own heart, and ne'er be satisfy'd.

To the Mal. Gen. Fear.

The judge is entering.

Fear. Make way there for my lord Conscience: he is upon coming, and I was afraid the cushions had not been handsomely laid for his ease. Long causes many times require a nap. How I tremble to think of a long sitting before dinner; it makes fear have but a cold stomach. Bless me! who's this? one of the devil's she-lawyers? Her case must needs have a black box.

Mal. Gen. I come t'accuse Phylander. Why dost quake so?

Fear. You never knew fear without an ague.

Mal. Gen. Fear often cures it.

Fear. In the country where wise physicians practice.

Mal. Gen. Is the court ready to sit?

Fear. Instantly. But pray how long have you been a sollicitrix?

Mal. Gen. Never before.

Fear. I fear'd as much, when you ask an officer so many idle questions without some feeling.

Mal. Gen. What officer art?

Fear. No worse than the mouth of the court, that receives all in with, O yes.

To them Conscience, Hope, Despair, Sensuality, the five Senses.

You see the power of that word;

They are here. Stand by there.

Hope. Hope must be still an advocate.

Consc. 'Tis well.

Despair's a subtle pleader, and employ'd
Only by hell.

Desp. Be wing'd, and fetch him hither:
Let me alone; I'll have a plea shall shake
His courage.

[*Exit Mal. Gen.*]

Consc. Fear, call a court.

Fear.

Fear. O yes, o yes, o yes: All wicked mortals that have any business in the court of conscience, let them come and accuse themselves, if they have so little wit, and they shall be judg'd by the proverb.

Consc. List to my charge. Conscience, the judge of actions

Is neither power, nor habit, but an act ;
 To wit, an application of that knowledge
 That shews the difference. Its Synteresis,
 Or purer part, is th' instigation
 Of will to good and honest things, and seats
 The mind in a rich throne of endless quiet ;
 When being clogg'd with guilt of many ills,
 Those leaden weights compress it as it mounts,
 And sink it into horror. Conscience stain'd
 Is like a fretting ulcer, that corrodes
 The part it hath infected, and tho' cur'd
 It leaves a scar. So heal a wounded conscience,
 Repentance stays as the vestigium,
 Or mark impress'd, by which the past disease
 Is found to have been. There's no punishment
 Like that, to bear the witness in one's breast
 Of perpetrated evils, when the mind
 Beats it with silent stripes, guilty of blame,
 But being unstain'd, it laughs at lying fame.

Fear. Silence in the court, and hearken to the charge : it may indoctrinate ye for justices, if there be not too much of conscience in it.

Consc. Hope is in opposition with Despair ;
 And like a zealous advocate i' th' cause
 Of his afflicted client, labours still
 To overthrow the fallacies and quirks
 Despair is nimble in ; whilst fear with trembling
 Expects the trial's issue. By these three
 Men's acts inform'd of, scan'd and canvass'd be,
 At length by conscience censur'd, they are sent
 To have reward, or suffer punishment.

Fear. Hem. Now enter that woman.

Consc. What are you ?

Senf. A desperate piece of neglected mortality, that have been a lady of pleasure, and kept an open house where lords took me up at high rates, till my bare commons would no longer serve their high feeding.

Fear. And the geese that graz'd on it would always be over roasted.

Senf. I thence fell to inferior customers, and doated most on the junior actors, to the danger of cracking many a voice. Night-walking then supplied me, whilst I had any thing to pleasure a constable, or relieve the mortified watch with a snatch and away. But now I am not worth the reversion of an alms-basket : and those which heretofore would hire me to sin, do now deny me the benefit of a spittle. I have not strength to climb and hang myself ; and having been so light all my lifetime, 'tis impossible I should be drown'd.

Hope. Hope yet with grief and mend.

Senf. My mending must be miraculous. Were it in art to repair this rotten carcase, and in my stock of credit with the broker enough to case it, I might hope for as golden days and coaching again. But now welcome a cart or a shrove-tuesday's tragedy. Despair tells me there is a fire in hell, and why should I, that have convers'd with heats all my life time, fear it !

Fear. Stand by there. What are you ?

Seeing. My lady's ape, that imitated all her fashions ; falling as she did, and running the same course of folly : the difference only, that what was hers first was mine in reversion ; except her gentleman usher. Hell I fear not, for I have prevented leading apes. Besides, the whips of furies are not half so terrible as a blue coat, and the shrieks of tormented ghosts nothing to the noise of hemp hammers.

Consc. Proceed quickly with the rest.

Fear. I would excuse myself ; but I despair of being heard, now my lady's decay'd, and house-keeping broke up. I fear nothing so much as to be torn in pieces by the revengeful beggars.

Smell. That punishment must I share. For I was an honest huntsman, and provided burial for many a scavenger's

venger's horse in my dogs bellies ; but finding it troublesome and unfavoury, took an easier course, and converted the remains of dinner and supper that should have fed the poor, into my dog's breakfast. For which I expect to be pursu'd by the common hunt, till I come to hell ; and there the quest will be so hot, I shall not possibly 'scape it.

Fear. Thou seem'st to have been a good fellow : shall I speak a word in thy behalf ?

Taste. No : Fear's an ill orator ; he'll be out. I have been the most notorious thief that ever rob'd by privilege of his office. I have converted more butter into kitchen-stuff, than would have victualled a Flemish garrison. I have cheated butchers ; gone on their scores, and paid them with horns : helping to undo my lady with the greatness of mine own credit. I have coney-catch'd many a poulterer's wife, and she hath pluck'd my feathers : what I got by the back I spent on the belly. But now short commons serve, licking my fingers and the half-cold dripping-pan. Since my lady's decay I am degraded from a cook, and I fear the devil himself will entertain me but for one of his black-guard ; and he shall be sure to have his roast burnt.

Desp. Stand by. You shall be sentenc'd presently.

Touch. I was a spruce observer of formality ; wore good clothes at the second hand, and paid for them quarterly. Together with my lady's my fortune fell, and of her gentleman-usher I became her apple-squire, to hold the door, and keep centinel at taverns. I can play the bravo where my affronting is upon sure advantage ; otherwise I can be kick'd with as much patience as a hungry fidler, when he expects the reversion of a gallant's oysters. I may yet be serviceable to the Succubi in hell, but other preferment I despair of.

Consc. Custom in ills that do affect the sense,
 Makes reason useless, when it should direct
 'The ill's reforming. Men habituate
 In any evil, 'tis their greatest curse,
 Advice doth seldom mend, but makes them worse.

To them *Malus Genius*, *Phyſander*, *Bellamina*, *Bonus Genius*.

Mal. Gen. He's come. Now uſe your utmoſt ſkill in plea,

For fear our cauſe miſcarry.

Conf. Who is this?

Deſp. Here is his accuſer that prefers the indictment.

Conſc. Let it be read.

Fear. Stand out, *Phyſander*.

Deſp. Thou art indicted by the name of *Phyſander*, lord of *Microcoſmus*, for that being wedded to the fair and chaste *Bellamina*, daughter and heir of immortal Love, thou haſt unjuſtly forſaken her, and been guilty of incontinence with a common whore, *Senſuality*.

Phyſ. 'Tis not deny'd, nor needs it other witneſs; I bear it in my conſcience. Yet, reverend judge, Sorrow for illſ paſt doth reſtore frail man To his firſt innocence. What mine hath been, My earth-bed, wet with nightly tears, can witneſs; And ſighs have made the trembling air retire, Unwilling to be lodg'd in a ſad breaſt Already fill'd with zeal. If a perfeverance, Sprung from a conſtant reſolution, And join'd unto this ſorrow, may prevail To th' expiation of my former guilt, I hope forgivenes.

Deſp. But deſpair, methinks, Should fright that hope with apprehenſion Of what eternal juſtice will inflict: And fear of deſerv'd puniſhment ſhould make thee Tremble with horror.

Hope. 'Tis not ſo, falſe orator, Neceſſity may be a powerful ſtrengthening Of human frailty: and as it acutes Sloth often into diligence, Deſpair May be Hope's cauſe. The temple-robber, to appeaſe Th' offended godhead, to the altar flies; Nor ſhames to beg his pardon with drown'd eyes. Let thy reſolves be firm.

Phyf. As fate's decrees
 Enroll'd in steel. Nor will I be secure
 In any confidence of mine own strength :
 For fuch security is oft the mother
 Of negligence, and that th' occasion
 Of unremedy'd ruin. From instructions
 Found here, we will confult our after-fafeties.
 And in all courfes of my following life,
 I will be guided by my heavenly wife.

Confc. I'll then pronounce you happy. Man's a fhip
 Laden with riches. Tempefts rage, and hell
 Sends pyrates out to rob him ; heaven's eye guards him ;
 His foul's the pilot, who through various feas
 Of time and fortune brings him to the port
 Of endlefs quiet. Now difmifs the court. [*Exeunt.*

Mal. Gen. My malice burft me. I have toil'd in vain :
 And mine own torment is my only gain. [*Exit.*

Senf. I'll with thee to that place where horrors fright
 The guilty confcience with eternal night. [*Exit.*

Bon. Gen. Now freely pafs unto the blefs'd abodes,
 Where all thofe heroes that do merit it
 In life, are crown'd with glory, and enjoy
 Pleafures beyond all comprehension.

Bel. All lets are now remov'd ; hell's malice falls
 Beneath our conqueft, and love's palace gates
 Ope' to receive our triumph.

*Here the laft fcene is difcovered, being a glorious throne :
 at the top whereof Love fits betwixt Juftice, Tem-
 perance, Prudence and Fortitude, holding two crowns
 of ftars : at the foot upon certain degrees fit divers glo-
 riously habited and alike as Elyfii incolæ ; who whilft
 Love and the Virtues lead Phyfander and Bellamina to
 the throne, place themfelves in a figure for the dance.*

The S O N G.

*Welcome, welcome, happy pair,
 To thofe abodes, where fpiry air
 Breathes perfumes, and every fenfe
 Doth find his object's excellence.*

Where's

*Where's no heat, nor cold extreme ;
 No winter's ice, nor summer's scorching beam.
 Where's no sun, yet never night,
 Day always springing from eternal light.*

CHORUS:

*All mortal sufferings laid aside,
 Here in endless bliss abide.*

Love. Welcome to Love, my now lov'd heir,
 Elysium's thine ; ascend my chair.
 For, following Sensuality,
 I thought to disinherit thee.
 But being new reform'd in life,
 And reunited to thy wife,
 Mine only daughter, fate allows
 That Love with stars should crown your brows.
 Join ye that were his guides to this :
 Thus I enthrone you both. Now kifs,
 Whilst you in active measures move,
 Led on to endless joys by Love.

*The dance ended, they return to their first order, whilst
 Love speaks the epilogue : which done, he is received
 into the scene, and it closeth.*

The End of the FIFTH VOLUME.











